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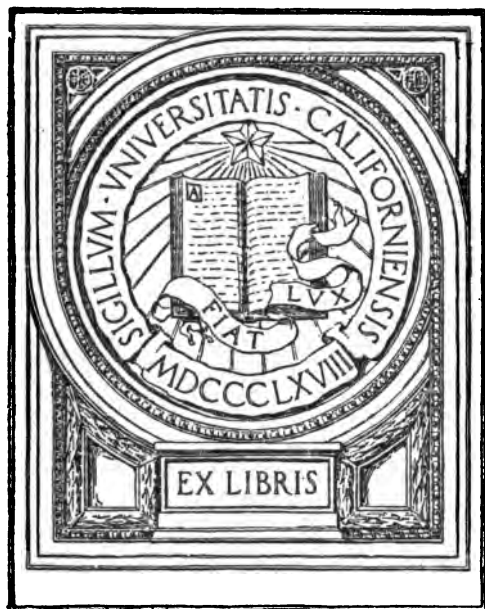
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A POOR AMERICAN
— IN —
IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

BY
WINDY BILL

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A POOR AMERICAN
—IN—
IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

BY
WINDY BILL

W. S. VAN COTT & COMPANY
516 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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CHAPTER I.

BILLY AND I

Stranger, will you please permit me to give you an introduction to a very particular friend of mine—Little Billy?

Little Billy and I had been on the bum together a long while, and had prospected for gold and other things in Utah, Nevada, Mexico, Arizona and several other states and territories, but somehow we never struck it rich. We had lots of adventures, though, some of which were pretty lively and interesting, but I cannot stop to relate them here, for this book is written for another purpose.

One adventure we had, however, I will relate, for as it proved mighty interesting to us it may also prove so to others. It concerned two young girls, and it took Billy and I a long time to get over it, for adventures of that kind were few with us.

One beautiful October morning Billy and I started out to walk from Ogden to Salt Lake City, a distance of about thirty-seven miles, and as we had a little money in our pockets, which we had earned by laboring in the harvest fields, we felt happy and independent, for what we had earned we had come by fairly and were beholden to nobody for. The weather was fine, cool and sunny, and it infected our spirits to a high degree. We talked and laughed aloud, whistled or sang as the mood came over us. The country through which we were walking was fine, for it was dotted with grain fields, meadows, orchards, snug farm-houses, and here and there along the road side, by shade trees.

"Say Billy," said I to my chum, "these Mormon fellows have got good taste. See the snug farm-houses they've got,

will you; the fine orchards, the splendid fields and all the other nice things. Wish I was a Mormon. I wouldn't mind living in a country like this. It's mighty snug and cosy."

"It surely is fine, Windy," retorted Billy, "but I don't know whether I'd like to be a Mormon or not. Does a fellow have to marry a lot of women if he is a Mormon?"

"I don't know, Billy. If he does, then I wouldn't want to be one. I wouldn't mind marrying a girl or two, one for every day and one for Sunday, but two is company and three is a crowd. Two will do me. But how about the mother-in-laws? Is a mother-in-law thrown in every time a fellow marries a girl?"

"Search me, Windy; I don't know. If the mother-in-law is thrown in every time, it's tough. No Mormonism in mine, thank you. They say Brigham Young had twenty-eight wives. He must have been a lustful, liquorish old codger, and if one fellow has so many I wouldn't think there'd be enough to go around. I've heard that the Mormons are dead stuck on apples, cider and ladies. I wonder if that's so."

"I guess there's some truth in it, Billy, but I don't see what one chap wants so many wives for. Ain't two or three, or half a dozen enough?"

"Does he have to support them all, Windy?"

"Sure thing, son. The women can't live on air and scenery, can they?"

"Well, hardly," responded Billy. "Guess I won't join the Mormon Church just yet."

"Wait till you make a strike and get some money ahead, then you can sail in and try your luck with a few wives."

"All right, Windy. Let it be understood though, that I don't take in the mother-in-laws. I like peace and quietness in my home, I do."

Talking thus in a joking or blustering way, we walked along until about noon-time when we came to a clump of trees along the road-side which afforded a pleasant resting place. Between the trees rushed a deep irrigating ditch which was spanned by a substantial stone viaduct.

We unslung our blankets from our shoulders, dropped them on the sward beside us and sat down on the convenient stump of a tree. There were no houses in the immediate vicinity, though there was an orchard not far away, in about the center of which stood a commodious old farm-house. On the other side of the road were fields from which the corn had just been harvested and was shocked up on the ground.

After regarding our surroundings for a moment or two, we brought forth a generous lunch which we had brought with us, had a royal feast, and washed it down with draughts of water from the irrigating ditch. The ditch-water was clear and cool, but it looked as if there might be some earthen sediment in it. For this, though, we did not care. A little dirt more or less never harmed us.

After we had eaten and drank our fill we pulled forth our pipes and indulged in a smoke, chatting in the meanwhile; soon afterward we lay down and indulged in a sleep for an hour or two. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we awoke, and we concluded then to continue our journey toward Salt Lake. Just as we were getting ready to leave we noticed two girls coming toward us from the direction of Salt Lake. We sat down again and took notice immediately. We wondered why two young ladies would be wandering all alone along the public road. "Are they farmers' wives, school girls, farmers' daughters, or what?" thought we.

"Say Billy, I guess we may be in for a little joy. Let's brace them," suggested I.

"What for?" petulantly responded Billy. "We might get into trouble."

"Trouble?" echoed I in derision. "What trouble could we get into by talking to two girls? If they don't want to talk to us they can keep a moving, can't they? I'm going to brace them. You keep mum, if you like."

As the young ladies came nearer to us we observed that they were about seventeen or eighteen years of age, that they were dressed in calico garments and that they carried

books in their hands. Their skirts, which reached to their shoe tops were slightly blown aside occasionally by the breeze as they walked, revealing glimpses of sturdy ankles. The taller one of the two was a blonde with an abundance of yellow hair and features that were charming. She had blue eyes, a milk-white complexion, fine teeth and a shape that was alluring.

The other girl was somewhat shorter in stature and was what might be called a demi-blonde, for her hair was of a chestnut hue; her eyes were hazel in hue, her ears small and her countenance round and full like a harvest moon, but, she too, was graceful in build, and showed in every form and feature, like her companion, that she was country-bred. Both were strong, sturdy and healthy.

The young ladies were talking and laughing aloud as they advanced toward us, and the one with the hazel eyes, when she laughed, squealed like a young colt. A lively and merry lass was she, a romp and a hoyden, I thought, and if she is not a born coquette and heart-smasher, then I miss my guess.

As I regarded these two visions of loveliness my heart went pit-a-pat, and I was smitten. I really don't know which one I liked the best, though they were both enticing. I am dark and fancy blondes, but, other colors fascinate me, too.

I sure was somewhat frustrated, and as to Billy, I don't know how he felt, for my eyes were rivited on the girls and not on him. I have always been a susceptible chap as regards the girls, and it never took me long to lose my head completely or to make a fool of myself when in their company. Billy, though, was reserved, cold and distant (at first), but when once he got started he showed himself to be a bigger fool than I am. He just threw up his hands and surrendered unconditionally. A girl could do anything she liked with him.

When the girls reached the spot where we were sitting, I pulled off my hat by way of salute and timidly said, "good day, ladies!"

"How de do," responded the demi-blonde heartily, with a smile, for she saw that I was frustrated.

"This is a lovely day?" queried I.

"Indeed it is," responded she.

"Fine country around here," volunteered I.

"Yep," responded she.

The ice being broken and the conversation fairly started, it was kept up, until finally at a shy hint from me, the girls sat down near us, the demi-blonde near me and the blonde near Billy.

Bye-and-bye Billy and the blonde moved some distance away from us, where they were soon absorbed in conversation, so I had the other charmer all to myself. This is what we had to say to each other:

"Do you live around here?" queried I.

"About half a mile from here," answered she.

"Just coming from school?"

"Yep," laconically responded she.

"What do your folks do?"

"Ranch," she said.

"Do you like living on a ranch?"

"No, I don't," she snapped. "I hate it. What fun is there on a ranch? Nothing to see, nowhere to go, the same old thing all the time."

"Why, don't they give any dances or parties around here?" asked I.

"Oh, only once in a while," responded she in a tired way.

"Once in a great while I go to a dance in Ogden or Salt Lake, or to the skating rink, and that's about all the fun I have. Wish I could live in Salt Lake or Ogden. I'm sick of this old place."

"Well, it must be kind of lonely for you. May I ask what your name is?"

"My name is Annie. What's yours?"

"My name is Windy Bill."

The young girl looked at me to see if I were trifling with her, but when she saw that I was not, she turned her head aside, snickered and then broke out into peals of laughter. I

didn't know that I had said anything funny, so I asked her what she was laughing at.

"That name of yours, of course. It's a horrid one. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I'm a great talker and when I get started I don't know enough sometimes to stop, so as my front name is William, or Bill, somebody nick-named me Windy Bill, and that name has clung to me ever since."

"If it were mine, I think I'd a changed it. It isn't a nice name at all."

"How am I going to change it? That's been my name for years and that's what every one calls me. May be it will be changed some day when I get married," said I, jokingly.

"I don't think any one would marry a man with such a name as that. I am quite sure I wouldn't."

"Pardon me for asking; are you ladies Mormons?"

"Yes, we both are; and so is almost every one else around here. Utah is a Mormon state, you know."

"Is every one in Utah a Mormon?"

"No indeed," replied the young lady. "There are more gentiles than Mormons."

"Is it true that a Mormon can have all the wives he wants?"

"No, it isn't. It is against the law to have more than one wife, and the Mormons are a law-abiding people."

"I've heard that some Mormons have several wives on the sly. Is that true?"

"No, it is not," responded the young lady, reddening with anger. "Some people have very little to do, telling stories about the Mormons. If those kind of people were to mind their own business they would get along much better than they do. It has always been the fashion with some people to fib about the Mormons and to run them down, and to say ill-natured things about them, but the Mormons go along and mind their business and don't interfere with anyone, so I don't see why others can't attend to theirs!"

"Well, miss, please forgive me. I am only asking for in-

formation. I don't know much about the Mormon business. I'm told that when a Mormon marries a girl she gets sealed to him. Is that so?"

"I'd advise you to get married yourself and find out," answered the girl sharply.

"Oh, don't get mad. I don't mean any harm," said I.

"I'm not angry," replied the young lady, "but I do hate to hear the Mormons fibbed about."

"I've been told," persisted I, "that when Mormons get married they get sealed to each other in the Temple at Salt Lake in a secret chamber. Is that so?"

"Young man, you're far too inquisitive, and I think you had better look for information some where else," angrily exclaimed the young lady.

With that she arose and declared that she would have to go home.

"Christeenah," shrilled she to her companion, "it's getting late and we'd better be going!"

"All right," shrieked back Christeenah. "I'm a coming!"

I had grievously offended Miss Annie, but I knew not how, for I was only seeking information and did not know that I had said any thing to hurt her feelings. I felt heartily sorry now, for the girl's good looks and cleverness had made an impression upon me and I hated to see her depart. I wanted to draw her out more, and to indulge in a little love making had she permitted, but I had spoiled it all. I felt down-hearted for a few moments, but this feeling soon gave way to anger, for if the girl wanted to get mad about nothing, she was welcome to do so and be blown to her.

Billy had to break away from his charmer, too, and he was mighty loth to do it. He told me afterward that Christeenah was a loving girl, and that she had let him squeeze her hand and kiss it, but that was as far as she would let him go. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen he said.

"Say, Billy, let's us join the Mormon Church and marry them two girls," said I, to see what Billy would say.

"Join nothing," responded Billy. "I aint no Mormon and I don't intend to become one. That girl was mighty tempting, though," reflectively added he, with a grave countenance and far-away gaze. "Darned if I wouldn't like to marry her."

The dear creatures had gone and left us. We thoughtfully continued our journey toward Salt Lake, thinking thoughts unutterable and not saying much, but, bye-and-bye our gay spirits returned to us, for what was the use of feeling blue.

As we were good walkers it did not take us long to reach Salt Lake City, and we did not have to walk all the distance either, for a hay wagon came along with the driver perched on a high seat in the front part of the wagon, and he stopped his team and asked us if we wanted a ride. We told him, yes, and climbed up on the seat beside him. He was going to Salt Lake, he told us, and during the two hours that we spent in his company we had quite a chat with him.

When asked the question, he informed us that he was a Mormon, and from the information he gave us, we could understand that he was quite well-to-do and pretty high up in the Church. Some of the questions we put to him made him smile, but he answered them frankly and good-naturedly. He was a handsome man, about thirty-five or there-about, had a black mustache, agreeable features and manners, and was a farmer. He was going to Salt Lake to make some purchases, he told us.

It was about seven o'clock when we got into Salt Lake, and as we were hungry, the first thing we did was to hunt up a restaurant where we had a satisfactory meal for fifty cents for the both of us. After a smoke and a little saunter through the streets, we hunted up a rooming house. There we obtained a large, well-furnished room with a large bed in it for the two of us for four bits—fifty cents.

We awoke bright and early the next morning feeling happy as clams at high tide and soon we were ready for putting in a day of sight-seeing and enjoyment.

Salt Lake is a pretty large city, the capitol of Mormonism, and lies in a snug valley, surrounded by fairly lofty, but rather bare mountains. The streets are wide and well shaded, through some of them run brooks of clear mountain water, it contains many business streets, and fine residences. A great many of the people are Mormons, but there are many who are not. All, however, seem to get along together amicably enough. The Mormons have learned long ago that they cannot have the whole state of Utah to themselves, so they treat the gentile courteously. Utah is a large state covering a great deal of territory, but today (1913) it does not contain, all told, half a million of people—about 400,000 is nearer the mark.

There is a great deal of space fenced in about the wonderful Mormon Temple in Salt Lake, the grounds of which are laid out tastefully in trees, shrubs and flowers, but as it requires some red tape to get into the Temple, Billy and I concluded not to go in. There is a Tithing House connected with the Temple, we were informed, in which every Mormon is obliged to go occasionally to offer up a tithe of his earnings to help support the Church. This is a duty which no Mormon must fail in, for if he does he will be regarded with disfavor and soon get into bad standing with his co-religionists. There is a Tithing House in Ogden, too, and in every other Mormon settlement, however small or large, I believe.

The Mormons are clever people, and in almost every way are like others, except in the matter of religion and in a few other respects. They follow the strict text of the old testament, which says that they can have all the wives and concubines they want, but the United States law steps in and says that they can have only one wife, for if they have more than one, that constitutes polygamy which is contrary to the statutes made and provided. Under these circumstances the poor Mormons are in a quandary, for if they follow the strict teachings of their bible, they will get into trouble with the United States authorities, and if they do not follow the teachings of the good book, then they are acting in a reprehensible

manner, too. What are the poor fellows to do under these circumstances?

I am going to tell you a little secret. Don't give me away, please! They have all the wives they want, who get "sealed" to them on the sly. Sh! Don't say I told you. How do I know it? Why, almost every one in Salt Lake who is not a Mormon will tell you so. Where there is smoke there is fire, but the Mormons deny strenuously and emphatically that there is any thing unlawful going on in their midst.

Some people think that Mormonism is dying out. It is not. It is spreading. Today there are Mormon settlements in Idaho, Montana and other western states and territories, and more are being established. Proselyting is going on. The Mormons are into all kinds of enterprises, such as banks, railroads, trusts, commercial affairs, agriculture, manufacturing, etc., and many of them are wealthy. Some of them can support a mighty big harem, if they chose, and many of them do so, no doubt.

There was Brigham Young, for instance. He is dead now, but when he was alive he was into all kinds of enterprises, and was a leader and organizer in many. He was a man of wonderful genius and the true founder of Mormonism, one may say. Mormonism and Brigham Young are synonymous terms, and Brigham's name will live when that of every other Mormon leader will have been forgotten.

Billy and I meandered around Salt Lake a great deal during the few days that we spent there, and in the saloons especially did we learn a great deal about Mormonism, some of which may have been true and some not. We were told that the Mormon women like finery as well as any one else, and that they were right up-to-date in that regard.

Ogden is another Mormon town of some consequence, and there we went next. It lies at the base of the Wahsatch range of mountains and is thirty-seven miles distant from Salt Lake.

Ogden is a railroad center and full of restaurants, overland lunch places, rooming houses, hotels, and the like. It

contains several fine streets which are full of handsome, up-to-date stores. This burg, too, is alive with Mormons, and the tabernacle there is a sight to see. It is an immense egg-shaped building, capable of holding ten thousand or more people, the interior being so constructed that if one drops a pin upstairs, downstairs, or anywhere else in the building, one can distinctly hear the noise of its fall anywhere within its precincts. When Billy let a pin drop, he standing at one end of the building and I at the other, we were mystified.

As our money was pretty nearly all gone by this time, we slept out several nights under a cosy shed in a brick-yard with our warm blankets over us. We liked this way of sleeping just as well as snoozing in a bed, and better, for rooms are sometimes rather stuffy. The outdoor life strengthens and hardens one, and we felt fit for anything. We were strong and hardy as mules and could work like them and eat like them, too.

It may not be a bad idea if I were to give a short description of my little partner, Billy, here, so that you may get a better idea of what sort of an individual he was like. As regards myself I need not say much, for you will perceive what kind of an individual I am as this narrative proceeds.

Billy was an English chap, born in the town of York, Yorkshire, after which the the little old town of New York City is named, and a place famous for Yorkshire puddings. Maybe you've heard of these puddings? I'd like to taste one to see what they're like. They must be good since they're so famous.

Billy was what might be called a strawberry blonde, for his hair was somewhat like the color of a strawberry, and so was his moustache. The little fellow was not more than about five feet two in height, but he was as strong and tough as wire, and his powers of endurance were great, greater than mine, who was taller than he. Billy was much enamoured of that moustache of his, for it was the cutest little one ever seen. It was not one of the straggly kind with hairs sticking

out all over it, but well shaped, neat and compact, with just the cutest little spit-curls at either end imaginable. It was a darling moustache and no mistake. Maybe Billy wasn't proud of it! He admired it hugely, and whenever an opportunity offered would pull forth his lookingglass from his pocket, curl and fondle the moustache, and admire it to his heart's content. Many a time I bantered him about it and told him that I wished I had something like that; how much he'd take for it, etc., but Billy took no heed of such pleasantries. He just contemplated himself in the glass and grinned. And yet I cannot say that the little fellow was vain, for he was not stuck on the girls and would rather avoid than meet them. Whether this was diffidence or reserve, I don't know.

Billy had blue eyes, a fair complexion, and small hands and feet, which were in proportion to his size, I suppose. Some people called him "Shorty," but Billy did not like the appellation, so I never used it. He considered himself as big as anybody else. And so he was, too. I, his partner, who know him well, can cheerfully testify that he was a man, every inch of him, even if his inches were not so many. Neither was he a bad-looking chap, nor had he a bad temper. His disposition was an equable one, and he never grew angry unless I teased him too much. Altogether, he was as nice a little fellow as one could find in a day's travel.

In different places that we had been in, we had heard miners speak of Virginia City, and what a great old mining camp it had been, so we concluded to go there and have a look at it. Virginia City was a long way from Ogden, but that did not matter to us, for there were railroads running in that direction that we could beat, therefore, distance had no terrors for us.

But I did not finish my description of Billy, wholly, so I had better do so before I proceed with my tale.

Billy was born and raised in York, which lies somewhere north of London, he told me, and attended school in his native city until he was nearly twenty years of age. His

parents, who were not educated, saw the advantages of an education, and concluded to give Billy the best there was going. Had they been able financially, they would have sent him to college, but as they could not afford to do so, Billy had to get along as well as he could without the higher education.

Billy's father died when he (Billy) was about nineteen years of age, and as he died a poor man Billy's mother soon found it difficult to make both ends meet. There was a daughter to provide for, too, so Billy was taken from school and apprenticed to a harness-maker. Apprentices have to serve quite a number of years in the old country, and are taught their trade thoroughly, but all the compensation Billy got while learning was his room and board and a few hay-pennies (half-pennies) occasionally thrown in which he spent for meat pies or lollipops (candy). The grub was not near as good as he got at home, nor was anything else, he told me.

After Billy had worked a couple of years an idea began to float through his noddle that he was not getting rich very fast, so he became dissatisfied and concluded to skip out at the first opportunity. He had heard tales of how easy it is to get rich in America or in the colonies, and he told his mother when he visited her that he wanted to go abroad and get rich quick. She pooh-poohed the idea, and told her son that he would get rich quick enough at home after he had mastered his trade, but Billy could not see it that way. He could see no future before him at all, for even his master did not seem any too prosperous, so he kept on working and thinking, and concluded to keep his plans to himself, for no one sympathized with them. He hated to leave his mother and sister who had been so good to him, but he would get rich for their sakes and help them along. He was ambitious, and proposed to satisfy his ambition, come what would. He could make a pretty good harness, a collar or a saddle, and had acquired a pretty fair knowledge of his trade, but he was not yet able to do the finer work. He did not propose to

learn it, either, for he had different objects in view. Old York was too slow for him and so was his apprenticeship. I believe he told me that he was expected to serve seven years. Billy slept at the rear of his boss' shop, and it was his duty to get up early in the morning to sweep out, dust off the shelves, stock and counters, to clean up generally, and have the establishment in apple-pie order for business bright and early. After breakfast it was his wont to put in a long day of work.

One morning when the boss came down he found the shutters still up, the place unswept and undusted and Billy's little cubby-hole of a room vacant. Billy's little bed had not been slept in, and the boss stood there perplexed and bewildered, wondering what had become of the boy. He rushed over to Billy's mother and asked her if she knew where he was, but she told him that she had not the remotest idea. Suddenly she remembered what Billy had told her a long while ago about flitting, so she informed the boss of her suspicions. He became hopping mad then. He threatened to have the law on the lad and to make him suffer for his breach of contract. But it is usually well to catch your bird before you cook it. Billy had flown the coop late at night and by this time was over the hills and far away, well on his way to London.

London was a good ways off, and seems longer when one has to hike it, but Billy declared that he didn't mind the walk. The farther he got away from old York the more delighted he became, for he knew that the boss would never catch him now.

The poor little fellow had less than an English shilling (25 cents) in his possession when he left home, and he declared that London was several hundred miles away—at least it seemed so to him. He had a hard time of it reaching there, sleeping out and nearly starving, but in the end he arrived in London right side up with care, and unmolested by his boss or any one else.

When he got to London his real troubles began, for this place was so big and he was so small that no one took any notice of him. He was not the only fellow who was down and out and looking for work in that big city, and he got so little to eat and so little to do that he was hardly able to cast a shadow. His trials and tribulations were too many to relate here, but by hanging about the docks persistently, he finally secured a job as steward on an ocean liner which was bound for New York. Another man had been hired for the position but he did not show up, so at the last moment Billy was taken on. Billy had to sign articles for the round trip before they would take him on, and then his pay was to be only a trifle, but he was informed that there were tips to be had if he knew how to obtain them. Billy did not know how but his fellow stewards gave him some hints, which proved useful.

When he landed in New York Billy had about four dollars in his possession derived from tips, and could get no wages unless he made the round trip; this he would not do. When he landed Billy was the worst green-horn you ever saw, he said, for everything seemed so new and strange to him; he hardly knew which way to turn or what to do. He was advised to walk from one hotel to another and ask for a job, for that was the likeliest way to obtain one, some one advised him, and the quickest. He did as he was advised, but after calling day after day at such places with no result, he finally went into a restaurant where a dishwasher was wanted and applied for that position. He got it and went right to work at once. Six dollars a week was the pay, with board thrown in, but not room. The working hours were from six in the morning until eight at night, with three hours off, from two to five, in the afternoon.

The hours were long and the work steady, but Billy did not mind these things, for he deemed the pay princely. One-pound-four a week! Why, it would be years before he could earn that much at home. He was elated, delighted, transported. He was not sorry now that he had left home. He

thought of home constantly, however, and every cent that he could save was sent home to his mother. That was about three dollars a week, which goes a long ways in York—at least so Billy told me, and he ought to know.

Billy held the job down several months working faithfully, steadily and hard, but one day a bum of a waiter sassed him and punched him in the jaw. Billy hit back and then there was a mix-up. The result was that both got fired. As some crockery was smashed in the fracas, the boss was red hot and told them both to get to hades out of there in a hurry.

Billy hated to leave, for he had only been defending himself, but no chance was given him to explain. He felt mighty blue and wretched. He shook the inhospitable dust of New York from his feet then and took train for Philadelphia, where he soon secured a job as waiter in a restaurant. Here he got seven dollars a week, so that everything had happened for the best after all. He held down that job for a year and a half, and then lit out for the west where fortunes were to be made, he was told. He beat his way westward, for he had sent the most of his earnings home to his mother.

The free-and-easy life of the west just suited Billy, for he was seeing something new all the time, though he was not getting rich very fast. The fact is, he got sadly on the bum, like yours truly.

When I run up against him Billy was in a hobo camp in Wyoming, sitting at a camp fire around which were seated half a dozen other 'bos who were enjoying themselves around a five-gallon coaloil can which was hanging over a brisk fire and in which was simmering and boiling an aromatic "mulligan." I happened to come along just then, and as I stopped to sniff the appetizing odor was invited to sit in and partake. I needed no second invitation. It was thus I got acquainted with Billy, and it did not take me long to preceive that he was not a professional 'bo, for he was different from the rest. We struck up an acquaintanceship then and there which has lasted to this day. Neither Billy nor I have struck

it very rich as yet, but we are likely to some day. We came near it several times, so there is no telling what the future may have in store for us.

The distance from Ogden to Reno is several hundred miles by rail, and leads through flat and lonely alkaline plains. We were told by other 'bos that it is a God-forsaken country, and so we found it, and concluded to get over it as quickly as we could. We traveled by train, of course, for who would hike it when he can ride free? I will say that we never paid railroad fares, but beat our way. Why pay railroad fares when you don't have to? The railroads hire a lot of clever accountants at a high salary to out-figure the people, so why should not the people out-figure them? I pause for a reply. Some people may differ, especially rail-
roaders.

After leaving Ogden Billy and I rode through some bare and hilly country westward until we came to where there were no more hills, only sage-brush-covered flat, alkaline prairies in which coyotes, jackass-rabbits and tarantulas roamed.

We made the trip from Ogden to Reno part of the way in a gondola, which is a sort of a flat car, boarded in at the sides, in which we rode as far as Winnemucca. This town is in Nevada and is named after a Piute Indian chief. There we jumped off for rest and refreshment.

At Winnemucca we jumped another freight train, which took us to Reno, the junction point for Virginia City. A railroad called the Virginia and Truckee Railroad runs from Reno to Virginia City, a distance of about fifty-two miles, and a rare old road she is. It was built during the bonanza days in Virginia City and is one of the crookedest roads in the country, for it winds up and around steep mountains to an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet and looks down on chaos.

In the early mining days when the Comstock lode was first discovered, Virginia City had a population of close on to 50,000 and this road did a big business, but it is not doing it

to-day, for the mining business in these regions is in a state of desuetude.

The newer mining camps of Nevada, near Virginia City, such as Bullfrog, Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan and others, are doing business, but in their palmiest days they were nothing compared with what Virginia City was. It is said that the Comstock lode was nothing more than a mere pocket, but if that be so, it was a rich one, for billions of dollars were taken from it. Along the Comstock there are famous mines such as the Norcross & Hale, Savage, Best & Belcher, Consolidated Virginia, Opher and others, which were alive with wealth in their day, and they are still producing and listed on the Stock Exchange, but they are not panning out as they used to do. The large and expensive mill houses still stand at these famous mines, and are full of costly mining machinery but there is little or nothing doing.

By wagon road Virginia City is only twenty-one miles from Reno, and Billy and I debated whether we had better walk rather than beat our way to Virginia City, for the V. & T. R. R. did not look good to me for free riding. It is a narrow guage and carries only a few cars and passengers, so I couldn't see how we were to beat it without getting bounced.

"The only way I see to beat it," said I to Billy, "is to wait for a freight train. To beat it on a passenger is impossible. What do you say, Billy, let's hike it. We can start early to-morrow morning and get to Virginia City in a day."

"There are mountains to climb, so I guess I'd rather ride than walk. Wouldn't you?" asked Billy.

"Guess you're right, son; but when will we get a train out of here?"

"Search me; I don't know. We'll have to wait until one is made up; that's all I can see."

"Let's wait then, for we've got lots more time than money," said I.

We waited in Reno two days before the right kind of a train was made up for our use. This was a freight train,

composed of flat-cars, wood-cars and several dinky little box-cars.

While looking about the depot at Reno we had a good look at the V. & T. locomotives and they pleased us mightily. They were patterned after the locomotives that first came into use in the long ago, for they had hoop-like smokestacks that were round as a barrel on top, and shiny brass work. A sight of them called up in me memories of the long ago, when railroad cars were wholly different from what they are to-day. What changes time does make! It did my heart good to see these old-time engines.

In the narrow passenger coaches there was a smoking compartment into which we saw several Indian bucks and squaws pile. A bystander told us that the Nevada Indians have a right to ride on any Nevada railroad free of charge. They are privileged characters. We asked our informant why this was so, but he could not inform us.

From Reno to Carson the route is over fairly level sagebrush country through which the Carson River winds, and along which the scenery is no great shakes, but as we rose higher and higher we saw things. We crawled by dizzy precipices, the car wheels creaking dismally as we rounded curve after curve, and panoramas of mountain tops began to unfold themselves to our gaze. Billy and I held our breath sometimes, thinking that the cars, ourselves and the whole outfit would take a tumble down some steep incline for some of the abysses were awful, but we landed in Virginia City without mishap.

This delightful burg is perched on a mountain-side that looms up over eight thousand feet high and has three or four streets one above the other, cut out from the rock along the mountain-side, sort of terrace like, and one can slide down from one street to another or descend by means of stairways. The main street at one time was a fine one, for the driveway is broad and the wooden sidewalks ample and traffic along it was lively, but to-day the sidewalks are apt to fly up and hit you if you are not careful, and the driveway is in

bad condition. Few vehicles roll over the driveway these days and the wooden shacks along the sidewalks are apt to tumble down if you look at them too hard.

On this street stands the International Hotel wherein Mackey, Fair, Flood, O'Brien, and other of the bonanza kings stopped, but to-day this famous caravansery is a four-bit house run by a Chinaman and smells strongly of decay.

As it is situated so far up on the mountain height, when the wind blows in Virginia City it blows with a vengeance, and makes mighty melancholy music. It sweeps through the dilapidated old shacks and moans, groans, shrieks and whistles in a way to make a fellow feel as if he'd lost his best friend. When Billy and I heard one of these mountain zephyrs blowing we got the blues so bad that we had to take a drink to cheer up.

But what fine scenery can be seen from Virginia City! Bare and lonely mountain peaks extend in all directions further than the eye could reach, and they form an awe-inspiring spectacle. Many of the peaks are higher than the one on which Virginia City is perched, and all are linked together in a chain. Here one gets an idea of the vastness and the immensity of nature.

On the street below us we saw a number of Indian bucks who were seated on the ground at the edge of a blanket, playing cards. A squaw was sitting in the game, too, and was as keen a gambler as the rest.

There is still a little mining done in Virginia City these days, and all told there may be about 5,000 people in the town. Nearly all the miners are Cornishmen from Cornwall, England, and they seem to have a monopoly of the mining business. They are a rough and ready set, rugged, honest, but clannish. They are hearty in their ways and liberal, if they like you, but if they do not like you, you might as well pull up stakes and go elsewhere. Billy, being a Britisher, took to them as naturally as do fleas to a purp, but he couldn't get a job for us, for the idle miners were to have first chance. That let us out. Billy's countrymen did the next

best thing for us though, they gave us some money to buy grub with. As there were no prospects for us in Virginia City, we only remained there a few days and then beat our way down to Carson where we put in a day or two.

CHAPTER II.

HO FOR CALIFORNIA

Carson is the capital of Nevada and at one time was a lively place but when the Comstock mines began to peter out, it began to dwindle the same as Virginia City, and much of its glory departed, but it is still rather an interesting little town, and full of whole-souled people, like Virginia City.

My little partner and I put in a day or two very profitably in Carson viewing the state capital building, the mint, and the railroad round-house from the outside. Though the town is rather pretty the surroundings are not, for the views seem quite bare and desolate. We got out of there as soon as we could jump a train for Reno, which took about two days. We got to Reno in good shape and remained in that town a day or two also.

Reno is a sporty little town, lively and wide awake and right up-to-date. It was a town in which gambling and divorces flourished, and at one time was lively enough to suit any one. Neither Billy nor I gambled, for we hadn't the wherewithal, nor did either of us need a divorce just then, so we did not patronize those two home industries. We took in the gambling joints, though, and some other places, which I will describe more fully later on.

There was a hobo camp near the Truckee River, under a wagon bridge, where we made our headquarters while in Reno. The camp was conveniently located about a half mile east of town near the cattle corral, down a bank alongside the river, and though so near to town it was a

quiet, secluded spot. It was well patronized by hoboes, for the place is well known all over the country to the knights of the road, who make for it as soon as they strike town. We had supper there and slept there every night while in Reno. Around the campfire those chilly November evenings we sat and yarned after supper, relating our experiences, talking politics and conversing on matters in general. Hoboes like to discuss politics, and they seem to know a whole lot about it. They take a deep interest in governmental affairs, but they do like to knock. Seldom do they boost. They interlard their language with strong oaths usually, and foul epithets, and to listen to them you would think they were orators in disguise. They believe in government ownership of railroads; that the rich are too rich and the poor too poor; that there ought to be a division of wealth, and equality for all. The world owes them a living, they declare with heat, and they are going to get it somehow. Not by work, though. Work is no part of their creed, for they can get along fine without it.

There were four or five knights of the road who made this camp their headquarters during our stay, exclusive of ourselves, which was just about enough to make things sociable. Too many are undesirable in a camp for obvious reasons. The main reason is that the "bulls" (police) are apt to get on to them.

The second evening during our stay while seated around a cheery blaze and yarning, one of the fellows mentioned incidentally that a young fellow who had been beating his way with a partner had been run over by a freight train that morning and killed. The poor fellow was only eighteen or nineteen years of age and had met a horrid death. The other 'bos cracked jokes about it in a heartless way and were not impressed by such an awful occurrence at all. Billy and I, though, who had hearts in our bosoms, were shocked and grieved. The accident happened two or three miles east of Sparks, a suburb of Reno, a railroad division point of the Southern Pacific, and the spot was not very far away from

where we then sat. While the boys were talking about it I composed the following touching little poem in memoriam:

On the plains of old Nevada
 One sad, November day,
 A hapless 'bo lay dying
 Beside the right of way.

A freight car hard had struck him
 As he tried to take a ride;
 He missed his hold and stumbled,
 And the car crushed in his side.

His partner knelt beside him
 Whilst thus he stricken lay,
 And listened to his raving—
 'Twas this he heard him say:

"I guess I'm done for, pardner—
 I guess I am all in—
 My body's achin' turble,
 'N my lamps is gitten' dim.

"I'm goin' ter join der angels,
 An' round and round I'll fly;
 I wonder if dere's handouts
 Up dere in de sky?

"I kinder liked the chippies,
 'N I was stuck on gin,
 But Peter will be good to me—
 I'm sure he'll let me in.

"I wasn't no worse ner others,
 To be good I'd often try;
 Oh, Lordy, do be good to me,
 Please don't let me die!

"Are all de angels naked—
 Don't dey wear no clothes?
 Maybe dey don't need them—
 Dere all good, I s'pose.

"Good-bye, my dear old pardner,
 I guess I'll have ter go;
 I feel dat I must leave you,
 My time is up, I know."

Then the poor yong fellow
 Began to gasp for breath;
 His face began to whiten,
 And he stiffened out in death.

His partner knelt beside him—
 O'er the strong frame, stricken low—
 And emptied all his pockets,
 Which was not wrong, you know.

For if he had not done so
 They'd have been stolen by some 'bo;
 He then made tracks for Reno,
 And then due west did blow.

I showed this sad little poem to Billy and the rest of the gang, and they said no poet could beat it, which made me feel proud. Some one said I ought to be called the Hobo Poet, but I am not looking for distinction. There are too many hobo poets roaming around the country now. There is A No. 1, for instance, whose autograph can be seen on walls, fences, barns, abandoned shacks, water-closets, and other public places all over the country, from New York to San Francisco, and this distinguished individual also wrote and published a thin volume of poetry and history relating his adventures. A No. 1 is a pretty fresh aleck, for he has boldly traced his name in very large letters in some places

where he should not have done so. Some people are just laying for A No. 1, and if they ever lay hands on him there'll be a dead hobo.

Then there is Denver Red, another bold and reckless chap, who is well known all over the country for his good-heartedness, recklessness, pugnacity, and willingness to oblige.

Sheeny Ike from New York is also more or less known. Then there is Nutsey McGraw, McGinty, the Fade-away Kid, Weary Bill, Pittsburg Fat, and quite a few other celebrities, all of whom have gained more or less renown for some reason or other.

It was a long freight train made up partly of empty cattle cars that dragged Billy and I out of Reno one fine, crisp November morning. The car was roofed over and boarded in at the sides, had open slats to let in plenty of air and to give one an opportunity to view the scenery. This train started just a little before daylight, and it was pretty cold riding for awhile, but bye-and-bye the sun came out and gave the promise of being a fine day. Billy and I never traveled with other 'bos, but always kept to ourselves. Our motto was "two is company and three is a crowd," so that whenever anyone else tried to thrust himself in upon us we gave him, or them, the slip when an opportunity offered.

Reno is near the state line of California, in the extreme western part of Nevada, so that soon after passing Verdi we were in California. From here on the scenery began to grow so beautiful that we could not help looking at it. It was an uphill climb, the train winding its way, snake-like, around and around and upward, the two engines attached to the train away up in front, snorting and coughing like good fellows. It was hard work for them, no doubt, dragging such a long train up the mountains, but that wasn't worrying us any. We just made ourselves comfortable, sat down on our blankets, smoked our pipes, chatted and gazed at the scenery. We came by a large paper mill near which there was a big pond of pure, clear water that was probably used in the man-

ufacture of paper. Further along in the gorge we observed some huge ice houses with ponds near them. These ice houses supply California with much of its natural ice, for, except in the higher altitudes of the Sierra-Nevada Mountains, no ice or snow falls or forms anywhere in California.

What struck us more forcibly than anything else was that the leaves on the trees in the mountainous part of California were not turning in their autumn tints at all, but were as fresh, green and luxuriant as they are in the springtime. This surprised us. There were fir, cedar, pine, magnolia, buckeye, cottonwood, oak, redwood, and a host of other trees, and a wealth of shade and foliage everywhere.

Say, Billy," remarked I to my chum, "this looks like God's country! Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Can't say that I did. But I don't see any towns or houses or cities in this blooming country."

"No, it's a vast solitude, and I wouldn't want to live in it. I'd get the horrors in no time."

Up, up, we went, the scenery becoming finer and wilder at every turn of the wheels. The engines must have been having a mighty hard time of it, the way they coughed and hissed, making mighty slow progress. As we were in no particular hurry, though, we did not mind this. We were not due anywhere at any particular time. What we did was to enjoy ourselves, and I can truthfully say that I was never more exhilarated in my life than I was just then, though I did not have a dollar in my pocket. Riches do not bring happiness. One can be poor and still be happy.

Up, up, up, we went, the car wheels creaking and the scenery growing wilder at every turn. We could look down into abysses now which made our hearts sink into our socks, for we feared that the train might jump the track and tumble into some abyss. We held our breath, for had such a thing happened there wouldn't be any more story to tell.

But up, still up, we climbed. Ye gods, what enchanting views at every turn! What sublime scenery! These are

scenes no painter can paint or writer portray properly. They must be seen to be appreciated.

But husky chaps like Billy and I could not live on pure mountain air and scenery, for we had not eaten anything since the night before. In fact, the bracing mountain air had helped to give us a huge appetite, and we felt that the inner man must be appeased somehow.

"Say, Billy, how would a nice fat goose stuffed with chestnuts go now?" asked I, to banter my partner. ?

"Aw, go to ——," snapped Billy.

"And how about a pie? Which kind do you like best—apple, mince, custard, squash or pumpkin?"

"Squash or pumpkin?" scornfully sniffed Billy; "those are good enough for Americans, but in my country they feed squash and pumpkins to the pigs."

"Do they?" retorted I. "Well, then, they have darn poor judgment, for there aint anything more scrumptious than squash or pumpkin pie. And some people know how to make them, too; believe me. Yum! Yum!"

"Aw, get to —— out of here with your squash and pumpkin pies! Give me a thrup-penny pork pie or a six penny one; there's eating for you, lad!"

Billy broke out into English occasionally, when he grew excited; then it was plain to be seen that he was a Britisher.

The stations on the Sierra-Nevada Mountains are few and far between, and usually consist of a single shack, in which the ticket agent hibernates or "isolates." One sees plenty of trees and scenery in the Sierras, but few human beings, for these altitudes are vast but silent.

In due course our train stopped at a village called Truckee. Here Billy and I hopped off in a hurry to look for something to eat. I had a few dimes in my pocket, so I walked into a grocery store, bought two loaves of bread and then returned to Billy, who was minding our blankets. We indulged in a feed that was gigantic. Billy ate a whole loaf of bread and a huge hunk of cheese, and so did I, but still we were hungry. Had we had more we could have eaten more.

After eating we felt that we would like to have something wet to wash down the food with, so I hinted to Billy that a schooner of beer would not go so bad. He agreed with me instantly, whereupon we went in quest of a saloon.

Truckee is a town of about seven or eight hundred inhabitants, I should judge, and consists of a main street, which is situated opposite the railroad track and runs parallel with it. There are one or two hotels in the burg, a few general merchandise stores, several restaurants, a dozen or more saloons, a barber shop or two, one or two butcher shops, a large planing mill and lumber yard, and a few other establishments. All the buildings are of wood, and seem ancient and primitive.

Across the way, on the other side of the railroad track, flows the Truckee River, which here is a swift-flowing mountain stream that is full of speckled beauties in the shape of mountain trout. Almost everyone in Truckee goes a-fishing occasionally, for the stream is open to all.

Not far from Truckee is Lake Tahoe, one of the most beautiful mountain streams in the world. It is 600 feet deep, 300 miles in area, and over 6,000 feet above sea level. This lake is a favorite summer resort, for it is deliciously cool and shady in the summer time and is studded with villas which are owned by well-to-do city people.

Truckee itself is the last railroad division point in California going eastward. It is a lumber camp of much activity in the summer time, and when the mills are running the town is rough, wild and woolly. Then gambling, drinking, dancing and other joys are in order.

Billy and I sauntered slowly along the main street taking in the sights, and it took us about five minutes to size up the town. We noticed a stairway leading down a basement over which was a sign which read, "Benny's Gray Mule." Billy and I started down the stairway, and when we got down a few steps we noticed that "Benny's Gray Mule" was a saloon that had gone out of business. From the appearance of things it had been shut up a long time, which was lamentable,

for a place with such a beautiful name ought to have thrived.

We went up the steps again and hunted for a place that was open and ready for business. We did not have far to look, for almost every other establishment was a drinking place.

We entered the wide, swinging doors of a pretentiously-named saloon, "The Palace," which was roomy and capacious. On the left hand side as we entered stood a bar, and opposite it were roulette and gaming tables. At the extreme rear of the place was a lunch counter with high stools, and a bill of fare was painted on the wall in large letters. This is what it proclaimed:

Plain Steak	25 cents
Rib Steak	35 cents
Porterhouse	75 cents
Oysters in any style	50 cents
Ham and Eggs	25 cents
Bacon and Eggs	25 cents
Hamburg Steak	25 cents
Liver and Bacon	25 cents
Sausage	25 cents
Hot Cakes and Coffee	15 cents
Pork Chops	25 cents
Lamb Chops	25 cents
Mutton Chops	25 cents

The place seemed to us to be a pretty tough joint, but Billy and I leisurely meandered toward the bar where I ordered two schooners. The barkeeper was in his shirt-sleeves and had an evil-looking mug.

"Well gents, what'll it be?" asked the barkeeper in a business-like way, wiping off the bar with a cloth, as he spoke.

"About two of the biggest schooners you've got will about hit us right," answered I. Without another word the wet-goods dispenser grabbed up two big glasses, stepped to a beer-keg and filled them to the brim with beer. After the glasses had been set before us I threw a dime down on the counter in payment.

"What's that for?" asked the barkeeper, with an ugly scowl.

"Why for the beer, of course," answered I.

"Come again, pardner. All drinks are ten cents here."

"You don't say!" said I. "Well, to keep peace in the family, here's another dime; I didn't know what the prices were; excuse me."

"All right," says barkeeper, much mollified. He swept the money nonchalantly into the till. We gulped down the beer which tasted good. After we had disposed of the beer we looked about us a little and a gambler seated at a table called out enticingly: "Come and beat the gambler, gentlemen! The play is made!" The bait was alluring, but we didn't bite, for we had no money.

There was not much going on in the way of gambling at that hour of the day; the most of it is done at night. Then everything runs at full blast, the roulette wheels spin, the crap games and the stud-horse poker games are well patronized. Billy and I concluded to continue on our journey down the line outside, so we left the place. We noticed that our train was still there. A great deal of switching was being done but the train would soon be made up. Our cattle-car was to continue her journey we noticed, so we deemed it best to keep an eye on her. After a good long wait the train was made up and stood ready on the track for departure. When she pulled out we were safe aboard.

Continuing our journey, we still climbed upward and came to a line of snowsheds.

Wonderful structures these are for they are about thirty feet high, I should judge, and in some places where there is a double track or station, they are a great deal higher.

Although it was a bright, clear day outside, there was a sort of twilight inside the sheds, so that we could see but little of the scenery, which was a great disappointment to us.

At a station called Blue Canyon, we noticed some small trees standing, which had deep green leaves and golden yellow balls shining among them.

"Say, Billy, look over there, will you!" exclaimed I, pointing; "see them yellow balls hanging on the trees? I wonder what they are?"

Billy gazed fixedly, when suddenly he exclaimed: "Windy, them's oranges, as sure as we're alive!"

"Go on, Billy; what do you know about oranges? Oranges don't grow on trees."

"They don't eh; what do they grow on; bushes do you think?"

"Search me, Billy. I never saw any oranges growing before.

"Did you ever see any growing behind?" sarcastically retorted Billy. "I wish this bally old train would stop so as we could get a few."

Billy was getting excited, I could plainly see. Unfortunately the train did not stop here for refreshments, so we could not get any oranges. This was too bad for we were getting hungry again, the mountain air being responsible for such a condition. We were pretty near broke though, and would be unable to buy any more food, or drinks either.

In a little while we stopped at a station called Dutch Flat, but there was no town in its vicinity, at least we could see none. But anyway we hopped off for refreshments, not caring whether the train would leave us behind or not. We had to eat.

Near the station there was a Chinese village, we noticed, and we concluded to try our luck here for a hand-out. The village was composed of one street only, at either side of which stood a number of ramshackle huts, and as we moved along an odor of opium smote the air. There was a Chinese laundry in the burg which convinced us that there was a Melican man's town not far away.

There was a general merchandise store in the place, too, conducted by Chinese, which seemed neat enough, but a mixed odor of stale dried fish and other Chinese comestibles came from it that was anything but savory.

The advent of Billy and I in the village was heralded by several homely-looking canines who made advances toward us that were not friendly, but we walked on slowly and paid no attention to them.

The warnings of the dogs aroused the inhabitants who came to their doors to see what the row was about. I strode up to one Chinaman who was standing at his doorway and informed him that we were hungry, and asked him if he could give us something to eat.

"No sabee!" replied he instantly, and called out something in Chinese to his fellow celestials, who put on frowning faces. I stepped up to one or two of the celestials and asked for a hand-out, but it was "no sabee," with all of them. They had all resolved evidently to turn us down. I concluded that we were not going to get anything to eat in that rotten village, so I searched through all my pockets until I found a dime. "Billy, see if you can't dig up something!" entreated I. Billy dug down and brought forth a lone nickel.

"I kept this nickel for emergencies, Windy, but this is an emergency, we can't starve, you know!" ruefully declared Billy.

"True for you, kid. I'm going to try my luck with these Chinks once more; if they won't give us something, maybe they'll sell us something. Darn the mean, homely-looking crowd anyway!"

I rapped at the last door in the village but no one responded. I rapped louder, whereupon a thin and aged celestial, with gray hair came to the door and asked, "what you wantee?"

"Something to eat, Charlie," responded I, showing him fifteen cents; "what you got?"

"No gotee anything; only licee (rice) and poke chop, (pork chop)."

"Sell us fifteen cents worth of pork chop, will you? We're very hungry and want something to eat."

This appeal, as it was backed by money, overcame the scruples of the bowed old Chinaman, who went into his domi-

cile and soon returned with two nice pork chops, which he wrapped in a newspaper for us.

"You sabee cookee?" asked the old man.

"Oh yes, me heap sabee; me cook before," responded I.

"All lightee," (right), grunted the aged celestial, at the same time putting a little salt and pepper into a piece of paper and handing it to me. These were for the purpose of seasoning the meat.

We thanked the old man heartily for his kindness and then sauntered off leisurely to find a likely spot where we could cook our meat. Not far away was a secluded hill with plenty of brush and twigs near it and here we camped.

We made a roaring fire and toasted the chops by means of long sticks which we held over the blaze, and so intent were we in our cooking operations that we were not noticing what was going on around us. I happened to look up and, my goodness! the whole country seemed on fire.

This was the dry season of the year in California, for no rain to speak of had fallen for six months or more, and all the vegetation around us was as dry as a chip. The bushes near our camp had caught fire unperceived by us, and the fire now had spread, igniting the dead grass, leaves, bushes and everything else that was at all inflammable.

We jumped up badly frightened and ran away, forgetting our chops in our excitement. We made for the railroad tracks in a hurry, which seemed the safest place from fire, for there was nothing inflammable near by.

The Chinamen in the village had seen the dense clouds of smoke arising and had discerned at once what the trouble was. They emitted cries of alarm and excitement and in a jiffy came running up with pails, oil-cans and all kinds of other things that would hold water. They doused the flames and also tried to beat them out with wetted sacks, chattering and shrieking like monkeys in the meanwhile. Billy and I returned and grabbed up wet sacks, too, and helped to try and subdue the conflagration, but it had got beyond control. It was spreading in every direction. The Chinese prevented

it from destroying their village, but they could not stop it in other directions. Such a running, shouting, cussing and yelling there was. Everyone seemed to be excited, including my pardner and I.

While rushing back to the village, to wet the sacks, I heard a big commotion in the Chinese laundryman's back yard. I wondered whether his place had caught fire, for he was yelling to beat the band. I looked in to see what the trouble was. The Chinaman's wash-lines, which had clothes hanging on them to dry, were being kicked down by his horse who was terrified by the flames.

The horse was cavorting with tail up and head down, snorting and squealing, and trying to escape from the place where he was tethered. He had been well-tied though and escape was not easy. His boss, the laundryman, was yelling and swearing at him in Chinese to make him let up, but the frightened creature either did not or would not understand. His heels flew around pretty lively and kicked down everything within reach. His boss kept at a respectful distance from him. After kicking down nearly all the wash-lines, he gave one more mighty effort, and this time pulled up the stake to which he had been tethered and made off, with his head down and tail up, rushing right into the flames with the rope and stake trailing after him. You ought to have heard that Chinaman swear! Wow! I sneaked away so that he would not see me. Had he seen me, murder might have been done. I joined Billy and told him it was about time for us to be moving.

Our train had not yet gone, for it was still standing on a siding, waiting for another train to pass, so in we climbed into our cattle-car once more. We pulled out our pipes, smoked, chatted and laughed aloud over our recent experience, regretting only that we were hungry, for our chops, which had dropped into the fire were probably burned to a crisp by this time. We must have been laughing pretty loudly for suddenly a head was thrust through the open car

doorway and a grim visage confronted us. It was the brakeman's.

"What you two fellows doin' there?" snarled he.

"Only taking a little ride," responded Billy meekly.

"Where to?" demanded brakey.

"Only down the line a little way," again responded Billy meekly.

"What are you riding on?" Brakey wanted to know.

"On a freight train," innocently responded Billy.

I guffawed, for I knew Billy had given the wrong answer, but brakey never cracked a smile. He didn't know whether Billy was joshing or bantering him.

"Got any money or tickets?" asked brakey in a stern, non-committal way.

"Not a bean," answered Billy.

"Get off this train, then, and be quick about it," thundered brakey. "Don't let me catch you here again. If I do, I'll make it hot for you!"

We jumped off much crestfallen for we had lost a fine opportunity to ride. We had been too gay and laughing too loud, and that's what we got for it. It revealed our presence to the train-men. Well, there was no help for it, so off we got. Had we had a little money we might have squared matters with brakey, perhaps, for some brakemen don't mind earning a little easy money on the side, but we were broke and had nothing to offer. When brakey asked what we were riding on, he wanted to know whether we had any money or anything else in the shape of an equivalent to offer for a ride. I had "given up" before during my peregrinations, to brakemen, but neither Billy nor I could give when we had nothing. This brakeman might not have been a bad fellow, at all, notwithstanding his gruff manner and he probably was talking business, only Billy was still comparatively green at beating it, and did not understand brakey's way or his speech. He was learning, though, and I let him learn and kept posting him. I was an older hand at the business than he and knew the ropes better.

CHAPTER III.

AS REGARDS HOBOES.

The train pulled out without us and we regarded her ruefully. "Billy, what's the next thing on the programme. We're ditched," said I.

"I suppose all we can do is to wait for the next train, but I hate to be seen around this place for some of the Chinamen might get on to us."

"Oh, don't you worry about that. Them fellers won't hurt a white man in this country. If we were in their own country they might do something to us, for they're pretty numerous there. You stay here while I go up to the depot and ask the agent when the next train will come along."

Billy walked off into the brush with our blankets, whilst I leisurely walked up to the depot to buzz the agent.

The agent was a slim young man with a thin face, black moustache and active manner. He was sitting in his office all alone as I entered, telegraphing. I asked him, when he got through telegraphing, if he would please tell me when the next train was due. He sized me up, and probably judged from the cut of my jib that I was a Wandering Willie.

"Freight or passenger?" asked he, in rather a bantering way.

"Freight," replied I, in a kind of half-hearted manner.

"Don't know, pardner. There may be something going down the hill about two or three o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Whew," said I to myself; "that's a long time to wait." I thanked the agent and left the office.

"Billy, I guess we're in for it," remarked I to my chum after I had rejoined him. "There'll be no train until some time tomorrow morning. It'll be a long wait."

"How about grub; are we going to starve?"

"Looks like it, kid. We're both broke and I guess we don't want to go to that Chinese village for more grub, do we?"

"Well, hardly," responded Billy.

Luckily we had plenty of tobacco with us, so we smoked to ward off the pangs of hunger. We had been in such a situation before, many a time, for, to bear the slings and arrows of misfortune is part of the hobo's life, and must be borne without flinching. Hoboing may be a picnic sometimes but not always. There are a few difficulties to contend with, such as going unwashed and unkempt for a while; a lack of opportunity to change one's underwear, socks or clothes; irregular meals; traveling at all hours of the day or night; using out-of-the-way sleeping-places; dust in summer and frost in winter; and a few other trifles of that sort; not to mention bulls, fly-cops, etc.

After the shades of night had fallen, we spread out our blankets underneath some bushes close to the railroad track, where we could keep an ear open during our sleep for approaching trains. Wandering Willies are awfully acute in that respect, for no matter how sound their slumbers may be, they will awake nine times out of ten in time to catch a train. Unless a 'bo is too badly boozed he will never miss a train.

While on the subject of 'boes, let me give a brief general description of them. Decent people in general have no use for them, and don't like to see them around, but every one who hits the pike is not necessarily a 'bo. I would like to demonstrate this if I may be permitted to do so.

First of all, there is the honest workingman who travels from place to place in search of work, but who has not the wherewithal to pay his fare. He has earned some money while at work, but he has spent it in some manner best known to himself. The distance between towns out west are great and railroad fares high, (rarely less than three cents a mile and from that up), so that a poor fellow who wants to get away anywhere has to pay well for the privilege.

There is another class of wanderer who travels by rail without helping to fill the railroad coffers, because they have a constitutional aversion to giving up to railroads. The railroad owners are highway robbers, they say; they are thieves, bloated bond-holders, blood-suckers, purloiners of the people's substance and are constantly getting richer whilst the poor are getting poorer, so why encourage them in their nefarious practices?

A third class of wanderers is composed of city bred chaps who have had a hard time of it in the city and who want to get out into the country or somewhere else where they can better their fortune. Competition is pretty keen in the overcrowded cities which has brought them low. They have striven and failed and fallen into a rut from which it is pretty hard to pull out. Necessity or some one or something finally drives them from the city, so they wander from place to place until they find something to do. These are not 'bos, but poor and respectable fellows who crave work. A great many of this class of wanderers are always on the go, and when they hit a hobo-camp they are glad to join it for company's sake, for their lot is a lonely one and a hard one.

A fourth class is made up of well educated fellows who have held good positions, but are down and out from drink or other misfortune. There are a great many fellows of this sort wandering about and they have sunk to a pretty low ebb, and probably they never will rise again.

A fifth class is composed of men and boys who are stranded, but who want to get from one place to another. They haven't the means to pay railroad fares, but must get to their destination somehow and don't know the ways of the road.

In fact, there are all kinds of people beating their way every day in the year, so that there is hardly a train of any kind that is not carrying a dead-head of some kind. It requires constant vigilance on the part of the train-men to hold their own with beats, dead-heads and unfortunates.

The most numerous class of wanderers I have not yet alluded to. "Professionals," with a big P. These are the

lads who give all the Wandering Willies a bad reputation, for it is difficult to distinguish them from their betters.

The professional 'bo is a "never-sweat," the fellow who would run away from work if it were offered him. He is a thief, vagabond, low-lived fellow who will do anything except work. His parents probably were not decent, so neither is he, and he glories in evil doing. This is the class of fellows who people the jails and penitentiaries, and, who, when their time expires, hit the pike again and travel over the country.

To show how these people conduct themselves and regard each other, I will relate an incident or two in my career, which may not have been very creditable to me, but it is true. I wish to say right here, though, that I have not always associated with vagabonds, but with better people, and that I would not like to be considered worse than I am. I have been on the bum, yes, I don't deny that; but it was from necessity and not from choice. Billy's folks were respectable and so were mine, and for that very reason we took to each other, for both of us perceived that we were not hardened criminals, and that we were above the crowd we sometimes were compelled to mingle with. I am not sorry that I did mingle with the 'boes, for I have learned a great deal about human nature in that way, and I think that the poet Pope stated the truth when he declared, that, "the proper study for mankind is man." It sometimes may be a malodorous and insectivorous study, but not a bad one to be familiar with, anyway. Man in all the walks of life is worth knowing. They are evil-doers and celebrated criminals, some of them, and the celebrated ones are usually regarded with awe and admiration by the small fry.

To come back to my liver and bacon though, (I like liver and bacon just as well as mutton for a change). In company with several other knights of the road I was traveling along the plains of western Nebraska one fine summer's evening and the weather was so beautiful that we were all in gay spirits, talking aloud, singing or whistling. The stars were out and a new crescent moon hung in the sky, a soft delicious

breeze was blowing over the wide prairies and filled me full of romance. Fact, I assure you. It was a night fit for love, stratagem or spoils, and it seems that one of my companions had a business eye open for the spoils.

As we walked along the railroad track past a little railroad station, he espied a fat valise standing solitary and alone on the platform of the station near the track, and it appealed to him. The ticket agent was in his office and the owner of the grip was nowhere to be seen, as he was not in the waiting-room or on the platform. Nor was any one else in sight either.

"Watch me swipe that valise," said the 'bo.

He walked leisurely into the waiting-room as if he were a passenger, looked around in a casual way, and as he saw no one about, he picked up the valise as if he were its owner, and leisurely walked away with it, following us who had preceded him along the track.

After he had joined us, we walked faster and finally broke into a run, for we did not know how soon the valise would be missed or how soon a hue and cry would be raised about it. After running what to us seemed a good long distance we moved into the brush some distance away from the railroad and inspected our find.

In this valise were a suit of clothes of good material, shirts, collars, underwear, toilet articles and other things, which showed that the owner was intending to take a long trip. The 'boes weren't caring for that though. They were delighted with the coup. The contents of the grip were divided among us but I noticed that one or two of the 'boes would not accept any article, saying that they would take no chances of getting pinched. I was pretty green at that time so I accepted a vest which was handed me, and put it on. It fitted me well. Had I been arrested with the vest on me, I might have been sent up for several years for burglary, although I hadn't a thing to do with the robbery and did not advise it or take any active part in it. I accepted the stolen

goods though, and that fact would have been sufficient to have condemned me had we been caught.

What a fool I was! What chances I took! Never would I have committed such a crime or taken any part in it.

Another time I was walking along the track going westward—that was a few nights after the incident just related—when I espied a cheery fire down a bank near the tracks, around which was seated about a dozen 'boes. When I drew near, they immediately took notice, for they are leery of strangers and have a wholesome regard for the bulls (peace officers), and are always ready to scatter at the least alarm. It did not take them long to size me up, for they could tell at a glance that I was on the road. They can detect a friend from a foe almost instinctively, though they do get fooled sometimes.

I stood still along the track regarding them, after bidding them good evening.

"Come down and join us, pardner!" spoke up one fellow.

I did not wait for a second invitation for I had been traveling all alone all day and was glad to have some one to speak to. I went down. I sat down beside the genial blaze, and after having answered questions as to where I came from, where I was going, etc., the spokesman of the party gave his attention to other matters. From hints let drop, I learned that he was a big gun, a cracksman, a high-up criminal, and noticed that he was regarded with awe and admiration by the other fellows. This man appointed himself general-in-chief or captain of the camp, without opposition from anyone, and gave orders that were readily obeyed by all. Nobody dreamed of opposing him. That would have been disloyalty and punishable.

He speedily showed that he was an able commander and knew how to handle men. As there was nothing to eat in camp, the commander had an idea that a good feed would not hurt any one, least of all himself; accordingly he commanded one 'bo to "get to — out of there and rustle up some bread." To another he said, "get out and rustle up some

meat." A third was commanded to "bring in onions and any other old thing in the shape of vegetables." A fourth was told that "pepper and salt would come in handy." I was not asked to go for anything; I don't know why.

Bye-and-bye the 'boes returned from their errands. The fellow who had been told to get meat, sauntered in with a leg of mutton on his shoulder. The captain's eyes glistened with satisfaction at this and he asked his subordinate how he had come by the meat.

"Oh, it was hangin' up kinder lonesome-like in front of a butcher shop, so I walked off wid it when I got er chanst." That was all he said.

The fellow who was told to get out and rustle up bread, came back with several loaves. Where he got them he did not say nor was he asked. The chap who was sent for vegetables came back empty-handed, whereupon he and the boss of the camp had a heart-to-heart talk in which the boss did most of the talking.

"Where's all them vegetables I told you to get?" thundered he.

"I tried hard but I couldn't get none," was the humble response.

"I don't think you tried at all, you lying son-of-a-gun," irately cried the chief. "Get out again and try your luck. How are we going to make a mulligan without fixings, can you answer that, you —— lazy son-of-a-gun!"

"I did try and couldn't get none," whined the 'bo.

"Tried nothing," thundered the boss. "You're too lazy to get out and rustle. Get to h—— out of here! We don't want such people as you around. You hear me?"

"Swear to G——, Cap, I did me best. I didn't see no place where I could get any vegetables.

"Oh, you're a good one, you are! Has your mammy got any more like you? If she has, she ought to take them out and drown 'em! You're a piker, a four-flusher, a horse's titty, etc."

He called the poor fellow all the bad names he could think of, and they were not a few. The recipient of these remarks accepted them silently for he did not dare to fire back. Had he done so he might have got his skull cracked.

"That mulligan was made without vegetables for it was now too late to send any one else out after them. All the 'boes were disappointed because there were no vegetables, and they considered that the chap who got a lacing from the captain for not bringing in any, deserved all he got and more, too. Had there been a mix-up they would have stood by the captain to a man. This the unsuccessful forager well knew, so it was his play to remain mum.

The chief detective of a great trans-continental railway system who knows 'boes from the ground up, gave a brief sketch of them in a newspaper article recently, which I will reproduce here, for it will throw more light on the subject. This detective ought to know what he is talking about. This is what he said:

"Tramps are divided into six different castes, as follows: kids, hoboes, stew bums, blanket-stiffs, gay-cats and jungle-buzzards.

The kids leave home between the ages of 14 and 20 years. They beat trains all over the country. They beg, steal and serve time in jail, which makes them eligible to enter the hobo ranks at the age of 20.

A hobo is between 20 and 30 years old. He can make a moving train going from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, with the pot-cocks of the engine wide open to blind him and keep him off. He will stop in a town until driven out by the police, will rob a box car, roll a drunk, steal chickens for the jungle-buzzard, build fires inside of cars in cold weather, use the railroad company's material for the construction of small shanties, terrorize the occupants of section houses, commit petty thefts, break into stores, rob stations and farm-houses, beg at junction points, assault trainmen, blow safes, and some of them rise to the dignity of beating up a policeman and making

good their escape. The hobo is by far the most dangerous tramp.

"A stew bum is what is left of a hobo when he becomes over 30 years of age. He cannot 'make' a passenger train any more. He hides away on freight trains when traveling and gets on when they are stopped, drinks hard when he can get it, helps the jungle-buzzard to cook in the jungles, is an ex-convict, for he has done time in a state prison. He is a broken-down hobo that came up the line from a kid.

"A blanket stiff is a degenerated workingman. You will also find blanket stiffes who come up the line from kids and hoboes, but as they are between 40 and 60 years of age, they are harmless. They stow away in an empty box-car so they won't fall off the train. Railroad men treat them kindly because they are old. They carry a roll of old gunny sacks or old carpets to sleep in.

"A gay-cat is a well-dressed young man who mixes with tramps in order to get over the road. The hoboes make the gay-cats do the begging at junction points because of their good appearance. They are between 20 and 40 years of age. They are from all trades and professions.

"A jungle-buzzard is a cross between a prize fighter and a jungle-cook. When there is a large crowd in the jungle he will appoint the committees on bread, potatoes, chickens, beef, hogs, coffee, sugar and money. He cooks the mulligan stews with the assistance of the stew bums, whom he makes step lively. He also beats up any tramp around the camp that does not contribute to its support. He is generally between 35 and 40 years of age and was once an able fellow."

CHAPTER IV.

ON TO FRISCO.

Billy and I had a long wait of it at Dutch Flat before we could get a train out of there. We were on the Overland line of the Southern Pacific railroad over which passenger and freight trains run frequently, but the kind of train we wanted did not show up. We preferred a long freight train which did not run too fast for we wanted to have a good look at the scenery. So many 'boes had spoken favorably of California that we wondered if they had not been giving us a cock-and-bull story. Seeing is believing, thought we.

Near the wee small hours of the morning, after passing a night of oft interrupted slumber, for the false alarm trains were so many, a long mixed train came along and made quite a stop at Dutch Flat. This gave us plenty of time to reconnoiter, so we carefully picked out a car which answered our purpose well enough. It was a fairly clean oil-tanker, a big oil tank set on a flat car

It was nearly dawn before the train pulled out with Billy and I aboard of her and it was mighty cold riding at that hour of the day going down the mountains. We were still two or three thousand feet high and the cold breeze that the swiftly moving train was stirring up made our teeth chatter. Oh, for a cup of hot coffee just then! It would have been so grateful, so comforting! Our toes and noses were nearly frozen and the riding was anything but a pleasure. After an interminably long time, so it seemed to us, old Sol began to show his smiling countenance over the hill-tops, and he warmed and livened things up considerably. He warmed our hearts, too, so that life was worth living once more, but there was a great void in our stomachs, for we had not eaten anything in

six weeks, it seemed to us. Where we were to breakfast or dine, we had not the faintest notion.

We were now passing through a pretty country again which was full of inspiring scenery. We were speeding along the narrow rims of precipices that were several thousand feet deep and which made us hold our breaths, for had the train jumped the track she would have rolled over a dozen times or more before she would have landed at the bottom, and then where would Billy and I have been?

We made a brief stop at Colfax, which was a junction from whence a narrow gauge railroad runs to Grass Valley and Nevada City, after which we sped on to Auburn, a pretty little mountain town in the foothills of the Sierras. Just before we got to Auburn we passed Cape Horn, near which the scenery is awe-inspiring. Here the American River winds through a narrow mountain pass, or canyon, which can be seen several thousand feet below, and the panoramas unfolded to our gaze as we were whisked around dizzy curves were sublime. Tree and verdure-clad mountain sides, a narrow, winding river that seemed like a thread, a wagon road running along side of it, towering mountain-walls beside the track, were some of the scenes that we gazed upon. Beyond Auburn the country opened up and the mountains began to disappear. Now, there were only foothills to be seen and they were nearly all covered with vines and fruit trees. These foothills of the Sierras are famous for their luscious fruits and it is said that oranges and lemons ripen earlier there than anywhere else in the United States. They ripen in early November and reach the eastern markets about a month earlier than other fruits of the same variety. They bring the top prices.

The oranges were ripening just then and it did our eyes good to see them. Billy and I would much rather have eaten a few of them than to have been merely gazing at them. The orange tree is not a tall tree, but it has deep green, shiny leaves through which the golden fruit peeps. Billy and I were more than ready now to believe the tales that had been told

us of the beauties of California; in fact the descriptions had fallen short of the reality. California is a paradise and no mistake. Everything that grows there: trees, grain, fruit, vegetation, vegetables, flowers—everything blooms luxuriantly and great in size. Things grow so big it is a wonder they do not burst. This is not a fairy tale I am telling, but facts. While other states were already bare, cold and shivering, California was basking in warm sunshine. What a contrast!

The old-time 'boes know these things are true. They have been in California many a time and they usually spend the winter there, basking in the warm sunlight and feasting off the fat of the land. You will find them strung along the right-of-way from Redding to San Diego, luxuriating in oranges, grapes, apples, strawberries and other delicacies that grow at this season of the year in California. In the spring-time they fly eastward again toward their homes, but not a few think California is good enough for them and honor it by making it their permanent abiding place.

The old train shot onward past Newcastle, Penrhyn and Loomis, making a brief stop at each place, but not long enough to give us a chance to rustle up a hand-out. At a fruit loading-shed near Loomis, Billy swiped some grapes which we ate but they did not diminish our appetite; they only increased it.

Rocklin, the next stop, used to be a railroad division point on the Southern Pacific but it is not now. It lies just at the base of the Sierra foothills and looks like a deserted village, for the railroad paraphernalia was moved to Roseville, the next station west.

Leaving Roseville, we made no more stops until we rolled into Sacramento, the capital of California. Although it is the capital it is not the largest city in the state by any means, for San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles are larger.

As our train was not a passenger train it did not run into the station but was switched off in the yards. Billy and I swung off in a hurry when the coast was clear, for bulls and fly-cops are very plentiful in those yards and it is pretty hard

to avoid them. It was about noon when we made our debut in the yards, and after slinging our blankets over our shoulders we trudged onward along the tracks toward the city. We leisurely picked our way along the maze of tracks past railroad construction shops, repair shops, foundries, etc., but though we were stared at by many of the railroad employes no one spoke a word to us. It was the noon hour any way—eating time. We gained the city without a hold-up or mishap of any sort and wandered through Chinatown, the first street we came to.

Sacramento's Chinatown is a large, ancient and malodorous one, and we didn't linger in it very long. From a white man's restaurant run by Chinese we saw a good natured young man emerge, so Billy stepped up to him and boned him for the price of a square meal. The young fellow coughed up twenty-five cents which was all he had, he said, and which we were mighty glad to get, for, with such a sum we could purchase a fair supply of provisions. We bought two loaves of bread, a hunk of bologna and some pickles and then eagerly cast our eyes about for a likely spot where we could eat. Chinatown was a little too unsavory for us, so we sauntered on leisurely reconnoitering. We passed a street called J street and then K street, but kept on walking until we saw a fine big plaza, or park. We walked up to and in to it, and found it to be a spacious and pretty breathing spot, at the further end of which stood the State Capitol Building, a large, fine one. There were benches in this park, flower beds, plenty of trees, pampas-plume bushes and walks.

Here Billy and I concluded to strike camp. We unslung our blankets, deposited our grub on a bench and sat down. We felt hot, tired and dusty. Whew! As regards our appetite, gee whiz! It did not take us long to wade into our grub. While eating it, Billy growled like a dog, in fun. It was a way he had, when feeling gay, of giving vent to his feelings. I was humming a tune and smiling at Billy's dog tricks.

"Pretty nice park this Billy?"

Billy continued his munching and growling. He was too busy to talk.

"Look over there, Billy," said I, pointing; "see those yellow balls hanging among the green leaves?"

"Oranges, Windy, as sure as we're alive," cried Billy, excitedly. "Keep an eye on my grub will you, till I get a few?"

Billy was excited sure enough and there was no restraining him. He was off like a shot, but I shouted after him: "keep your eye peeled for cops!" The little cuss didn't hear me.

Neither of us had eaten any oranges right off the trees, so the pleasures of hope and of anticipation were great within us. I was as eager as Billy. Soon the little Britisher returned with half a dozen big oranges which he had stowed away in his pickets. They made his pockets bulge out like sacks. Billy drew forth one orange after another.

"Say, ain't they beauties?" remarked I, with my eyes bulging in anticipation.

"Well, I rawther guess," responded Billy, getting off some of his Britishisms.

We peeled the oranges and then sat down contentedly to eat them. Billy bit into his first and after doing so made a wry face.

"What's the matter, lad?" inquired I.

Billy's mouth was all puckered up. "Why, they're bitter as gall. Booh!" exclaimed he, as he flung the oranges over his shoulder into the bushes behind him. I tasted one and found it bitter as gall.

"Say, Billy, we've been misinformed. The California oranges are N. G. We've been buncoed."

"Right you are, me covey," responded Billy. "I've had enough of them."

A fierce thirst now assailed us, due probably to the spice in the bologna, so we went to a drinking fountain near by where we drank a few cups full of rather muddy water. After that we pulled forth our pipes and indulged in a smoke.

What we had seen of Sacramento kind of looked good to us. The place had the appearance of an over-grown village which had been transmogrified into a city gradually. It was right up-to-date though, for it had street cars, electric lights and all the other modern improvements.

"This town looks good to me, Billy; suppose we camp here for awhile; you know we are broke and maybe we may be able to get something to do. We will need a few dollars when we get into Frisco."

"Right you are. Maybe we can get a job here. Let's try," said Billy.

We struck a job the very next morning at street work near the Sacramento River levee. The street was being repaired and men were wanted. We were offered two dollars a day which we gladly accepted. We held down the job for nearly a week.

We soon learned that the drinking water of Sacramento was not of good quality, for it is taken from the Sacramento River and is impure, therefore we took to drinking Sacramento steam-beer straight and found it good. We heard a whole lot of talk about the Native Sons. This is an organization composed of young men who were born and raised in California and who take a pride in their native State and make it their business to preserve its big trees, landmarks, old missions and other things worth preserving. They monopolize all the good things in the way of jobs, we were told, but we did not find this to be the case. We found the people of Sacramento to be an open-hearted, approachable, friendly sort of people, who treat strangers fine.

Unfortunately, Billy developed a clear case of the shakes before we had been in Sacramento many days, which put him in a pretty bad way. I don't know whether it was the water or the air that made him sick, but the poor little fellow was taken suddenly one afternoon. A high fever set in, his teeth rattled like clappers and he shook like an aspen leaf. Our mates told us that quinine and whisky was the proper remedy for this malady, so I bought a bottle of whisky, put quinine

into it and poured the whole bottle-full down Billy's throat at once. The poor cuss took to it as naturally as does a kid to its mother's milk, but it did him no good. He became unable to work or leave his room. His head was all wrong, he told me, and he was as weak as a kitten after each shake. He surely was in a bad way. I suggested that we get out of Sacramento as soon as possible, for change of air and scene might be good. Billy was indifferent and did not care whether he stayed there or died.

I went to the construction boss, drew our pay and very soon afterward we had left Sacramento behind us and were crossing the Sacramento River on a bridge. Billy was so weak on his pins that he could scarcely walk, so I made him put his arm around my shoulder. I put an arm around his waist, and thus we moved along. Billy staggered and the people who saw us undoubtedly thought that both of us were drunk, but we didn't care what they thought.

After we had got about half way across the long bridge, Billy sat down on a string-piece and declared he could go no further. He told me to go on and to let him die in peace.

"What, you silly little Britisher, you want to croak, do you? Croak nothing! You ain't any nearer death than I am. All you need is a little rest and then we'll hike along a little further, where we can catch a train; then, ho! for Frisco, where our troubles will soon be ended. You know we can't make a train in Sacramento, for the bulls would get on to us and run us in; as soon as we catch a train our troubles will be over. You hear me?"

Billy listened to this long speech of mine with closed eyes. He frowned and said he was in a bad way. I tried to jolly him along and to put some heart into him, for we had to get out of this, even if I had to drag him out.

"Come, Billy, this won't do. You ain't a dead one yet. Just because you have the belly-ache you think you're going to croak. You're about the chicken-heartedest, most cowardly little cuss I ever run up against; you haven't got more sand

about you than a kid. Come, brace up; be a man and have some style about you!"

I tried to stir the little cuss up, and to get him mad, but it was no go. I grabbed him by the arm after we had rested long enough and told him it was time to go. He did not want to go but I made him.

"You'll be all right as soon as we get away from this malaria country. Frisco is near the ocean air and will make you feel like a fighting-cock. Come on, you chicken-hearted little Britisher, get some life into you! Don't give in to a trifle like that."

"Trifle?" indignantly replied Billy in a weak voice. "If you felt as I do you wouldn't feel so gay."

"No back talk, now, kid! You come along with me. You hear me?"

I had a pretty hard time of it with the little fellow, but I showed no pity for him and had no mercy on him. I knew he'd soon be all right when we got away from Sacramento, and I was determined to get him away.

In due time we made a freight train going toward Frisco, and held her down until she reached Benicia where there was a long stop. We stopped there so long that I hopped off to see what the trouble was. Why, we were entirely surrounded by water and could go no further. I returned to Billy and told him what the trouble was. He said he didn't care a darn whether we ever got to Frisco or not.

"You don't, eh? well I do. You can stay here as long as you like." With this I jumped off the car again to reconnoiter, to see what was best to be done. If Billy wanted to be grouchy, all right. Let him get over it the best way he could.

There was a pretty wide river, or bay, here, I noticed, and the railroad track led into a ferry house, so I imagined that the train would be ferried across the water; and so it proved. An immense ferryboat, called the Solano, soon came puffing along and eventually made fast in her slip. As soon as she had been made fast, the freight cars were rolled on

to her—I counted thirty-two of them—then away we slowly steamed across the bay. I returned to Billy and informed him that we were traveling on the water in a railroad car. He stared. I explained.

“Where are we bound for?” asked Billy.

“To Frisco, of course; where else? Would you like to go back to Sacramento?”

“Not on your life! I had rather croak.”

“All right, Billy; you don’t have to. We’re making a bee-line for Frisco now, and we’ll soon be there. Cheer up, kid; you aint a dead one yet.

Billy heard but he didn’t say any thing. He rolled over in his blankets and grunted. I felt like giving him a kick in the rump, for it would have got him mad and fired him up a bit, but I didn’t do so. Instead, I said to him: “we’re on the water, now, Billy. Sit up and sniff the salt breezes; they’ll do you good.”

Billy sat up and looked through the partly open doorway where the shore lights and stars were visible, but he kept mum for a while. Finally he enquired: “Is it far to Frisco, yet?”

“About thirty miles,” replied I, consulting a time table. “We’ll be in Frisco in about an hour, if nothing happens.”

We both lay down and fell asleep, but were soon awakened by a bump. More switching was going on. This was Port Costa, a station across the bay. We stopped here for quite a while, so Billy and I put in the time snoozing. Later on, another bump awakened us. We were stopping at Pinole.

“My goodness gracious! Isn’t this train ever going to get to Frisco?” peevishly murmured Billy to no one in particular.

“I’d advise you to hire a special train if you’re in a hurry,” sarcastically advised I, as I rolled over to woo the drowsy goddess—Miss Murphy, once more. I felt crusty myself at the many delays.

As it was near daylight when our train stopped in Oakland, we concluded to remain there in the car and have our

sleep out, for no one would molest us at that hour of the day, we felt sure. Nor did anyone do so. We were well concealed in an enclosed box-car and had closed the door tight. I don't know how long the sun light had been streaming through a chink in the door before we awoke. Billy was feeling a good deal better, he told me, and was able to arise and to jump out of the car after me.

"Where are we, Windy?"

"We're in Oakland, opposite Frisco. What a beautiful morning it is! How's your appetite, Billy?"

"Ain't got any," sourly replied Billy.

"Well, let's make tracks then for Frisco. Maybe by the time we get over there we'll both of us feel like tackling something. There's one more river to cross, though, I see, before we can get to Frisco. We'll have to walk along that wharf there," explained I, pointing to a long trestle or wharf extending a mile or so into the bay, "and after that there'll be a ferry to cross; this time we'll have to dig up to get across or swim. Which do you prefer?"

Billy concluded he'd rather dig up, and so did I.

It was now about seven o'clock in the morning. The sun was well up in the heavens, a pure, fresh, balmy breeze was blowing and as Billy and I walked along the "mole," as it is called, we felt bright and invigorated. Although it was now the month of November there were no evidences of winter at hand for all nature seemed bright, smiling and warm. Billy felt much better and walked along slowly, a big smile spreading over his face. He tried to hum a tune from a comic opera. He had not the appearance of a dead man yet.

We walked into the ferry-house on the Oakland side, which is the terminus of all overland trains, and I slammed down two dimes at the ticket window, whereupon two ferry tickets were shoved out to me. We went aboard the ferry boat. It was a fine one. On the lower decks were runways for vehicles, and at either side of them were seats for passengers. On the upper decks were cabins which were fitted up handsomely. The boat was wide, roomy and spacious and

could hold a multitude of people, thousands of them, without crowding anyone. Billy and I went upstairs, for we wanted to get an elevated view of the scenery. The boat moved out from her slip rapidly, her whistles blowing and her twin screws going at a great rate, causing the boat to shiver and tremble.

Very speedily we came abreast of an island called Goat Island, some one informed us, and Billy wanted to know why it was called Goat Island.

"Search me, Billy. I suppose there are a lot of billies and nannies on it. It looks as if there might be."

We were in San Francisco Bay, now, said to be the second finest in the world, Sydney Bay, in Australia being first. San Francisco Bay is about 100 miles long and averages about five miles in width; it is entirely land-locked, affording a secure retreat from storms for vessels of any size or depth. The navies of the whole world could easily find room in this bay without crowding each other, and have safe anchorage as well. It is this magnificent bay, the finest in the United States, that will some day make San Francisco one of the largest cities in the country. Today, San Francisco is the metropolis of the Coast, although other cities dispute the claim. Los Angeles is a rival, and so are Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. These cities have fine harbors, too, and are building up rapidly.

We were nearing Frisco. Telegraph Hill, behind the waterfront, loomed up plainly and we could see that the whole city was built on hills and in valleys. The city looked good to us from the distance. We saw plenty of wharves and shipping and a very long ferry-house with a tall clock-tower upon it. The waters of the bay were fairly alive with crafts of all sorts, from launches and tugs to steamboats, ferry-boats, ocean liners and warships, the latter being anchored in the stream pretty far out. The view was a lively one and interested us considerably.

"It won't be long now before we will breakfast Billy. How would a big porterhouse steak, smothered in onions fit you?" asked I.

"Nit!" answered Billy. "Mutton chops, tea and toast for me."

After our boat had been moored fast in her slip, we rushed off with the rest of the passengers and had a look around on shore. Near the ferry-house where we had landed there were saloons, restaurants, oyster-houses, fruit stores and many other kinds of stores, business establishments, free-lunch emporiums, ship-outfitting shops and a multiplicity of car tracks along the wide street on which cars ran in every direction. The street in front of the ferry-house was several hundred feet in width and afforded ample space for all kinds of traffic.

"What's the first thing on the programme, Billy," asked I.

"Breakfast of course," answered he.

We did not have far to go to find a restaurant. Right opposite the ferry-house was an establishment of that sort which had enamel-letter signs on the front windows announcing what there was to be had inside. We went in and found the place to be a very neat, orderly and well kept one. Billy ordered mutton chops, tea and toast. I thought that a big steak smothered in onions would about hit me right. A scrumptious steak was brought me, cooked fine, with plenty of fried potatoes, hot rolls and butter, and a cup of delicious coffee. On the table were plates heaped high with bread of various kinds (including one kind with raisins in it), and various kinds of sauces, condiments and pickles. The lay-out was more than generous. Billy had a bird-like appetite and just pecked at things, but I made up for the two of us. I ate so much that I grew ashamed of myself. Everything tasted so good. We never had a better meal anywhere, at any price, and the price was only twenty-five cents for each.

After emerging from the restaurant we stood in front of it for a moment picking our teeth and talking.

"What's the next thing on the programme, Billy?"

"Furnished room," laconically answered Billy.

In search of a furnished room we went. The saloons in that vicinity attracted our notice. They were handsome and distingue, for the floors were inlaid with marble, the bars were of costly wood and elaborately carved, the back-bars were fitted up with elegant glassware, decanters, bottles, etc., and the establishments seemed swell. Evidently Frisco is a rich place, for almost every other establishment was a swell-looking one. The fruit stores, also attracted our attention. Such fruit we had never seen before. There were large yellow grape-fruits piled up in heaps; immense oranges; luscious grapes of several varieties, such as flame tokay, muscat, etc.; fine looking apples, large fancy pears, persimmons, nectarines, figs, dates, olives, strawberries as big as walnuts, nuts and vegetables of all kinds. All were so big, and luscious that it was a treat to see them.

"How does Frisco strike you, Billy?" asked I.

"Just right," answered Billy. "I think I will live and die here."

"Well, I wouldn't like to be found dead here," said I, but, I'm willing to live here, for a while, at any rate."

On we went along the main street opposite the ferry-house, and then we went into side-streets, in which were groggeries with dance-hall attachments. Some of these seemed pretty tough joints.

Down on Pacific street, Billy and I rented a room in a lodging house for the two of us for \$1.50 per week. The price seemed reasonable to us. In the room was a bedstead of iron framework, a bare floor, a chair, a box with a tin basin standing on it, and a towel. Only this and nothing more. It was enough, though, for our purposes, for neither of us were high toned.

We threw our blankets down on the floor, undressed, took a wash and then felt refreshed and comfortable. Billy lay down on the bed for a little while, and I sat down on a chair near him where we could chat without raising our voices too high. Nothing worth recording was said, however.

After a while I suggested that we take a short stroll along the waterfront to view the shipping. Billy was agreeable for he thought with me, that the more fresh air he got the sooner would he be well.

At Howard-street wharf we noticed a black, squat, rather square and grimy ship moored to the wharf, which we divined at once was a whaler, for the cut of her proclaimed it.

Along this same wharf we noticed a large English ship moored, and a German bark. The English ship had the name "Selkirk," painted on her stern, and the German bark the word "Neckar." The English ship, a tall four-master flew the British flag, and was huge in dimensions. A long stairway, or gangplank led from the wharf to her deck. When Billy saw the British flag flying, tears came to his eyes and he grew homesick.

"I'm going aboard of that vessel to have a look at her. Come with me, will you, Windy?" entreated Billy.

"I don't think they'll let us on board."

"Why not?" asked Billy.

"Because we have no business there," answered I.

"Aw let's go up, anyway; they can't do more than fire us down."

"All right, Billy; you go up first."

Up we went slowly and carefully, and when we came to the deck a sailor approached us and with an English accent asked us what our business was. Billy told him that he was English and that as he saw the English flag flying he felt like going aboard to have a look around.

"It's against the rules, h'im sorry to say. My h'orders is to let no one on deck. Very sorry, but I can't let you on deck."

Billy was very much disappointed and groped his way down again after me, silent and dejected.

The German vessel, the "Neckar," also was a fine, large ship, but Billy did not want to go aboard of her. One unpleasant experience was enough for him.

At this wharf we noticed some fishing going on by men and boys who had lines in the water. Now and then a small fish would be hooked and hauled up by some lucky fisherman but more young sharks were caught than any thing else. Wherever a shark was pulled up the owner of the line became disgusted and angry, and stamped out the life of the unfortunate denizen of the deep as soon as it was taken off the hook. Why this animosity against the shark I do not know, but I heard some one say that sharks destroy the fishermen's nets, eat other fish and are a general nuisance.

San Francisco Bay and adjacent waters abound with a variety of fish, such as, salmon, sturgeon, rock cod, barracouta, pompano, sole, tom-cod, cod, turbot, mackerel, sardines, jelly-fish, shad, shark, porpoises, tuna (jew-fish), halibut, flounders, skate, bull-heads, cat-fish, carp; and crustaceans, such as, crabs, shrimps, abalones, oysters and clams.

The clams are large, but the oysters are small, hardly larger than a twenty-five cent piece. The abalones, however, are several times larger than a large eastern oyster and are good eating when they are cooked right. Many of them are put up in cans and shipped to all parts of the world.

Billy and I remained at the wharf a long while, sitting on a string-piece, enjoying the delicious air and sun light, and chatting. Billy's shakes had evaporated and he was beginning to feel like a new man.

We bummed around the waterfront nearly all day, viewing the ships and along-shore objects, and the sights were varied and interesting. Goat Island and the Alameda county shore loomed up plainly from the wharves.

We had supper at about six o'clock and after strolling about a bit afterward among the dance-halls, concert-halls, doggeries, etc., we went to bed to have a good night's sleep. We needed it. Some time after we had turned off the light and composed ourselves for slumber Billy got restless and kept a-twitching and a-turning.

"What's ailing you, Billy? Why don't you go to sleep? Why don't you lie quiet?" asked I testily.

"I don't know what the matter is. There's something biting me."

"Biting you!" exclaimed I in astonishment and alarm, for maybe I might get bitten too. "Let's get up and see if there's anything in the bed."

I hopped out first, for I lay in front and turned on the light, whereupon Billy hopped out after me. Billy flung the bedclothes over the foot of the bed, and there we noticed several good-sized fleas hopping around at a lively rate to find shelter and safety. Aha! that's what the trouble was, eh! You should have seen Billy and I go for them fleas. We made a dive for one, cussing him to beat the band and trying to hold him down under a finger, but he was too nimble. Not a flea could we catch, but we gave them a pretty good scare. That was worth something. We went to bed again and put in a bad night, at least Billy did; but the bloodthirsty little creatures didn't bother me any. Maybe my hide was too thick.

When Billy got up the next morning he pulled off his shirt and showed me his bare, white skin which was all eat up.

"Look at that, will you," said Billy, mad as blazes. "Isn't that awful?"

"Yes, it is," replied I, but it can't be helped. You'll have to grin and bear it, Billy. I guess that's what all Frisco people have to do when they get flea bitten."

CHAPTER V.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A brief description of San Francisco may not be out of place here:

San Francisco has about half a million of inhabitants. It lies partly along the shores of San Francisco Bay (which connects with the ocean five miles away through the Golden Gate) and until 1849 it did not amount to much. After the discovery of gold, people flocked to it from all parts of the world so that even today its population is a very mixed one.

One will not find a city with a more mixed population anywhere, and the result is that San Francisco today is one of the gayest, liveliest, dizziest cities to be found anywhere. Friscoites call their city the Paris of America and if the Parisians love fun more, then they must be fun-loving indeed.

Money is made easily on the Pacific Slope and every one can have a good time, more or less, according to his desires and means. The least coin used is a nickel—five cents—and it don't take many a nickel to make a dollar. Every one, nearly, makes money and feels like letting it go. There are fast girls in Frisco without number, bunco-steerers, music-halls, gamblers, dance-halls, dives, low theatres, saloons of all grades, restaurants in great numbers and many amusement places.

The Chinese have some fine restaurants and so have the French, the Greeks, the Spanish, Italians, Germans and others. For a dollar one can get a good dinner, including wine in many restaurants, and in some for more or less. Some French dinners at 75 cents the plate are not at all bad.

Theatres, moving picture shows, etc., are so numerous that one is puzzled where to go. One can take in a show

from five cents up, and see a fairly good show even for that low price.

Since the earthquake—April, 1906—laws have been enacted in San Francisco prohibiting gambling, horse-racing, etc., but one might as well try to sweep back the ocean with a broom as to try to stop such sports. The people like sport and will have it, and they do have it, law or no law.

They like good eating and drinking, too, theatres, balls, dances, functions of all sorts, bridge, whist, poker, joy-riding and any or every thing that thrills or exhilarates.

No San Franciscan living today will forget April 1906—the time of the earthquake—for it changed the appearance of San Francisco wholly. Before that period the buildings were mainly of wood, but since the quake, which destroyed nearly the whole city, all the buildings in the business section have been reconstructed of stone, iron and other indestructible materials. In consequence the old appearance of the city has been changed and it is not what it used to be. It is newer, more substantial, and handsomer. The old atmosphere is gone. The earthquake did not affect the disposition of the San Franciscans, however, for it is just the same. They love their pleasure just as much as ever, and maybe more so.

For some reason or other—I cannot understand why—San Francisco people do not like to have their city called Frisco, for they say to call it so is a slur. The old San Franciscans were not so particular, but maybe they are getting classy and high toned nowadays because their new buildings are large, elegant and imposing, and they wish to show the world that they are refined as well as fun-loving. That they are hospitable there can be no doubt, for all the world is aware of that fact. Artists, prize fighters and others make more money in Frisco, usually, than they do in any other city, and the reason for it is that the Friscoites are easily parted from their money.

But why should they object to having their city called "Frisco?" Sacramento is called "Sac"; Los Angeles is called

"Los"; San Bernardino is called "San Berdoo"; San Buena Ventura is called "Ventura"; Philadelphia is called "Philly"; New York City is called "little old New York," "Gotham," and other pet names; Chicago is called "Chi," and so forth, and so forth. Why should San Francisco object to a pet name?

Market street is the main thoroughfare of Frisco—excuse me, I should say, San Francisco. It begins at the Ferry-house, and extends up several miles to the mountains. It is a broad and handsome thoroughfare, traversed by many street car lines, and it is the main shopping centre. From Third street up, it is thronged with people all day long and far into the night. On Market street are situated the big daily newspaper buildings, many wholesale and retail establishments, banks, office-buildings, fine stores, etc. On some of the side-streets, however, there are also handsome establishments.

Third street, which before the quake, was built up with two and three-story wooden shacks, now has stone and brick structures only, and some of them are skyscrapers. The same may be said of Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and other south of Market streets. They are not yet built up as solidly as they had been, but the buildings that now go up are not shacks. Thus the appearance of San Francisco has been changed greatly since the fire and earthquake. The old atmosphere is gone never to come again.

One of the chief features of Frisco is her climate, which registers about 60 degrees by the thermometer all the year round. This is a spring-like temperature and can't be beat the world over. It compares with the temperature of such favored cities as Nice, in France; Trieste, in Austria; Naples, in Italy; Cadiz, in Spain, etc., and means long life, joy and happiness to those who can live in such a climate, and know how to take care of themselves.

Extreme heat or cold are unknown, as are frost and snow. Many people in San Francisco never have seen snow. It does not fall there often, nor does ice form. Flowers bloom the year round. But it has its drawbacks, too.

Fogs drive in from the ocean during the summer time, rendering the atmosphere raw and chill, and there are earthquakes there, too, occasionally. But these prevail all over the world.

As a rule, the weather in Frisco is far more beautiful in the winter time than it is in the summer time, for during the winter months there are few fogs and the atmosphere is bright, balmy and sunny, and like rare old wine.

CHAPTER VI.

DOING FRISCO.

"Well, Billy, how are we going to put in this fine day?" asked I, the morning after our debut in San Francisco, as we stood in front of a restaurant in which we had just breakfasted.

"I've been thinking it over," replied he, "and I have come to the conclusion that I don't want any more bugs in mine. Them fleas were too much for me. I think we had better change our quarters."

"What?" cried I in amazement, "and lose the dollar and a half rent that we put up for the room? You ain't crazy, are you?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm not going to sleep in that bed again if I have to sleep in the streets. Them fleas, oh!" Here the little fellow grimaced. "No more fleas in mine. That's positive."

"What will we do, then? Where will we go?" asked I.

"We'll leave our traps where they are now and hunt a room further up town. That neighborhood is a little too tough for me, anyway."

"All right, Billy; if you're determined to change, we'll give up the room and sacrifice our good money. Any thing

to keep peace in the family." Billy and I never argued matters much or growled at each other long. We soon got over any disagreement, for neither of us was ill-natured or unreasonable, although hasty in temper sometimes.

Accordingly, we strolled up Market street leisurely, looking into the store windows and taking in the sights by the wayside. There were lots of fine-looking women on the streets we noticed, who seemed to be of all nationalities. They had good complexions, fine figures and nearly all of them had a well-fed appearance, as if they got plenty to eat. When they looked at us it was with rather an impudent air, which gave us an impression that it would take a lot of money to satisfy their many wants, and that "if you have no money you needn't come around."

Up around the retail stores on Market street from Third to Fourth and Fifth streets the ladies were most numerous—thick—and they interested us far more than the show-windows did, although the show-windows were very enticing. Billy and I both were artists—we had an eye for the beautiful, and female beauty interested us considerably.

Can you blame us? Some of these pretty women were of a flirty disposition, as we could see by their manner. We both appreciated such things.

We turned down Fourth street, passing by Stevenson, Minna, Natoma, Jessie, Mission, Howard, Folsom and other streets and then, turning back, returned to Minna street, through which we slowly walked in search of a room. This street was not built up much as yet, although before the quake it had been built up solidly with dwellings, on both sides of the street, but now, many lots were vacant.

We came upon a dingy frame dwelling on which there was tacked a sign with "room to let" on it, so there we rang the bell. A lady came to the door and asked what we wanted, whereupon we told her that we were looking for a furnished room.

"Step right in, gentlemen," courteously said she.

We stepped in and began negotiations for a room, "toot sweet," as the Frenchman says.

I informed the landlady that we had rented and paid in advance for a room yesterday, but that we didn't like it because it was too noisy.

"Oh, you won't hear any noise here," put in the landlady quickly.

"Pardon me, lady," said I, "I meant to cast no reflections."

The lady had a large front room which was neatly furnished. It had a carpet on the floor; in it there was a washstand, dresser, a table and chairs, besides a book-stand on the shelves of which were many books. We could have this room for eight dollars a month. This was a reasonable price, we thought.

As we had only a few dollars, however, I declared that we could not afford to pay so much for a room just now. As Billy and I liked the room we told the landlady that we would be willing to do this:—

We would pay her a dollar and a half for the first week, which was all that we could spare at the present time, and after that we would pay eight dollars per month. We expected to strike a job before the week was up and told the landlady so.

We saw plainly that she did not like this arrangement, but after she had sized us up carefully, and seen that we were pretty decent fellows, she said "all right; I'll let you have the room on that condition, and I hope you'll stick to your word."

"Have no fear m'am; we'll do the right thing by you!"

The arrangements being made, we arose, bade her adieu for the present, and told her that we would go down town to get our things and be right back.

We walked down to the Barbary Coast once more where our room was located, secured our belongings and then took a car at the foot of Market street for our up-town room; for, although the distance from Pacific street to Minna is not

very great, yet when walked several times it grows tiresome.

We found our new room again after hunting a little while and after remaining in it a short time, concluded, as the day was so fine, that we had better be out sightseeing. I went out alone first and bought some things for our lunch, which we ate in our room, before going out on our sightseeing tour. After lunch we went forth, lit our pipes and strolled up Market street way.

"Where'll we go, Billy?"

"I've heard a whole lot of talk about the Cliff House and Seal Rocks," said Billy; "suppose we go there?"

"All right, my boy, I'm with you," responded I heartily.

We made inquiries and learned that several lines of street cars would take us out to the "Cliff," by transferring. We entered a car and had a deuce of a time getting there for the "Cliff" was a very long way off, several miles.

The distance was about ten miles, I believe, yet the fare is only five cents, which was mighty cheap riding, we thought. The ride was interesting, too, for there were many things to be seen. The car rolled swiftly along through private streets that were full of quaint wooden residences and through many streets that contained stores, until finally we were whisked along on the outside of Golden Gate Park, which is about as fine a park as one would wish to see. Next we came to open country along which there were sand hills, a few buildings, tree-clad hills and then an uninhabited stretch of country. In due time we came by a life-saving station near the ocean beach, but the car shot on so swiftly that we could see but little of it, which disappointed us. On we sped at the rate of about sixty miles an hour until finally we stopped at the terminus of the line which was at the ocean beach.

We hopped off the car and followed the other passengers to the beach where there is a long, broad boulevard lined with road-houses, inns, etc., from which one can contemplate the melancholy waters of the mighty Pacific Ocean, and eat, drink and be merry. A long straight road led up a hillside to an extensive structure which is called the Cliff House. The

original Cliff House was destroyed by fire many years ago, and so were several others that were built afterward.

The present Cliff House is comparatively new, and had only just been completed. It was a building several stories in height, with carriage and automobile sheds in a yard at one end of it; banquet, dining and sleeping rooms in the upper stories and on the ground floor was a long, glass-covered pavilion in which were arranged seats and tables at which one could sit and partake of refreshments, if one chose. Beer, soft drinks, sandwiches, ice cream, etc., could be had at reasonable prices. Billy and I weren't hungry or thirsty, so we concluded not to patronize the bar or sit down at the refreshment tables, but we walked to the end of the pavilion where we could gaze out over the ocean through the windows and see what there was to be seen out that way.

The Cliff House is built on a tall cliff extending right over the water and a sublime but rather sad prospect can be had from there. Right below it roll and break the tremendous billows of the Pacific with a never-ending roar, and in every direction to the sky-line, extend the blue waters of this vast sea, upon which the sunlight nearly always plays. The water is always warm, for it is warmed by the Japan current, and people bathe in it all the year round. (Billy and I saw children and grown folks bathing in these waters that same winter).

About a stone's throw from the shore, but in very deep water, stands a little island which is formed of rocks of all sizes and shapes, and which are called the Seal Rocks. Seals make it their playground and can be seen on it at all times, having a good time in their own way. Some seals are clambering up the rocks, some clambering down, some are laying off on the rocks and snoozing, and others are talking to each other in their own language, shoving each other off the rocks into the ocean in anger or fun. It is a wonderful sight to behold these seals. They seem so close by that one can almost hit them with a rock, but it is strictly forbidden by law to molest them in any way. Maybe they are aware of the fact, for they seem to have no fear of man and gaze at him with indiff-

erence. Some of these creatures are as large as a horse, almost, the big bulls especially, but the majority are smaller. It is very interesting to watch them, and Billy could not keep his eyes off them.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed he, when he first saw the sleek creatures, "ain't they cheeky beggars to come so close to the shore? I'd like to throw something at them to see what they'd do."

"You'd be arrested in an instant if you tried anything like that," admonished I. "Better not try it."

"All right; I have no such idea; I was only talking," responded Billy.

He kept staring at the seals with ever increasing wonder and seemed mightily interested in them. After he had been staring about an hour, I said to him impatiently, "come on, Billy; we can't stay here all day long; there are other things to see!"

"What's your hurry?" calmly asked Billy. "You never saw anything like this before, did you?"

"No, I didn't, but I don't want to stay here all day. Come on, will you?" pleaded I, coaxingly.

I had a hard job dragging Billy away from the spot, and he declared that he would come out again to see the seals. To this I had no objection.

We continued our sightseeing tour. We took in the Sutro Baths, which are said to be the largest in the world; at least their advertisements say so. They are near the ocean rocks, are roofed over, are large in size and are supplied with ocean water. Broad hallways and passageways, in which stand statues, lead to vast swimming pools, which are fitted up with all kinds of diving and swimming apparatus.

Not far from these baths are the Sutro Heights which are lofty cliffs overlooking the ocean, and which were owned and transformed into a romantic park by Mr. Adolph Sutro, a millionaire, who died several years ago. Along the sea-front, Sutro Park has been terraced and battlemented, affording some inspiring views of the ocean. In the park are stately

avenues containing fountains, walks and drives, statuary, artistically arranged flower-beds, shade and other trees; bosky dells, maze-like pathways, grottoes, pavilions, chalets in the Swiss style (Mr. Sutro was a Swiss), and many other pretty things. The place is a beauty spot indeed, but since the death of Mr. Sutro it has not been kept up in good shape.

After whiling away quite a little time in this snug retreat, we passed out and strolled through a part of Golden Gate Park, which is an extensive and fine domain, containing about 1000 acres. In it may be found the usual adjuncts of a pleasure spot for the population of a big city. There are bird and animal collections, conservatories, merry-go-rounds, donkeys, a casino, a Dutch wind-mill, rustic seats and arbors, play-grounds for the children, baseball and tennis grounds, statuary, flowers, a music stand, stadium, a great museum and many other things, but the place is so vast that we finally grew tired of walking through it and were glad to get a car to take us home again.

We concluded to round out a pleasant day of sight-seeing by attending a theatre that evening.

We paid ten cents each that evening to go into the gallery (nigger heaven) of a theatre which was a large one devoted to vaudeville. The performance consisted of monologue by a chap who was dressed to represent a colored man; of an interesting little play; an acrobatic act; singing, dancing, and a trained dog and monkey show. It wound up with moving pictures. The singing was done by an Australian gentleman who sang "The Holy City," and so well did he sing it that he was recalled time and again, to which he good-naturally responded, but finally he got tired and made his farewell bow. Some people in the audience were not a bit considerate for they probably would be recalling him yet had he been willing to respond.

You should have heard Billy laugh at the comicalties of the darky monologuist who talked with a table in front of him which he occasionally whacked with an umbrella. This act was rather a stale one to me, but it was not so to Billy.

He laughed so heartily and so loudly that he attracted the attention of every one in our vicinity. Evidently negro comicalities just suited his taste. To evince his pleasure he stamped his feet, clapped his hands and shouted, growing red in the face with his exertion. He was a whole show in himself, but unconsciously so. After the moving pictures had been displayed we went home, well satisfied with our dime's worth of amusement.

The next morning when we arose we concluded to put in one more day of sightseeing and then to seek work, for our money was giving out and it would not do to be stranded in a large city like San Francisco. There is no fate so sad as to be stranded in a large city.

"Well, Billy, how are we going to put in this fine day? Where'll we go?" enquired I.

"I've heard a lot of talk about Chinatown. Suppose we go there and have a look around?"

"All right, I'm with you," responded I, cheerfully.

We enquired our way and had no trouble in finding the Chinese quarter, although it is at some distance from south of Market street where we lived. We walked to Grant avenue which begins at Market street and then up Grant avenue five or six blocks, until we came upon the place we were looking for. The beginning of the Chinese quarter, for a block or two, is occupied by Japs, who live and do business there. They own many fine stores which are well-stocked with goods.

They conduct restaurants, grocery and book stores, curio stores and many other kinds, and it is interesting to gaze into their store windows. Their goods are peculiar and foreign-like, and Japanese in character. A great many white people visit their emporiums, some impelled by curiosity and others with the intention of purchasing. Not a few of these establishments are very fine.

The Chinese quarter was a revelation to us, for there are scores of streets in it which are built up solidly with structures occupied solely by Chinese, and there are hundreds of stores of all kinds, from immense three and four-story

curio stores to cobbler's and fruit stands in the streets along side the buildings. Nearly everything sold is for Chinese use, though some things are bought by white folks; such as groceries, meats, fruit, fish, etc., which are sold more cheaply by the Chinese than by the "Melican" man. Along these queer streets there are Chinese cigar manufacturing establishments, makers of clothing, hats, boots, shoes, underwear, Chinese sandals, blouses, caps, etc.; drug stores, jewelry stores, barber shops and book stores abound, and itinerant vendors who carry their wares on their heads and cry them in strange fashion are in evidence, too. Gambling joints, fast-houses, temples, great restaurants several stories in height, may be seen. Over this whole quarter there hovers an oriental atmosphere that makes a fellow feel queer.

Billy wanted to know whether he was in America or Asia. I told him, Asia, of course. This Chinatown seemed like a pretty good section of some large Chinese city, such as Hongkong or Shanghai. I believe there are forty or fifty thousand Orientals in San Francisco's Chinatown. The streets in this quarter were crammed with Asiatics as Billy and I came upon the scene. The pig-tailed, sandal-shod men and boys were thick as huckleberries on a bush and occasionally gaudily attired Chinese women and girls slipshod by us, with their hair done up in black folds with golden pins stuck through them and their lips painted a light red; their garments were rather gaudy.

Billy and I were mightily interested in what we saw and visited this quarter more than once afterward. It is more interesting by gas-light than in the day time, perhaps, for then the throngs are greatest. There are guides who will show one through Chinatown for a consideration, and take one into places where one would not think of going alone, for if one did he or she might rue it.

The day following, we both sallied forth in search of work, and I struck a job as helper in a foundry the first thing, but Billy was not so fortunate. It was more than a week before he found a job, but when he did find one it was a good

one. He was installed as pantry-man in a hotel which was conducted by an Englishman, and as Billy was English, he felt right at home in the place. It was his duty to take care of the glass, silverware and chinaware, and his hours of work were from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. with four hours off during the afternoon. His wages were forty dollars a month and board, and this Billy considered princely. He roomed with me at our old shack on Minna street.

Billy had struck a home and the little cuss was as happy and as cheery as a fellow could be. In the pantry where he held forth, the waiters (who were nearly all English) brought him in the finest of viands to eat, such as chicken, duck, goose, pates, oysters, rich puddings, pies, wines, etc., and the happy little fellow was living off the fat of the land besides getting good wages. The waiters brought all these good things in to Billy and were sociable enough to help him eat them, for they were cast off vituals, that other people had left, and would have gone into the garbage can if Billy and his mates had not disposed of them. No eatables were allowed to be carried off the premises, though, by employes, which Billy regretted, for he wanted to bring me some of the good things to eat. I did not care for them much, but I was glad to know that the little fellow was getting along so well and that he was happy and contented.

My job was a pretty hard one, but I held it down in good shape and got good wages. I had no kick coming.

CHAPTER VII.

BILLY AND I CHAT.

The weather in San Francisco during the winter months was sunny, balmy and beautiful for the temperature was not much over or under 60 degrees which is neither hot nor cold, but spring-like. During the summer time the temperature is the same, about 60 degrees, but there is more or less fog, and this fog is raw, damp, and penetrating. Thus, even paradise has its drawbacks. In the summer time the ladies—or some of them—go about dressed in furs; and while people in other States swelter, here they are cool and many of them, cold.

Trees and flowers bloomed in the open during my stay that winter in Frisco, and oranges, lemons and other semi-tropical fruits ripened. It seemed like spring; not winter, there.

Billy and I worked faithfully and steadily at our jobs, coming home to our room every night and remaining there as a general thing, but sometimes we took a stroll through Chinatown or elsewhere, or attended a theatre.

One night in January while the rain was coming down heavily and making us feel that it never would let up, Billy and I sat before a cheery fire, smoked our pipes and chatted.

"Billy," said I, "you have told me so much about the old country that I've got into the notion of going there. I have been thinking the matter over a long time, and I have resolved to take a trip across the ocean next spring."

"The deuce you say," answered Billy in surprise; "what do you want to go over there for?"

"To do the Britishers; what else?"

"Say, Windy, you're clean off. You couldn't do a Britisher—as you call him—out of a penny's worth, for he

has been up to gum games for centuries, and it will have to be a pretty clever chap who can induce one of my countrymen to hand out anything to a cadger. They've seen too many."

"Couldn't I beat my way there the same as I can here?"

"No, you could not," asserted Billy, emphatically. "The railroad cars and every thing else over there are different from what they are here. The people are different; their ways are different; their dress, speech, methods of doing business are different; their politics are different——"

"Hold on, Billy, I don't want to go over there to run for office."

"Who said you did? I am only explaining things to you. I want to show you how different every thing is done on the other side. The towns are close together for England is a small country compared with this, and you couldn't beat a train a mile before you'd be spotted and arrested. And then the railroad cars, they are altogether different from what they are here. They are like stage-coaches and have foot-boards running along on both sides to enable passengers to get on or off. There are no brake-beams, no bumpers, no blind-baggage, no rods—nothing to ride on. You couldn't beat your way at all on such trains.

"Go on Billy; you're giving me a fairy tale."

"I am not. I'm telling you the truth, the whole, and nothing but the truth," earnestly declared Billy.

"So help you, Moses," put in I, irreverently.

"No nonsense, Windy; I'm serious."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, then let's hear something serious. Don't tell me any fairy tales."

"I've been telling you the truth, Windy; if you don't believe me you don't have to. Mind now, what I am telling you. You'll wish you'd never been born if you go to England without any money. What do you want to go over there for, anyway. Isn't this country big enough for you? If you want to 'do' people, I'd advise you to stay in your own country where you understand the people, and 'do' them. England

is small, the people are numerous, and the poor so many that you'd want to make tracks for home in a week. Mind now, this is straight talk I'm giving you and no lies."

"You have asked me what I want to do over in England, Billy, but I haven't told you all there is in my mind yet. I want to go over there for three purposes—to see the country and get acquainted with the people; to take notes; and to put my notes into book form."

Billy stared at me fixedly for a few moments as a dog does a human being whom it is trying to understand but cannot, and then suddenly he threw himself on the bed and laughed and laughed and laughed, until I thought he'd burst.

"What's tickling you, Billy?" asked I, grinning, for his antics were funny. "What did I say that's funny? Darned if I know?"

"You-are-going-to-write-a—" here he had another spasm worse than the other. After the fit was over, he sat up and had the assurance to say, "I've traveled with you a long time, Windy, but I never suspected until now that you're touched in the upper story. I'm surprised at you. What! you write a book? What do you know about book-writing?"

"I don't know much, but I'm going to try to learn," replied I calmly.

"Do you know anything about composition, grammar, punctuating, history, geography, Latin or Greek?"

"Not a deuce of a lot, but I've made up my mind to relate my experiences in my own way, and I am going to do it."

"Do you know what you are undertaking? How are you going to get across the ocean in the first place?"

"In a boat of course; how did you get across?"

"Do you intend to pay your fare or beat it?"

"Don't know yet Billy; haven't decided. I'll get across somehow, leave that to me. I've accomplished bigger things than that without getting hurt any."

"And, then, when you get back to this country, and its doubtful if you ever will, who's going to print your book for you?"

"Oh, that's a long way off. I'll wait until I get to a river before I cross it. What's the use planning so far ahead?"

"I suppose you expect to grow wealthy and famous after your book is printed? Will you give me one?" Billy was bantering me now.

"Sure! If one ain't enough I'll give you two."

"When you grow famous I suppose you'll cut me the first thing. Some people get the big-head when they get up in the world, and there's no living with them. Are you going to be like that?"

That Billy was bantering me I could plainly see, so I answered him in the same strain. "No, Billy, I believe I have too much sense to act that way. Why should the spirit of mortal be proud. The astronomers have photographed up to date, over fifty-three million planets, or stars, every one of which is larger than this earth of ours, and there are incalculable millions of planets that their photographic apparatus will never discover, which shows what a small atom man is. So why should the spirit of mortal be proud? No, Billy; I shall never get the swelled-head, believe me; no matter what happens."

"I expect to see you drive a coach-and-four some day, with a coachman beside you on the box and a flunky behind; or maybe you'll be driving tandem in a smart rig, tooling along in great shape; maybe you'll have the latest make of automobile. I suppose you'll have a box at the opera, too, and take your lady-love to supper after the play is over. Be lots of champagne flowing about that time, eh?"

"Oh, let up, you darned little Britisher," said I, laughing; "stranger things than that have happened."

"Which bank are you going to deposit your money in?" asked Billy, with a huge grin.

"Never you mind, I'll put it where you can't get it. You'll get none of my wealth."

"I thought so. A rich and famous man never has any use for his poor friends or relatives. Of course I'll get the cut direct as soon as you get rich?"

"You ain't far wrong about that, Billy. A fellow's friends try to keep him down, but when he is up they're willing to share his prosperity. They'd feel hurt if he wouldn't let them."

"Are you giving me a hint? Well, Windy, I think you have planned too big an undertaking, and I don't think you'll succeed. That's my honest opinion."

"So then, you, my friend, my pardner, wish to discourage me?"

"Oh, no; but I think you are trying to bite off more than you can chew."

"Am I the first fellow to attempt to write a book?"

"No, you ain't the first nor the last darn fool who has tried it. What do you know about book-writing anyway?"

"Well, Billy, I know very little, but I can relate what I wan't to say without any frills, and maybe it will interest some people. I shall not use big words and high-ke-fluked language to show people what I don't know, but I will be plain and direct and put on no style. What I have to say will be told simply. If people want to read fine writing, let them take up the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Tasso, Homer, etc., for I ain't in their class."

"What class are you in, Windy?"

"In a class by myself. I don't want no critics. I'm going to get up my book in my own way, and put it on the market in my own way too."

"That's right, old pard. I'd advise you to steer clear of the critics, for if they get on to you, there won't be anything left of you."

This roused me like a trumpet. "The critics," exclaimed I, "would not condescend to fly at such small game as I am, and if they did I'd get on my front legs and kick around pretty lively. You remember what your countryman, Lord Byron did to the critics? Why, in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, he just pulverized them. To Jeffrey especially did he pay his compliments. Had he stopped at lambasting the critics it would have been well enough, but

he took to lampooning and satirizing such writers as Sir Walter Scott, Southey and others, which was entirely unnecessary on his part for they had not been hurting him any. It was a display of poor judgment on his part for he did not distinguish between friend and foe. But he was young then, and erratic."

"Do you mean to say that Byron said ill-natured things about Southey?"

"Yes, I do. There are Byron's poems on the rack behind you. Let us have a look at them."

I got the book and turned to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," from which I read the following extracts to Billy who listened intently:

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics are all ready made.

Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning—call it attic salt;

To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy 'twill pass for wit—
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated, yet caressed."

"Then should you ask me why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before—

If not yet sickened you can still proceed:—
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
'But hold!' exclaims a friend, here's some neglect,
This, that and t'other line seems incorrect.'

What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—ay but Pye has not:—
Indeed, 'tis granted, faith! but what care I?
Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

* * * * *

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested, haughty Marmion;

Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,

The gibbet or the field prepared to grace—
A mighty mixture of the great and base.

And thinkest thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half a crown per line?"

* * * * *

"Oh Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long;
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue
God help thee, Southey, and thy readers, too."

"Now, Billy, you see how angry the critics made Byron and how he kept sloshing around not caring whom he hit, friend or foe. Guess the critics were sorry they stirred him up. He has made these critics famous, or infamous, forever. Don't he say, Billy, that 'a man must serve his time at every trade save censure, because critics are all ready made?' I guess that's no lie, but I'm going to try to coon the critics."

"How?" asked Billy.

"By dealing with the public direct and letting each reader of my book be his own critic."

Billy stared. He did not understand me, nor did I care to enlighten him just then.

"Say, Windy, if you ain't a little off, I'll eat my hat."

"That's what my friends have always told me. They said I was unlike everyone else. When I was young I used to be romantic, and would wander forth to the country gazing at the stars and vowing to do great things. I was solitary and lone in my habits—I did not care to mix in with the push; I was a student; an idle dreamer; a good-for-nothing; caring naught for anything but art and literature, and not giving a darn for the practical and every-day affairs of life. I had a hard time of it, Billy, and so had my folks, who discarded me as an incorrigible. I cannot blame them, for I gave them a world of trouble and they were far more tolerant of me than they should have been. I've seen lots of trouble, Billy, but just the same I'm going to write that book."

Billy grinned. "Are you going to be one of them realistic writers, or just a romance writer?"

"Realism, Billy, every time. Fact is stranger than fiction. If it is related right it will prove more interesting than fiction. There are lots and lots of people who have had more wonderful experiences during their life-time than I have, and if they were to publish them, they would prove interesting."

"Suppose I try my hand?" suggested Billy.

"Try your luck. You may do better than I could."

"Taint in my line, Windy. I want something more to my taste."

"I've noticed you have a weakness for poultry."

"True enough; but that's better than poetry, isn't it? What use is poetry?"

"Of what use are any of the arts? Just a taste, a bias, a little inclination that is all."

"Have you got any genius?" suddenly asked Billy with a huge grin.

"Not so as you can notice it," responded I. "Why?"

"Well, if you have no genius how can you write a book? It takes genius to write a book, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know, Billy. Pope, the poet, has said:

'Some books an even tenor keep

'We cannot blame indeed, but we may sleep,'

by which he means to imply, I take it, that some books are written carefully, faultlessly and grammatically, but they don't say anything—they put people to sleep. I'd like to give them an eye-opener, Billy, something to keep them from going off into the land of nod."

"How will you do it, Windy?"

"By giving them facts told in a plain way."

After a pause Billy asked me: "Did you ever read the 'Piccadilly Puzzle' or 'The Mysteries of a Hansom Cab'?" He kept a straight face while asking the question, although I suspected that he was bantering me.

"No, what are they; detective stories?"

"Yes, something on that order. Do you like detective stories?"

"You bet I do, if they are the right kind. I have read nearly all of Allan Pinkerton's books, and not only did I find them interesting, but instructive as well. Allan Pinkerton was not only a detective of towering genius, but a great writer. His writings are lucid and clear, and no one who ever read one of his books will want to commit a crime, for the great detective depicted the penalty so well that he who reads will think deeply before attempting it."

"Do they have Pinkerton's books in the public libraries?" asked Billy, with his jaw stuck up in an aggressive way.

"For some reason they do not have them, but they ought to, for no better or wiser books were ever written. Allan Pinkerton was as good a writer as he was a detective, and that is saying a great deal. His 'Spy of the Rebellion' which treats of the adventures of a spy during the civil war in this country, is as popular to-day as when it first appeared. It is read by multitudes of people who find it absorbingly interesting. When you take that book up you will hate to lay it down and you will not fall asleep over it. The language in it is plain and direct but not flowery, and the attempt is made to state facts only. I have also read 'The Molly Maguires and Detectives,' by Pinkerton, which treats of an order of coal miners who flourished in Pennsylvania at one time, and were desperate fellows."

"Something like the dynamiters of to-day?" queried Billy.

"Yes," responded I. "One of Pinkerton's operatives, as he calls his detectives, (McParland was the name, if I remember right) disguised himself and joined the Molly Maguires. He ferreted out their secrets. He had a dreadful time of it, and his experiences as related by Pinkerton are worth reading. Then he wrote 'Buchholz and Detectives,' which relates in a graphic way how a young German chap who was not thoroughly bad was tempted to kill his rich employer for money. The pricks of conscience of Buchholz,

his subterfuges, his experiences in prison, etc., are told so plainly and faithfully by the great detective that one can almost feel as Buchholz felt, and can understand how one feels when one commits murder. It is all so true, so horribly true, that it pains one. Undoubtedly the way of the transgressor is hard.

"Other books that Pinkerton has written are 'Strikers, Communists and Detectives'; 'The Expressman and Detectives'; 'The Mississippi Outlaws and Detectives'; 'The Railroad Forger and Detectives'; 'Bank Robbers and Detectives'; 'Professional Thieves and Detectives'; 'Thirty Years a Detective'; and several others, nearly all of which I have read and found good.

"In one of his books Pinkerton made the following true remarks:—'Weeks and months may elapse before a criminal is brought to bay, but I have never known it to fail that detection will follow crime as surely as the shadow will follow a moving body in the glare of sunlight.' How does that strike you, Billy?"

"Just right. I believe Pinkerton knew what he was talking about. He ought to have known, anyway."

"Pinkerton must have been a lightning-striker," added Billy, as he shook the ashes from his pipe into the stove and then began to load it up again. I answered: "Undoubtedly he was; and he was a man of uncommon ability in his line. If boys were to read true detective stories instead of the fake ones that they read, it would be much better for them. See what boys read, will you! About Diamond Dick, who was another Admirable Crichton, for he escaped every danger by the skin of his teeth. The kids just dote on such literature but there isn't a word of truth in it. Better not read at all than to read such things."

"Who are the critics and book reviewers in this country?" asked Billy.

"Why, as far as I know, they are writers who are hired and paid by newspapers, magazines, monthlies and other publications to give their opinion upon books that are sent

in for review by the publishing houses. Some of these critics are painstaking, careful and conscientious people, but some are not. A few critics are writers of ability but not of genius, who are not capable of doing anything great, but who, nevertheless, can do good work. As they have no genius themselves they cannot fathom the genius of others, but they try to be fair as critics. Having been through the mill, they can tell what good grist is when they see it.

"Then there are savants and college professors who sometimes take a whack at reviewing, and a bad job they make of it. These fellows are pedagogues, pedants, learned men who are saturated with learning to the skin. They are masters in Greek, Latin, geometry, calculus, flebotomy, mathematics, the sciences, and many other abstruse and difficult branches of study. They are walking dictionaries, encyclopedias, profound scholars, but they have no more native wit than a block of wood. They have learned a great deal and can teach and demonstrate what they know have no originality—no genius. They follow but they cannot lead.

"These learned chaps sometimes review books for the newspapers but they are out of their element. I read one book, Billy, which was written by an able physician who tried to demonstrate what genius is. He wrote all around the subject without saying anything, and plainly showed that he had no genius himself nor had he the least idea what it is. Among other things he made the assertion as other learned men and savants have done, that men of genius usually are crazy. Think of that, Billy!"

"I don't think the professors are wrong about that."

"You think they are right, eh, Billy?—Edison, Pinkerton, Morse, Bell, Marconi, Pope, Dryden, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Dickens, Scott, Byron, Burns, Washington, Lincoln, and a host of other men in all walks of life have clearly demonstrated that they have, or have had, the divine spark—were they crazy?"

"Oh, the American writers don't amount to much," sneeringly put in Billy. "I have seen it stated in American papers, that the American novel has not yet been written."

"I suppose you think all things that are great come from h'old h'England, do you?" retorted I with a sneer. "It isn't so, and I can prove it."

"Fire away, then; you'll have a hard job convincing me; I'll tell you that beforehand."

"Maybe you don't want to be convinced?"

"To be sure I do, if you can convince me."

"I'll try, anyway," retorted I. "Billy, the American novel was written when the American Republic was first born, and many a one has since been written that was never eclipsed in any other country. Of course you have heard of John Jacob Astor who came to this country soon after the American Republic was proclaimed? He was a man of wonderful business ability, of genius, I may say. Among his other ventures he embarked in the fur business. He went into it on a large scale, employed hundreds of agents and trappers whom he sent into the wilds of the northwest to establish permanent stations and trade with the Indians for furs. He required his head agents at the various stations to send to him monthly reports, notifying him of what was being done, and some of these reports made good reading. Some of the chief agents were clever, well-educated men who could write as well as act. Washington Irving, a member of a wealthy Knickerbocker family in New York, was a personal friend of Mr. Astor, and Mr. Astor asked Irving if he would care to write a book based on these reports from the northwest. Mr. Irving said he would try. He took the reports and licked them into shape. He wrote a book called 'Astoria' which is by long odds the best book on the subject of the early northwest that ever was written, and so good is it that it has become a standard work in literature. It is a narrative in the form of a novel and evinces genius of a high order. Astoria is only one of the American novels. Then take Irving's Rip Van Winkle, which grows more popular as time

rolls on. It is an exceedingly able and clever tale describing the characteristics and habits of the Dutch who settled in New York during the last century. It is written in such a clever, refined and jolly way that its popularity increases instead of diminishes. It, too, is a classic. This is another of the American novels. Washington Irving's 'Life of Columbus' is another. It is a profoundly clever, careful and pains-taking work. It will compare favorably with any other book written on the same subject. It shows patient research, a conscientious desire to state facts only, and a coherence of narration that renders it the equal of any novel ever written. My country has produced a raft of great writers besides Washington Irving. You must remember that this country is not as old a one as yours, and that we have not dim and remote history to draw upon. We have not the Middle Ages with its castles, its knights, its jousts, its tournaments, kings, queens, nobles and other grand folk, nor the brilliant doings of courts. No, this country is in its infancy, and American writers have described faithfully, accurately and well the life that they know, and a few of them have shown genius of a high order in doing it. As a poet, no one surpasses Longfellow; Bryant was good, and so was John G. Saxe, Whittier, Lowell and a few others, all of whom rank high and their works are classics. Among prose writers of greater or less ability, we have Howells, Parkman the Historian of the Northwest (a pains-taking and able writer), Rex Beach, Jack London, Amelia Barr, William Barr, Octave Thanet, and a host of others too numerous to mention."

"Did you ever read 'Ramona,' Billy?"

"Don't remember that I did," replied Billy. "What's it all about?"

"The book was written by Helen Hunt Jackson to create sympathy for the Indians."

"Who was Helen Hunt Jackson?"

"Search me, but I read her book and found it to be good reading. This writer describes Southern California as it had never been described before, and her descriptions of the coun-

try are so accurate, the flowers, trees, etc., are so well described, the natural scenes are portrayed so vividly, and the characters in her book are so minutely and faithfully drawn, that the work is faultless. Over it there hovers an air of such high art that the book may be accepted as a masterpiece. It has had a good sale and is deservedly popular. It is a classic of its kind."

Ramona, who is the heroine of the book, is a lovable character. She marries an Indian of a noble and manly kind who is oppressed by the White man, and whose personality is clearly portrayed.

Don Philip and his mother are also well drawn as is every character in the book. All are realistic. Romona is one of those kind of books that were written for a purpose. The gifted authoress endeavored to create sympathy for the Red man but her sympathy outruns her judgment, if I may make bold to say so, for the Red man needs no sympathy, for the following reasons:

All new countries are bound to be settled up eventually by civilized men, big bodies of land will be subdivided, and all "varmint" must go. The march of civilization is onward, ever onward. The Indian has been treated fairly by Uncle Sam who has given him vast sums of money—and is still doing so annually even now—he has given the Indian farming implements and taught him how to farm, he educates him in good schools free of charge, and in every way does what he can for them. Some of Uncle Sam's agents turned out to be thieves and rascals which was deplorable. Uncle Sam has troubles of his own, therefore, as well as the Indian. If the Indian does not wish to be civilized let him go back to the woods and starve. That is his affair. That is all there is to the Indian question that I can see. In her tender, womanly heart, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson may be right about the Indian, and I may be wrong. I do not wish to pose as an oracle. At any rate, "Ramona" is the American novel.

"Another book that was written for a purpose was Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. This book

helped to abolish negro slavery. The book is a classic and is the American novel.

After she had gained fame, Mrs. Stowe went to Europe where she became acquainted with the wife of Lord Byron, who told her some scandalous things about the great poet which Mrs. Stowe repeated, bringing odium on the poet. She should not have done that. Mrs. Stowe's family was not so immaculate itself, and people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

"You remember the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher case in Brooklyn, do you not, Billy?"

"To be sure I do," responded Billy.

"Well, Henry Ward Beecher was a brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe and a man of great genius himself. It does not pay, Billy, to repeat scandalous or slanderous stories. What do you think?"

"Of course it doesn't. I liked Uncle Tom's Cabin very well. When I read of the death of little Eva it made me cry and I felt sorry for poor Uncle Tom. I would like to have booted that devil, Simon Legree. But, it is getting pretty late, Windy, hadn't we better turn in?"

"What time is it?" asked I.

"Quarter to twelve," responded Billy.

"As late as that?" asked I in surprise; "well, I guess we had better go to bed then.

We both turned in and soon were asleep. Many another conversation did we have during the long winter nights on many topics, but it was mostly about my contemplated trip abroad that we spoke of. Billy did not want to talk about the book I intended to write, but I could not help talking about it, for I dreamed about it, sleeping or waking. Billy bantered me every time I mentioned the subject but that only made me grin. I took his sarcasms goodnaturedly.

Deep down in his heart I knew there was a feeling that Billy did not like me to leave him, and I felt that it would be an awful wrench for me to part from him, for we had a sneaking regard for each other. He was the steadiest, true-

heartedest little friend I had ever had, but I could not afford to sacrifice my ambition for him. I had marked out a line of conduct for myself which I proposed to follow, and nothing and no one could divert me from it. It was to be success or failure with me, and no one can gain success if he does not try for it. To gain success (or failure) one must sometimes leave father and mother, sister and brother, relatives, sweetheart and friend, for in this world a time will come anyway when we must part. That is the way I looked at it. To part from Billy, though, was going to be a hard wrench, and I looked forward to it with sorrow, but the anticipation was worse than the reality. Billy tried his best to persuade me from going on a wild goose chase, as he called it, and finally, one evening, when he saw his arguments were of no avail, he became huffy about it and told me that I might go to the devil if I wished for all he cared. He had no strings on me, he assured me, and did not give a rap what became of me.

He hoped I'd get drowned crossing the ocean, and if not that, then he hoped I'd get arrested as soon as I set foot on British soil. A dose of British jail might do me good, he declared, and might take the conceit out of me, if such a thing were possible. He wished he could be present when I tried to "do" a Britisher, just to see what would happen. I'd learn something I never knew before, he assured me. The little cuss was worked up, but I only grinned, which got him more angry still.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEATING IT OVERLAND

It was the month of March which I had set for my departure—the latter part of it—for when the spring opens up in the East, the weather warms up a bit and traveling is not so much of a hardship. Of course, I did not intend to pay any railroad fares across the continent, as I intended to beat it, for what is the use helping to fill the railroad coffers if you don't have to? I had easily earned enough money to pay my way, but I spent what I earned as fast as I made it for as I told Billy more than once when we were talking matters over, if you beat your way with money in your pocket and some 'boes find out that you have money, it is more than likely that you will be held up or murdered outright for it. Some 'boes stop at nothing—not even murder—to gain their ends. Many a horrible crime has been committed and little or nothing has been said about it, for who is going to bother much over a hobo who has died suddenly? Such a chap has no friends to make a hue or cry for him, so why put the community to any great trouble or expense for him?

The fateful day of departure drew nigh. I threw up my job, drew my pay and got ready for the journey. I did not need a Saratoga trunk, rugs, shawls, a French poodle, a green parrot in a cage, or other such appurtenances, but I did buy a pair of new blankets, for I had burned mine.

When Billy and I took up our abode on Minna Street and brought our blankets there, after giving a glance at them our landlady suggested that we take them out in the back yard and burn them. We would not need them in San Francisco she said. Maybe she thought the blankets were inhabited, but they were not. Billy and I did as we were requested.

for the blankets were pretty old anyway and had seen their day.

That was all the outfit I needed for the trip—a pair of new blankets. I had a few dollars in my pocket and if anything else were needed I could buy it along the route.

The morn arrived, and I had to bid Billy good-bye. I might as well say the truth—that I felt more like crying than laughing—but I joked and bantered Billy and got him laughing and saucy as well.

“Why don’t you swim across the little duck-pond, Windy?” sarcastically suggested Billy.

“Because I don’t know how to swim.”

“Oh, you’ll get drowned, sure,” said Billy.

“Might as well be drowned as hanged. What’s the dif, anyway?”

“You’ll never earn enough to get out of the old country,” Billy assured me.

“Might as well be found dead there as anywhere else. I can live and die there. As far as getting out of the old country, though, I think you can safely leave that to me. I can work my passage home or stow away. I’m an old timer, I am, and it’s pretty hard to coon me. You hear me?” said I jokingly, but with a sob in my heart.

“Oh, yes I hear you,” retorted Billy with a sneer. “You’re a know-all you are. Pity your mother had no more like you.”

“Time to go, Billy. Guess I’ll have to leave you.”

“So, you’re bent on going then, you gol darned old stiff. Go then, whose a-holding of you? Don’t take in any bad money while you’re gone.”

“All right, Billy. I’ll obey orders. Good-bye!”

We shook hands, parted, and I left the house. I felt glum and do believe I dropped a tear somewhere, but what was the use of repining? The best of friends must part sometime. It is only a question of time.

I paid ferriage across to Oakland and took a street car from there to Point Richmond. At the latter town I jumped a freight to Sacramento and had no trouble at all in getting

to Sac. It was my intention to travel to New York via the central route, that is, by way of Reno, Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Niagara Falls and Buffalo for I had been over this route before and knew it pretty well. It is a three-thousand-mile journey and a long one, but there are lots of things to see along the route.

How glorious is the spring time! How it stirs the blood, thrills one, awakens ambition, puts new life into everything, charms and enthuses one! Shakespeare has said that in the spring time one's thoughts lightly turn to love; another poet said, "Young man, thy blood is rosy red, thy heart is soft," and I guess he knew what he was talking about, too. My heart was bubbling o'er with anticipation, hope and enthusiasm. I had set out for a high purpose and I was going to accomplish that purpose. What love I had, though, was only for poor little Billy whom I had left behind me, and whose company I missed sadly for awhile, especially at night, as I traveled all alone. The lone and dreary watches of the night seemed awful. Then I missed Billy most and then I remembered what a pleasant and lively companion he was. During the day-time though, the many new sights I saw kept me eager, alert and interested.

At Newcastle in the foothills of the Sierras, the fruit-belt, a number of refrigerator cars were attached to my train, and had I crawled into one of them I could have made the journey to the eastern coast in ten days or less, for these cars are filled with perishable stuff and are rushed right through. Many a 'bo beats his way across the continent in these cars and thinks nothing of it, but I didn't like that way of traveling. The refrigerator cars are boxed in and sealed when loaded, the only light or air penetrating through them coming through a little sliding door that opens at the roof. The car is dark as a pocket or as dark as a cell in a prison, which surely is gloomy enough. Ice is put into a compartment of the car to keep the air cool and sweet, and as the whole interior is pretty well filled up there is barely room to turn around in. There are no facilities for washing, cooking,

or performing the other essentials of nature, so I concluded that taking everything into consideration I did not want to travel in one of these cars.

I crawled into a loaded freight car through an upper window which I espied at one end of the car, and which had not been secured. The window was grated and should have been locked, but I found it unlocked. The car was loaded to the ceiling, almost, with boxes, barrels and crates of merchandise of various kinds leaving little room for me, but I lay flat most of the time upon some boxes that were piled high, and stretched my limbs in any way that I could when I grew tired. It was mighty lonely riding, for I could not see much of the scenery, though I could see a little.

Through the interminable snow sheds the train rumbled and I thought we never would get through them, and kept a cursing them heartily. They are useful rather than ornamental, so I put up with the inconvenience as best I could. Anyway I had no kick coming, for I was getting the best of the railroad by many a dollar, thought I.

This S. P. R. R. permits 'boes to ride over the Sierra Nevada Mountains free, for these mountains are uninhabited and are wild and lonely. The 'boes know that they can ride free—at least many of them know it—and get over this part of the road without any trouble.

For some reason or other my train made long stops in the snowsheds, which was inconvenient and tedious, but there are drawbacks in all lines of trade, so what is the use of complaining? Had I taken the Overland Limited and paid about \$150 or so, I might have reached New York in about three shakes of a lamb's tail, but I was getting along fast enough for the price. I had no legitimate kick coming.

It was a long, slow and tedious ride to Reno but I was gently deposited in that town at about ten o'clock one fine spring morning.

Reno is a neat, progressive, pretty little city of about 10,000 people. It is situated on the plains surrounded by bare and lonely mountains and through it flows the Truckee River,

a mountain stream not much wider than a brook. It is a swift-flowing stream that comes from the Sierra Nevada Mountains and flows on for several hundred miles down through the plains or prairies, of the huge state of Nevada.

Some of the residential streets in Reno are neat, well-shaded and pretty, and contain some fine residences. In the business portion there are quite a number of stores. At one time Reno did a great business, for it was the distributing point for a considerable section of country and had (and may still have) three lines of railroad: the Southern Pacific, Virginia & Truckee, and the Nevada, California & Oregon, but so many large towns have sprung up near Reno that the trade has been divided. Hazen has sprung up nearby and so has Sparks, Goldfield, Tonopah, Rhyolite and others, which have become important places and do not have to draw upon Reno for supplies. Reno still is a great cattle shipping center, however, and contains quite a number of manufacturing establishments and ore-treating plants. Its divorce industry, too, is quite extensive, but latterly the Renoites have become real good, and have changed their divorce laws somewhat, have abolished gambling and are running things in quite a Sunday school fashion. It used to be awfully wild and woolly.

At one time Reno was wide open and as the law put no restrictions on gambling, the gambling places did a great business. The floors of the gambling palaces were marble, the bars were costly and fitted up with the finest of glassware. The best of wines and liquors could be had there and the lunch counters were supplied with the best the market afforded. The food was cooked by high-priced chefs, but sold at reasonable prices. The gambling layouts were in a large apartment entered from the street, and consisted of roulette wheels, card tables and other paraphernalia. Business was done day and night. At night these joints were so crowded that it was difficult to move about in them or to get near the gaming tables. There were some pretty tough mugs there and scraps were frequent, but if an individual got too obstrep-

erous, he was quickly seized and run into jail by the Reno officers, who were alert and fearless.

It was interesting to watch the players. The main games played were roulette, stud-horse poker, craps, faro or keno, all of which, except poker, were played with a wheel. Craps was a huge favorite and was played with dice, the individual player being permitted to throw the dice. The players were mightily absorbed in the turns of the wheel and would watch them with their hearts in their mouths. Colored chaps especially were lively gamblers, and with blazing eyes and excited gestures, while playing, they would make remarks like this, as the wheel whirled rapidly: "What you doin' dar?" "Roll right for me dis time"; "Why don't you roll right for me, you blankety, blank, blank" (cuss words). They never looked up at anyone while playing, for they were too deeply absorbed in the game. They kept up a running fire of comment. Others took the matter more coolly, and won or lost in an imperturbable manner.

I suppose these gambling palaces are no longer there, but I don't know whether they are or not. Things change suddenly out West, sometimes.

When I landed in Reno this fine spring morning I was travel-stained and weary, so the first place I made for as soon as the train stopped, was the hobo camp on the outskirts of the town, where Billy and I had stopped last fall, while on our way to California. This camp was on the banks of the Truckee under a wagon bridge, and there was nothing there to attract a tenderfoot or a passerby's attention, except a heap of stones that were used as a fireplace. A few empty cans were strewn about, which posted the initiated ones.

There wasn't a soul in camp when I arrived there that morning, except one lone, Wandering Willie, who greeted me as effusively as if I were a long-lost brother. Hoboes have a faculty of distinguishing brother knights at a glance.

"Well, may I be damned!; where did you drop from, pardner?" was the hearty greeting I received.

"Who, me?" responded I; "Oh, I just drifted in from California. I am after a clean-up."

"You just blowed in from California, hay! How's things out that way? I'm headed for California."

"The deuce you say! Oh, things are fine and dandy out there. Where you from?"

"Me? Oh, I'm from Bloomington, Illinois'. Was pretty chilly there last winter, so I t'ought I'd go somewhere where I kin keep warm. Been to Frisco?"

"I left Frisco three days ago; it's a pretty swell town. You'll find it O. K., I think."

Here we had an extended conversation which I need not repeat, for it would serve no useful purpose. This Illinois chap looked as if he had been having a hard time of it. He was a young man less than twenty-one years of age, but he had probably been on the pike a long time, for he looked seedy and hardened. His features were pinched and drawn, his frame bony, there was a hole in the crown of his derby hat, as if some one had thrown a brick through it, and the poor fellow's coat was in tatters; his shoes were in the last stages of wear, and his trousers were "high water" ones and patched in the seat. He surely was a woe-begone looking object, and needed a new outfit.

He had just taken a bath and was now intent on going to town, so I did not hold him up long. After he left me I shed my clothes, and plunged into the cold, clear water of the Truckee, and had a delightful swim, after which I had a good rub-down. Oh, how delicious it was and how it did make me glow! It took all the dirt and languor out of me and made me feel like a new man. It brightened my eyes, sharpened my appetite and made me feel as full of ginger as a fighting cock. It wasn't long before I made tracks for Reno where I sat down to a substantial meal in a restaurant. A big bowl of soup, a pile of bread, plenty of meat, gravy and vegetables; half a pie, doughnuts, and a cup of coffee disappeared about as quick as I can tell it.

I remained in Reno a day or two, and put in a good deal of time at the corrals near the hobo camp, where cattle were loaded and unloaded. It was fun to watch the cattle. A car, if it was to be loaded or unloaded, was run along side an inclined chute which led into a corral, down which the cattle were prodded when they were being unloaded, and prodded up when they were to be loaded. The prodding was done by men with long poles and some of the poles were spiked which made them more efficient. If a brute grew refractory, he or she suffered for it. Tail-twisting was resorted to in some cases and bad language was used besides the prodding, so that the performance was as good as a circus to witness, with no admission price to pay. It interested me mightily, for I like to see such things.

I was put wise to the fact that a passenger train leaves Reno every evening at about eight o'clock, for the East, and that she is a good train to beat if one can make her. She is no slouch but gets a move on herself and goes a-humming when once she gets started. I thought I'd try her. According to advice and directions, I let her get a good move on that eve, and jumped her as she was pulling out of the yard. It was getting dark at the time, but I swung on without mishap, for I knew how. No sooner had I swung on, though, than I found that the blind baggage was full of people. I wanted to swing off again but hesitated, and they say that a man who hesitates is lost, but that isn't always true. The people on the platform gazed in affright at me and I gazed in affright at them. They probably took me for a bull and I thought they were railroad men. I hung on and stared, but as no one said anything to me I drew a breath of relief and crowded up onto the platform. The other fellows then began to surmise that I was a dead-head like themselves. "Where you going, mister?" a foreign voice asked me in a whisper. "New York," answered I. Nothing more was said to me, but my fellow dead-heads began to whisper among themselves. Maybe they had dropped something into brakey's palm and had been allowed to ride. Such things are done. There were just six of them and they were

Greasers, every one of them, and cow-punchers at that, I surmised. They gave me black looks and made me feel that I was unwelcome. The platform of a blind baggage is not very roomy and we were packed as closely as sardines.

"It's more better you jump off, what?" hissed one fellow in my ear; "it's too much crowded here; see?"

This was a threat and got me huffy.

"What, jump off while the train is going sixty miles an hour," exclaimed I; "what do you take me for a crazy man? I'd get killed."

No more was said to me just then, but I was apprehensive and feared trouble. What could I do against six husky cow-punchers?

The night was a fine star-lit one, the train rattled on at a tremendous pace and created a cyclone that swept through our whiskers and every other part of our anatomy. It got to us in great shape and numbed us.

The teeth of the Greasers began to chatter and they huddled together for warmth, but little warmth did they get. The cold was distressing them horribly. These low caste Mexicans can stand heat to any temperature, almost, but when it comes to cold, a little of it will make them feel like hunting their holes in a hurry. They couldn't run for their holes now though, and they had to grin and bear the cold as best they could. I could not help grinning at the way their teeth chattered. They were chattering at about the same rate as the train, about sixty miles an hour. Whosh! wasn't the train a-going it, though! How she clattered through the night! Gee-whiz; how frightfully breezy it was! We put in about two hours of this sort of misery, and I was planning what to do while shivering. Bye-and-bye our train began to slack up a little and then we knew that she was going to stop at some town for she blew her whistle, too.

When the train began to slacken speed, a pair of hands suddenly grabbed me by the throat so that I could make no outcry, and another pair of hands pulled off my coat, which was hurled from the train.

"You see dat?" hissed a voice; "you jump off now or we throw you off! Hurry! Fl-fl! Queek!"

I sabee'd all right and swung off as gracefully as I could but I landed in a ditch. I wasn't hurt any. I arose and walked westward along the track in search of my coat which was an article of wear I could not dispense with. I walked back fully a mile before I found the garment and then after shaking it I put it on and walked eastward. How I cursed those Mexicans for firing me off the train! It was a mean trick. I had not been hurting them nor molesting them in any way, so why should they have used me in such a cruel, heartless manner? Had I broken my neck when they fired me off, they would not have cared, the cold-blooded wretches!

Here was I now, two or three miles from the railroad depot, in a wild country, far from any person or habitation, with nothing around except the stillness and the darkness of the night. This was no joke. I felt kind of funny-like, for I could hear coyotes barking not for away on the plains, and owls hooting. It was an eerie situation.

As I walked along the railroad track I could hear noises in the bushes at either side of me, close by, which startled me somewhat, but I concluded the noise was made by birds of some sort that were frightened because of my presence. The stars overhead shone gloriously and it was far pleasanter walking than riding, for the exercise of walking kept me warm. "Let the Greasers ride and perish with the cold," thinks I.

It must have been nearly eleven o'clock when I reached a depot which had the name Wordsworth on it. Wordsworth at one time had been a railroad division point, having a round-house, railroad shops and other railroad manufacturing plants in it. It had quite a population and was a pretty lively little burg but for some reason best known to the railroad company, they transferred the division point to Sparks, a suburb of Reno, further west, so that to-day Wordsworth is a deserted village and looks mighty dead. There is little or nothing there.

When I reached Wordsworth that night there was not a light to be seen in the place, and even the depot was black with gloom. Where to go or what to do, I did not know. I never felt more lonesome in my life. I heard a pump throbbing in the gloom some distance off east of the depot, so I cautiously walked up that way to reconnoitre. As I supposed, it was a railroad pump-house, there for the purpose of pumping water into the water tank for locomotives.

A man was in charge of the plant. I went up to the doorway of the pump-house, peeped in, and found everything mighty snug and warm there. I asked the poor slave in charge if I might step inside and warm myself. He said yes. He was not averse, evidently, to having company, even that of a 'bo, for his vigil is a dreary and lonely one it seemed to me. He puts in his time attending to the fires and keeping the machinery in operation. This is a nice job, but it grows mighty lonesome, for there is no one to talk to night after night. I don't think I'd want the job at any price.

The pump-man in answer to my inquiry informed me that a freight train would be along some time during the night, but just when he could not say, for it was rarely on time. He told me to take a snooze and that he would wake me up. He was very kind and I did as he suggested.

Several hours later I heard a rumbling in the distance, and bye and bye an engine whistled for the station. I became wide awake in an instant. It was an east-bound freight coming along. When she stopped to water I walked along the train to seek out some likely spot for riding. The best thing I could see was a long box-car with low rods underneath it, but plenty of them. "I guess it'll have to be the rods this time," thinks I to myself.

The rods underneath some freight cars are thin, but many, and are underneath the body of the car but a few inches apart, making an ideal berth. These rods extend from one side of a car to the other, are over five feet across and are convenient for riding purposes at night, when one is not apt to be spotted. All one has to do is to swing under, stretch

out one's blankets, use one's coat for a pillow and when one side of the body begins to ache, just to turn over to the other side. It beats a Pullman all hollow when you take into consideration the fact that a berth in a Pullman costs from three dollars up, a night. Think of the money you're saving, man. The rods did get a little hard after awhile, but trifles like that did not weigh with me. Sticks and stones flew up occasionally impelled by the rapid motion of the train, but they only tickled me and made me grin. The old hooker soon was going some, and good luck to her; may she keep up her lick! She took a siding at one place further on and remained a long time, which was annoying, but I had to be patient.

What a God-forsaken country the plains of Nevada are! They are covered with sage-brush and alkali, and apparently there is no end to them. They extend further than the eye can see, and furnish melancholy vistas that only prairie-hens, coyotes, jack-rabbits, lizards, tarantulas, rattlesnakes, and other varmint appreciate.

There is no accounting for tastes, of course, but I'd hate to be found dead in a country like this. Some folks don't think so, for they think this wilderness a garden-spot, a paradise, and are willing to live and die there. When you get used to living in a place you will see beauties in it that you never discovered before and which will make you happy and contented, no doubt. Some day all these arid plains of the wild west may be irrigated and then they will bloom like a rose garden.

The sun was well up in the heavens as we drew near, and finally stopped at Lovelocks, a right pretty little town opposite the railroad tracks. I made a bee-line for a restaurant where I had a wash-up first and then a big cup of red-hot coffee and sinkers; then some eggs sunny side up, fried spuds, life preservers, and then another big cup of coffee, to keep things floating easy-like. That wasn't very much to eat for a young fellow who had been out in the open all night, but it sufficed for the present, for I wanted to take a nap somewhere to make up for a whole lot of lost sleep. I noticed

a lumber pile on the outskirts of town and went there, and laid off on top of a pile of flat boards, using my blankets for a pillow. I slept until afternoon, getting up much refreshed.

As I strolled through the snug little town I noticed quite a few Indians in it, squaws and bucks, and observed that some of the squaws did domestic work in some of the white people's houses, while their lords and masters, the noble red man, sat around on the outskirts of town, smoked the pipe of peace and gambled. They were a dirty lousy, filthy crowd, anything but the noble specimen of humanity you see shown up so vividly on moving picture show screens, and I don't think they ever wash, change their clothes or socks, or comb their hair. They don't need the sympathy of the gentle authoress of "Ramona" or of anyone else, for they are perfectly happy and content in their filth and free-and-easy way of living. "Everybody works but father," applies here, for the Indian father lets mother and the kids do the work whilst he loafes and enjoys himself. And more power to him! It's up to the squaw to kick, but she dare not for she'd get thrashed to within an inch of her life if she even hinted that she was dissatisfied. The Red Man has her well trained. As for the kids, they have to be mighty respectful to their dads and are ready to jump at a look. The Red Man is not worrying over anything. It is only the silly and fiery young bucks who feel impelled to go on the war-path in springtime to gain a little glory in the eyes of their lady-love.

Winnemucca was the next stop. It is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, situated 40 or 50 miles east of Lovelock close to some bare and lonely mountains, on the floor of the prairie. There is plenty of sage-brush and dust thereabout, but no trees, and the landscapes seem desolate.

Winnemucca is the county seat of some county, and it is quite a thriving little business center. It contains a restaurant or two, several saloons, a hotel or two, a few rooming-houses, a bank, and quite a number of stores and dwellings. The inhabitants call their town "Winnamuck," for so the old Indian chief was called after whom the place was named. I

still have a drinking-glass that I obtained there—no matter how I obtained it. I took a walk through the town to size it up and to try and find a place where I could take a bath, for I needed one. I had been told that there was a creek at the edge of town, near the foothills, and I found this to be the case, but the water was so muddy and filthy that had I plunged into it I would have emerged uncleaner than I went in. Needless to say I didn't go in.

What sustained the place, I wondered? Mining and cattle raising, I was told, and there was considerable of both done, though where it was done was not visible to the naked eye. The place was rough and at one time had been wild and woolly, that is, soon after the overland railroad had been built—but that is quite a long time ago. Like all the border towns, Winnemucca was full of gamblers, fast women, hurdy-gurdy houses, drinking places, dives, gambling places, etc., and like the rest, it usually had a man or two for breakfast. Now, the place is Sunday-school-like in comparison. Only a few weeks before my arrival some bandits had broken into the bank and had looted it of a large sum of money, but since then a trellis work of substantial iron has been constructed from the top of the counter clear to the ceiling, with holes just large enough at the base for people to put their hands through when depositing or taking out money, so that the next set of bandits who call to make a raise will have to crawl through mighty small holes to do it. It did not take me long to "do" Winnemucca nor to resolve to get out of it, for it looked lonesome-like to me, but I had to wait for a train—mine had gone, long ago.

In due time, that is to say, that evening, I got a train out of there, but this time I had to ride the bumpers. I saw no other way. The bumpers are the things that fasten the cars together so that all the cars form a train. They just afford a foothold and that is all. Take a look at any railroad car and judge for yourself. They do not make very easy riding for it is "standing-up" all the time with a precarious hold. Few care to ride that way long at a stretch, but I held on for many

miles, until I felt I could not hold on much longer; then I jumped off at the next stopping place.

The stations along my route in Nevada were few and far between and they were not towns or villages, or hamlets even, but merely railroad stations—a water-tank, pump-house and section boss's dwellings—that was all. Around them was sagebrush covered prairie, and that is all.

The towns are a hundred miles or so apart and do not amount to much. They consist of a few dwellings and a few stores and that is all. A general store or two, restaurant, postoffice, bakery, barber shop, blacksmith shop, several saloons and an hotel, is their general make-up. It must be a lonely life these people lead, so far from the crowded haunts of men, but they seem to be satisfied and contented. I wonder would the most wretched, poverty-stricken people in the cities change places with them if they could?

The next town I stopped at was Elko. It contains a hotel, a store or two, a barber shop, blacksmith shop, a few saloons, but that is about all. It is an oasis in the desert. I was glad to remain there a day to rest up, to get a good sleep, a good feed and a bath. If you want to know all about a place and its inhabitants go into a saloon, for what the frequenters there can't tell you about it isn't worth knowing. I heard that there were some wonderful mineral springs up in the hills about a mile from town and a swimming pond as well. As I wanted a thorough clean-up I concluded to go out that way.

I followed the wagon road out of town a little way, through dust and sage-brush, and then followed the road upward through the hills. It was a hard old road to climb for it was deep with dust and rutty, and lost itself after it had gone up a way. If it didn't, then I lost it. The hills were all covered with sage-brush and one hill looked just like another. Where on earth are the pond and springs? I couldn't see any. I began to despair and feel like giving up, but after climbing one more hill to its summit, there right below me lay a little basin, or hollow, in which there was a pond of water about 150 feet in diameter. The basin was circular in form and

from the appearance of things, I judged that it must have been the mouth of a volcano, for around the rim of the basin there issued little jets of sulphur water intermittently. They were boiling hot, and the pond itself was the crater hole, but it was now filled up with water. It had been tried at various times to sound the depth of the crater, but after thousands of feet of line had been let down and no bottom found, the job had been given up in despair.

I walked all around the pond sampling the sulphur water here and there and finding it good to drink. For a few minutes the soil on these little sulphur springs would rest quiet and no one would suspect that there was anything lively underneath the soil, but like a flash there would be a sizzling and a bubbling, and then boiling jets of sulphur would spurt up a little way. "I guess I am pretty close to hell," thinks I.

The water in the volcano basin is not hot but just luke warm and is just the right temperature for swimming purposes. This seems to be a favorite bathing place of the Indians, for bucks, squaws and papooses bathe in it. The timid ones go to one part of the basin where the water is not deep, but some of the daring bucks swim right in the crater-hole where bottom has never been found, and noisily glory in their temerity. More than one daring buck has paid forfeit with his life and his body was never recovered. Just a week before I came there a young buck who was too frolicsome lost his life that way and his body was not recovered.

As I needed a bath I shed every stitch of clothing—there was not a soul within miles of me apparently—and plunged in. The water was just right, neither too hot nor too cold. I floundered and flopped around, gave myself a good rub and enjoyed the bath hugely. I spent an hour or two at the extinct volcano thinking, speculating and wondering at the ways and methods of the Creator. How many millions of years is it since these hills were formed, and since they were separated by fire and brimstone? And the fires are still burning, to judge from the red-hot sulphur water bubbling up. Such problems are too deep for me. I gave them up. Slowly and

thoughtfully I wandered back to Elko and continued my journey eastward.

It would be tedious to mention all my stoppages along the route and describe them all, so I will merely say that after about a week's pretty constant traveling I traversed the broad state of Nevada and came to the western end of Utah.

In Utah I came to the Great Salt Lake, said to be the largest inland salt water sea in the world. The waters of this lake are so salty that they will float almost anything, and it is said that if you swim in it and get your head down in the water and your heels up, you can never right yourself; whether this is true or not, I don't know. I didn't try it.

The railroad trains used to go around the lake, but now they save about forty miles by going right through the lake on a trestle, which is thirty miles in length, and saves a good deal of time. This is called the Lucin Cut-off. I crossed the trestle on the brake-beams of a freight car and mighty slow and tedious riding it was. I looked down into the wonderfully deep blue water of the lake through the heavy ties until I grew dizzy and nearly fell off of my narrow perch, but I held on to the slender brake-rod in front of me like grim death. Had I swooned or let go, this veracious chronicle would never have been written.

I have had several close calls during my road work, but a miss is as good as a mile. A fellow takes more or less of a chance every time he beats a train, and if anything happens to him he must not kick, for it is part of the game. One or two moments unconsciousness, from dizziness on the brake-beam while crossing Salt Lake would have done for me, for had I fallen off I would have been cut into mince-meat by the cars. But this is getting a little too imaginative, let's stick to facts. Nothing happened, and here I am, right side up with care, still in the ring and ready for more trouble.

I remained in Ogden, the end of the first long lap of my route, several days, for my money had all been spent by this time, and I had made up my mind to go to work to earn some more. This a genuine hobo never would have done.

He would have prowled around town looking for hand-outs or anything else that came his way. Along the main residence streets in Ogden I came upon the ample grounds of a residence in which I saw a pile of uncut logs. I boldly entered the grounds, walked up to the mansion and rang the door-bell. The lady of the house came to the door and asked me what I wanted. I begged her "for the privilege to toil—to cut her wood." She agreed to let me do so, and said that she would like to have it cut in stove lengths and offered me a dollar a day, room and board for my work. I jumped at the offer and put in a good week's work, working fairly and steadily. I roomed in an out-house, had good board and had no kick coming. The lady was about thirty-five years of age and she had a charming figure and a thin, intellectual face. She had laughing eyes and sensuous lips and was the plural wife of some rich and lustful Mormon, but I never set eyes on the husband. I was told by outsiders that the lady was a Mormon. Seems to me that had I been her husband I would have turned up occasionally, for the lady was mighty engaging. Maybe he had others, though, who were equally charming. Say, girlie! how would you like to have a man love you and then divide his love up among several other girls? Could you stand that? I put in a week at Ogden this time, as I said before, and had a good long surcease from travel, but after that time the desire to get on began to come over me again, so I resumed my journey.

I had now traveled about one-eighth the distance of my trip, and I found that the expanses out west are mighty comprehensive. Indeed, they seem endless, for as soon as one long vista terminated another one opened. The scenery through which my trains now rolled was more interesting than that through Nevada, for here were mountains, canyons and water-courses, precipices, gorges, etc., that developed diversified panoramas to my gaze at nearly every turn of the wheels. We were going through Weber Canyon now, near Ogden, a narrow mountain pass. The scenery was wild and enchanting. The canyon seemed to me to be forty or

fifty miles long, but it took us a long time to traverse it, the train twisting in and around curves like a snake. Quite a contrast and a relief such scenes afforded from bare, monotonous prairies. They kept me gazing.

Soon we came to a towering mountain, hundreds of feet in height, almost straight up and down, down which ran a curious formation of rock, which some chump named "The Devil's Slide." I call the fellow who named it so, a chump because he must have had a queer notion of his satanic majesty's personality. Let me explain.

The slide consists of two walls of rocks about twenty feet apart, forty feet high and about 1000 feet long, which begins away up on top of the mountain and runs down almost to the railroad track. The walls are about as even on top as the teeth of a buck-saw, and as they are about twenty feet apart, what kind of a form must the devil have to ride down it? How can anyone think that he is twenty feet wide in the beam or that he can come sliding down ragged edges like that? Stranger, if ever you see The Devil's Slide, try to suggest a better name for it! That could easily be done.

The train traverses only a small portion of Utah and then it rushes into Wyoming, a state much wider than Nevada even, which is a very wide state. I had all kinds of adventures in Wyoming, but only one or two of them are worthy of mention.

When I got as far as Rock Springs my money began to give out, and I was beginning to think it time to earn some more, for I preferred to buy my grub rather than to beg it. Anyway, you cannot always get a hand-out when you want it, but if you have money you can buy a square meal or provisions anywhere. To earn money necessitated delays, of course, but begging is a disreputable business, and I never took to it kindly even when necessity compelled me.

I got to Rock Springs early one morning and noticed a big bunch of cattle in a corral from which they were about to be driven by a number of bull-whackers. I watched operations a little while and then made up my mind to strike the

boss of the outfit for a job. He was a tall, lean, hungry-looking chap who was all sinew and bone, and I could tell from his manner that he was the boss. I strolled up to him, told him that I was broke and braced him for a job. He eyed me critically, sized me up, and then asked, "kin you ride?"

"Ride anything with hair on," responded I.

"Hm?" ejaculated he, doubtful, for that is almost every cowboy's boast. "Where did you do your riding?"

"Me? I herded cattle in California." The boss distrusted me and thought I was lying, in which he was not far wrong, for I had never herded cattle, though I had done considerable riding and was a pretty fair buck-aroo. He gave me the benefit of the doubt, however, and engaged me then and there for twenty dollars per month with room and chuck thrown in, my bedroom to be all Wyoming, which was a broad one. The chuck consisted of bacon and beans, flapjacks, sow-belly and hot biscuits. A cook and chuck wagon followed the outfit; also a tent, which a fellow could sleep in or not, as he chose. There were hundreds of cattle in the bunch, dried-up cows, steers and three-year-olds, all of which were to be driven to the owner's ranch in the interior. I asked no questions where they were to be driven, for I didn't care; all I cared about was to earn a few dollars in an honest way, although I had no right to lie to gain my purposes.

The cattle were ornery brutes, range cattle, and they all looked as if they hadn't had anything to eat for a coon's age, for nearly all of them were skinny. There were three other bull-whackers in the outfit besides the boss and myself, making five in all. It was to be our task to drive the cattle and to herd them.

The job was not a difficult one, for the cattle were docile enough, and as there was no branding to be done at that time, neither was there to be any roping (lassoing), for had there been any of the latter I wouldn't have been in the game at all. I never roped a steer in my life and didn't know any

more about it than a babe. In that respect I was a tender-foot, or greenhorn.

We got to the range in two days' time, and then it was just plain herding. We cowboys had a tent for our use and our duties were to keep riding around the cattle all day so they would not stray away. At night, only one man was left on guard, to keep an eye on animals and on the cattle. Every cowboy wears a belt with pistol in it, ammunition, an overcoat, etc., but as I owned no pistol one of my mates loaned me his. The boys were a good-hearted, rollicking, devil-may-care set of fellows who feared nothing. Although they knew at once that I was not a professional bull-whacker, yet, as I was a fairly good rider they had some respect for me. I told them frankly that I was there only to earn a piece of money. As a usual thing cattle do not feed at night on the range except when the moon is up and affords plenty of light, but on dark nights they squat and contentedly chew the cud.

The first moonlit night I was put on watch there was trouble. Some of the cattle had strayed away and I could not get them in. When I went after one brute that had strayed and got him back into the bunch, others were straying and though I did some pretty lively riding, and considerable yelling, I could not succeed in keeping the brutes together. I saw that the task was beyond me and that I would need help. I went to the tent and called up the boys who arose out of their warm blankets grumbling and growling to beat the band. They knew at once what the trouble was. They saddled up and away they went after the cattle. I followed one of the boys. This chap made after an obstreperous brute which was feeding all by his lonely away off from the rest of the herd. As soon as he saw us coming he gave a snort of defiance, elevated his tail, lowered his head and made off. That got the cowboy furious. He uncoiled his lariat, rushed his pony up close to the steer and let fly. The coil settled around the steer's horns and the pony—which understood its business—braced its forelegs for the coming shock. It came in an instant after the steer had reached the end of the tether

and up he flew into the air, turning a complete somersault as he flew. He landed on his back with a jar that shook the earth and then he lay still for a few moments. Slowly he turned himself up to a sitting posture, arose to his feet, and shook his head in a dazed sort of way, wondering who or what had struck him.

"You will run away, you ugly son of a —, you! God darn your ugly hide, anyway. Try it again, will you?" "I'll teach you manners. Now you get along there and no more fooling." Here followed some more pretty tall cussing. The steer was trembling in every limb for the shock had been sudden and great—then he meekly ran to the herd, all the defiance and fire taken out of him.

The other cowboys were having a long and exhausting ride of it, for the cattle had wandered off to all points of the compass. It was extremely difficult to get them all in. I don't know whether they were recovered. This arduous work was done when they should have been snugly in bed and they did not like it.

After breakfast the next morning the boss and I had a heart-to-heart talk. I was saddling up, getting ready to go on the range when he came toward me. I could see that he was mad clear through.

"Say, mister; you call yourself a cowboy, you do? You don't know any more about herding cattle than a kid, and I'd advise you to get off the ranch as soon as you kin; you hear me? What do you mean by coming here and telling me you know anything about herding cattle? You're a god darn lying, thieving Mexican Greaser, and I have a mind to wipe up the earth with you. You —, etc., —, etc., —, etc."

He was mad all right. As I had been in the wrong I said nothing in reply to all of this. The three cowboys regarded us from a little distance with interest, for they scented a scrap.

The boss continued to abuse me, for he was wound up for fair. "You dirty, lying, Mexican Greaser, some of my cattle has strayed away and I'll never find 'em again. Do you know

what I've a mind to do with you? I've a mind to put you out of business."

He was armed and I was not, but his threat got me huffy, so for the first time I made answer: "You're a bluffing son of a —, you couldn't shoot nothing. Pay me off and I'll get out of here!"

"Pay you off," yelled he, frothing at the mouth and peeling off his coat and flinging it down on the ground with contempt. I'll pay you off right now."

I deliberately pulled off my coat with a sneer of contempt. I felt ready for anything. The cowboys gathered around us to take in the circus. They were in their glory, in the seventh heaven of delight, for they dearly like to see a scrap; anything to vary the monotony of a humdrum existence, think they. It would give them something to talk about, too.

"Oh, you want to be paid off, you do?" sarcastically yelled the boss as he danced about looking for an opening. I had never taken boxing lessons, but I was as strong as a young bull and as quick as lightning. I am strongly built and hard to down.

"Here's one that'll help to pay you off," shouted the boss as he made a swing at me that would have put me out of business then and there had it landed, for it was an ox-felling blow, but I ducked it.

"Try again," said I, smiling. My coolness and effrontery got him madder still, so he tried to close in. He hit me a swinging blow in the eye which staggered me and made me see stars for a second or two, but it was the only effective blow he struck. I rained pile-drivers so fast all over his face, that he couldn't get in another blow, and one blow that struck him on the jaw was like the kick of a mule. It keeled him over on his back and he lay still. He was my meat; of that I now felt sure. He got up again, but was groggy on his pins, and he came for me, but down he went before another pile-driver. He knew himself, now, that I was his master, so he concluded to quit, muttering something. The cowboys stood around, saying not a word, but taking in everything. They

would not have interfered for the world, for they love fair play; but, had there been foul play, they would have taken a hand at once. Was the boss going for his gun? I followed him and told him to pay me off at once, or I would beat him to death. He paid me off without a word.

I bade the cowboys goodbye and lit out.

The cowboy business is now getting to be a thing of the past. In nearly all the western states the ranges are being divided into small holdings and settled upon.

The cow punching business is a pretty hard life, and some one who knows more about it than I do, speaks of it thus:

"In the beginning of the year 1899 I was earning my living by the esthetic pursuit of punching cows on the L Bar Ranch, not far from Santa Rosa, New Mexico. The onward march of civilization is gradually but surely eliminating the picturesque cowboy from the scenery of the west, but at the time I speak of, he was in the heyday of his glory, such as it was. As a matter of fact, the fiction writers have always thrown an undeserved halo around the life of a cow puncher, being 'long' on the romantic side of the same, but 'short' on the many disagreeable features attending it.

"Speaking from experience, I can say that the life of a cowboy was not to be envied by any man who valued his personal comfort and peace of mind. He was obliged to be in the saddle, riding from sunrise to sunset, and often standing guard two hours of the night, besides. He had to eat beef fried in lard and cooked until it resembled a dried leaf. He was supplied with the yellowest imaginable doughy biscuits, and the water he drank was so often bitterly alkaline as to be nauseating. During the day he suffered from the heat and lack of food and drink; during the night, from the cold and wet. The little time he had for sleep he often spent in a pool of water, for his bed was made in the open air with the sky for a roof. He was exposed to constant danger of life and limb, associating with rough men; he heard wild talk and saw wild deeds. The very experience he led obliged him to be indifferent to danger, and removed as he was from many

of the restraints of law and society, he was very apt to go to extremes. The riders were frequently men who were unable to live in law-abiding communities, and sought the frontiers to escape the bonds of civilization. Having had three years of this wild and woolly existence, I was heartily sick of it and when, some twelve months later I dropped into a snug berth as United States deputy marshal in Arizona, there was never a man who was better fitted to appreciate the boon that fortune sent him."

The second experience I had in Wyoming that I wish to mention, happened on the outskirts of Rawlins, in a hobo camp. I happened to come upon this camp while walking eastward. I could not always beat my way on trains for lack of opportunity; and sometimes because I was put off at a siding or water tank when the train crew got onto me, but I never hiked unless I had to. It is no joke hiking through an unfamiliar wilderness where there are few towns, people or houses.

I struck this hobo camp one afternoon after a long walk and was glad of an opportunity to rest and to have a chat with some one. There were half a dozen 'boes in this camp when I struck it, who were seated on railroad ties, but no fire had been lighted as yet, for the weather was warm and sunny, and it was too early for the evening meal to be prepared. There was one chap in the camp whom I wish to describe.

This chap was a little redheaded Hebrew, about five feet, two inches in height, who had a sandy moustache, blue eyes, curly hair, an effeminate manner and the ways of a dude. Why he was on the road I did not learn. He was out of his element among 'boes, for he ought to have been at home putting on style. His name was Gus and he looked like a Gussie. The boys called him Gussie in fun.

The little chap had a lisp, but he was a good talker and when he became animated, had a habit of running around in a circle. I believed the fellow was a bit off mentally—had wheels in fact.

Somehow or other he took to me—freaks usually do—and became confidential. He showed me a lot of pasteboard

signs that he had with him which were done up in an oilcloth parcel, and he told me that he was peddling these signs along the road to help defray expenses. He had no trouble at all in selling them, he assured me, for they cost only twenty-five cents each, and almost every storekeeper bought one or more. The signs were about 8x10 inches in size, were neatly printed in colors, and in various kinds of display type. No two signs were alike. The signs were for business purposes and contained such mottoes as, "In God We Trust; All Others Must Pay Cash"; "Poor Trust (underneath these two words there was the picture of a dog, poor Trust) is dead; bad debts killed him"; "Pay today and Trust tomorrow"; "Our trusting department is on the roof, take the elevator"; "Every time you take a drink, things look different"; "If you can't pay, don't play"; "Come in and look out"; "No trouble to show goods"; "Razors put in order good as new"; "We study to please"; "We lead, others follow"; "Good goods, low prices"; "If you don't see what you want, ask for it"; "New and second hand goods," etc., etc.

He had dozens of these signs and very few were duplicates. Gussie took to me for some reason or other (maybe because I looked green and unsophisticated) and told me that he could put me on to a good thing if I were willing. He would sell me as many of these signs as I cared to buy at ten cents each, and if I would buy fifty of them he would give me the name and address of the wholesaler, so that I could buy more of them if I wanted to, at wholesale prices. He solemnly assured me on his word of honor that he had no trouble at all in selling the signs for twenty-five cents each, and that they went like hot cakes; to see 'em was to buy 'em. His talk sounded good to me and impressed me but I told him that I could not buy fifty signs from him, for the reason that I had only two dollars in my possession.

"I'll buy two dollars worth from you," said I, "if you'll throw in the name of the wholesaler. That's the best I can do." Gussie opened his heart, ran around in a circle once or twice, and then said: "All right, I see you are a pretty good

fellar; I'll sell you twenty of de signs for two dollars. Don't tell de oder fellers, dough!"

I promised to keep mum, so he took me off somewhere, let me take my pick and choice of the signs (which I thought was kind of him) and I gave him all the money I had, without a qualm, for I divined that the signs would be good sellers. And they were. I had no trouble at all in selling them, the only difficulty being in the price. Some people thought twenty-five cents was too much to pay for a mere pasteboard sign, unframed, but others handed out the coin without a murmur. Some people let go easily, anyway; and others hard.

Gussie had played sharp with me, though. After I had sold nearly all of my signs, I wrote to the wholesale dealer, who informed me that he would sell me all the signs I wanted of that kind, in dozen lots, at five cents each, freight prepaid. Thus, the darn little redheaded Hebrew had skinned me after all.

The signs sold easily, that is if one had any ability as a salesman at all, and the tact to talk to people in a business-like way. I had not much tact at first but I soon acquired it, and liked the occupation of selling goods very much. When I went into a store to sell, people treated me with civility, and not as if I were a bum, although I looked seedy enough, goodness knows! They were kind enough to talk to me and did not frown upon me nor show contempt. They regarded me as a merchant and I began to feel that I was.

Thank the Lord, now I would not have to do any more hard manual labor. No more wood chopping, no dock wolooping in the cities, no working in the harvest fields in the country, no street laboring work, no back breaking work in brickyards, etc., etc. No, all hard grafting was a thing of the past. How easy it is to be a salesman when you have something good to sell! Buying and selling is easy when you learn how. I had been put onto a good thing and I stayed with it. I had the gumption to know a good thing when I saw it.

Gussie, you did me a good turn even though you did sting

me a little! If I should meet thee, after long years, how shall I greet thee? With a kick in the pants, but only in fun.

I got on quickly and famously now. I did not have to lay off here and there a few days to earn money enough to pay expenses, but could pay as I went along and lost no time. How comforting and pleasant that was! No 'boes would rob me of the signs for what good were the signs to them? They would have been unable to sell them. Thus, the signs were better than money in my purse, for the profits on the sale of one or two of them would procure me the price of a day's victuals. I was care-free now, happy as a lark and asked favors of no one. Why did I not get on to such a fine scheme before? I did not know enough, that's all.

The signs that went the best, were, "Our trusting department is on the roof, take the elevator," and "Every time you take a drink things look different." These two signs invariably created a laugh, and the latter one was interpreted by different people in different ways. Some people—women—took a bad meaning out of it and laughed to split their sides, but I couldn't see anything funny about it. However, if you want to do business with people put them in good humor, and make them laugh; then you are almost sure to sell them something. That was my experience. I let people laugh and be happy and laughed with them. No one ever fired me out of their place for being too fresh, although I laughed too loud sometimes and talked too much. I did like to get in among the people, though, to see them, to talk to them and to study their ways. It was an education to me and a profitable one, too.

I got along over the road very fast now. Before many days had elapsed I had traversed the whole of Wyoming and then I got to Nebraska. I stopped between trains in such towns, as Sydney, Julesburg, North Platte, Kearney, Grand Island, Fremont, etc., and from the latter place I performed a daring feat one night.

Fremont is on the eastern border of Nebraska, not very far from the state line, which is formed by the Big Muddy—

the Missouri River. On its border lies Omaha, and opposite is Council Bluffs, the end of the Union Pacific railroad division. I was anxious to get to Council Bluffs that night, nor did I care how I got there so that I did get there.

I waited until after dark in Fremont and then jumped a passenger train as she drew out from the station. I swung on to the platform of the last coach, and then climbed on top of it where I lay down and was whisked along at a lively rate. A keen night-wind soon began to blow, and finally blew so strong that I positively could not stand it. It went through me like a knife and searched my very vitals. I became numb and was in danger of rolling off, so I concluded to climb down. This was no easy task. Finally I accomplished it and went inside the car where I sat down in a vacant seat near the door.

Bye-and-bye when the conductor came through the train for tickets I concluded it was about time for me to hit the roof again. I leisurely walked out of the door and climbed on top of the car again, and after the conductor had made his rounds, down I came and again seated myself in the coach. One or two of the passengers suspected me and one of them, a young woman with a baby in her arms, informed the conductor about me. He came out on to the platform, spied me on the roof and told me sternly to come off the perch. I obeyed promptly. He told me to precede him through the train, to the baggage car. I obeyed orders (had to in fact) for the conductor was right behind me. When I got into the baggage car the conductor told the crew what I had been doing and asked them what had best be done with me?

"Fire him off!" exclaimed a baggageman.

"Knock his block off!" cried a husky-looking brakeman.

"Beat him to a frazzle," suggested another baggageman.

I shivered with apprehension. I had run up against a cruel crowd. I thought my time had come.

"What have you got in that bundle, there?" asked the conductor, pointing to the newspaper in which my signs were wrapped up, and which I carried under my arm.

"Signs, sir, which I am selling to help pay my way."

The conductor and crew examined the signs. Then they consulted, and finally the conductor said: "I'm going to let you off easy, this time. When the whistle blows for the next stop, you jump off in a hurry. If I catch you on here after that, it'll go pretty hard with you."

"All right," answered I timidly.

Accordingly, when the train slacked up I jumped off on an ash-heap and lit right side up with care. This happened on the west side of the Missouri River not far from Omaha, so I walked into Omaha and got there about midnight. It was a cold hike.

When I got into Omaha I bought a hot drink in the first saloon I came to and then hit the hay for the night.

Iowa is another wide state, a little wider even than Nebraska, and it took me nearly a week to traverse it, traveling day time and night time. When you are in a swiftly-moving train the distances out West seem great enough, but when you are beating it on a slow one they seem endless. Hundreds of miles is a long stretch, but when you are crossing states every one of which is hundreds of miles wide, the travel grows very monotonous and wearisome, and you are not very sorry when your destination is reached. That is how I felt. It seemed to me to be a coon's age since I had left Frisco, and I was now but little more than half way across the continent. This blooming continent of ours is a big one, believe me, and if you don't believe me, just you beat your way across it and find out for yourself.

I was now nearing Chicago, and the spell of the big city was coming over me. I imagined it would not be a bad plan if I remained in the Windy City a few days to rest up and recuperate. Chicago is full of theatres and amusement places and a fellow can have lots of fun if he knows where to look for it. I had been there before and was fairly well acquainted.

I landed in the burg in good shape one beautiful spring evening, and after disposing of a hearty supper, put in a

pleasant evening. The next morning, bright and early I started out selling signs.

The one that went best was "Every time you take a drink things look different," which went fairly well in the saloons, but the Chicago saloon-keepers were a cheap lot who tried to beat me down in the price. They offered me ten cents for the sign, saying that twenty-five cents was too much. Not a few declined to buy unless I came down in the price. This I would not do. Some people like to see all the money come their way; they hate to see it go from them. It seems a painful operation to some people to part with money. Considering, though, I did fairly well.

Although I was peddling without a license no one held me up, for I was trying to earn an honest living. I was not selling anything that would take the bread and butter out of anyone's mouth.

I happened to get into Clark street—the upper or lower end of it, which ever it may be termed—along which, on both sides of the street, there are clothing stores conducted by Hebrews. Any stranger who goes through that street has to run the gauntlet of their fire, for the owners of the stores, or pullers-in, stand outside and coax or drag one in. It is difficult to resist them for they are awfully persistent. One fellow grabbed me and said "can't I sell you a nice suit of clothes today?" I answered him that I was broke, but he wouldn't believe me. Evidently he had heard such tales before. I told him that I was peddling signs, grafting myself, and that I was a poor chap. "What kind of signs?" asked the merchant; "let me see dem!"

I went in and showed him the signs. He looked over them carefully, but would not buy one.

"Say, let me show you ah fine suit ah clothes," said he; ah got here ah fine suit for five dollars; for five dollars; tink of dot!"

"I ain't got no five dollars," retorted I.

"What size do you wear?" persisted the merchant.

"Damifino," said I. "It's a long time since I bought any clothes."

"I kin see dot; dot's why I want to sell you some. Here's somedings fine, und only five dollars to you, because you are a poor man. Lay down your bundle und look at der goots!"

I gently deposited my bundle containing the signs on top of a pile of clothing where I could keep my eye on them, and examined the clothes. They looked good enough, but would they wear?

"Dry 'em on! dry 'em on!" ordered the boss.

"Oh, what's the use trying 'em on? I haven't got money enough to buy 'em."

"How much have you got?"

It was none of his business, so I cocked up my chin aggressively and asked him "what would you give to know?"

"Come now, partner; I know you like dot suit; I vill let me you haf it for \$4.50."

"Nothing doing; I ain't a going to buy any clothes today, so there's no use of you wasting your time.

He saw that he was not going to make a sale so he got thundering mad and shouted, "get out of here, you dirty, lousy tramp or I trow you out!"

"Throw out nothing! You couldn't throw out one side of me, you thieving sheeny," yelled I. thoroughly exasperated.

"You want to fight mit me, you loafer you? You better get out right away quick before I trow you out."

I shed my coat and told him to come on. He called to some one in the back room so I thought discretion the better part of valor. I put on my coat again, grabbed up my bundle of signs and skipped out, the merchant and I telling each other as I went out what we thought of each, in pretty loud language.

Further down the street some more pullers-in grabbed me but I broke away from them, and told them to go to a spot a few degrees warmer than Chicago.

It was the Michigan Central that had the honor to gently waft me out of Chicago, and she used to be a pretty hard

old road to beat before the New York Central got a hold of it, but I had no trouble this time.

I jumped the blind baggage on a passenger train one beautiful night and rode as far as Detroit without getting put off, and when the train was rolled upon a huge ferry-boat that took her across the Detroit River to Windsor, Canada, I went inside a coach like a regular passenger and never batted an eye. A fellow can soon learn how to do things if he keeps his wits about him and his ears and eyes open.

At Windsor I jumped the "blind" again and then rode through a foreign country—Canada. The soil and country looks the same in Canada as it does in the United States, but everything else seems different. The railroad cars are different, and so are the engines, the stations, and everything else about the railroads. The Canadian people dress different, talk different, act different and are different in every way from United States folks, and the same may be said of the ladies, who are mighty nice, I think. They are prim, though, and will not flirt.

I enjoyed my ride through Canada very much, and not many hours afterward my train slowly rumbled across the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls. As I shall have a whole lot to say about Niagara Falls I will devote a chapter to it.

CHAPTER IX.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A lady with poetry in her soul, when she first saw Niagara Falls and the country around it, declared that it seemed to her like the world's end, and her feeling was justified, for nature does seem chaotic around there.

In the vicinity of the Falls there are whirlpools, eddying waters, steep and broken banks, the thunder of falling waters, high ascending mists and other things that seem uncanny. One will see no such things anywhere else, the wide world over. Everything does seem crude and chaotic, as if nature had been broken off there by some great forces but it was done gradually in the long ago. It was an irresistible stream of water, the Niagara River, that performed all the miracles.

There is a city at the falls called Niagara Falls, which contains, I should judge, from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, and a lively and beautiful place it is. It is full of large and elegant stores, curio shops, candy booths, fine bakeries, rooming-houses, hotels, restaurants, trolley lines that will take one around the Falls for a dollar, Ferris wheels, shoot-the-chutes, hit-the-nigger-in-the-head booths, shooting galleries, clam chowder places, hot-dog emporiums, candy booths, manufacturing establishments, fine drives, walks and many other attractions too numerous to mention. Fakery is there, too, in unlimited quantities, and if you have plenty of money in your purse they will come pretty near getting some of it.

Niagara River is a stream about half a mile wide, in parts it is very deep and it is about 100 miles long. It connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. As all the Great Lakes are connected—Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, Ontario, Erie, Georgian Bay, etc., their waters ever flow so that the Niagara

River never could run dry. It starts at Buffalo and runs on for twenty-five miles or so until it reaches the vicinity of the Falls, where a change comes over the scene. Its deep and swift-flowing waters then are divided by an island—Goat Island—along either side of which the narrowed channels rush with the speed of an express train, the waters leaping over boulders and huge rocks in a mad way, hissing, foaming, boiling, whirling and roaring at a rate to render one deaf, dumb and blind, almost. Throw anything into these waters and it will be carried off so quick that you can scarce see it go.

Near Goat Island where the river is divided there is a hill about 160 feet deep down which the whole river half a mile in width tumbles, and this constitutes the Falls. Think of it! A broad and deep river, half a mile wide, tumbling down a steep hill-side. An ordinary house when sixty feet high looks mighty high to you when you look up at it; double that height and add forty feet to it and you will get some idea what a height of 160 feet means. Imagine a whole river half a mile wide tumbling down such a height at once and then you will get an idea what Niagara Falls are like. The mass of water is so tremendous that when it strikes the rocks below, it makes a noise as of an awful loud thunder, which can be heard miles away, and the mists that arise from the thundering fallen waters ascend hundreds of feet into the air and can be seen a long distance off. What one sees and hears fills one with awe, and one wonders at the sublimity of God.

At either shore of the river are high bluffs that look down to the bottom of the hill where the waters have fallen; and these bluffs, both on the Canadian and American side have been transformed into delightful parks wherein are benches and sequestered nooks from which one can comfortably view the Falls.

By far the better view of the Falls can be obtained from the Canadian side of the river, for there the Niagara River is deepest and the volume of its waters that descend, greatest. As you walk leisurely along in the pretty park on the Cana-

dian side, views will unfold themselves to your gaze that will entrance you. Words cannot describe them. It is no wonder that people travel from remote countries to see such a wonderful sight. There are higher falls than Niagara but none that have such a volume of water.

After the river has taken its involuntary and tremendous leap over the Falls it flows on placidly enough between lofty cliffs that are nearly 200 feet high. A mile or so below the Falls it strikes what is called The Lower Rapids, where again there is a tremendous turmoil of waters which leap over rocks and other obstructions, forming whirlpools, eddies, rapids and other disturbances that are strange to witness. Along here there is a gorge through which the force of the river has cut a passage and a line of trolley cars will take one along on top of it for a small consideration. One can go by trolley, too, to Lewiston and other historic places along the river, clear to the shores of Lake Ontario. There one can take passage on a lake steamer for points in Canada.

Goat Island, which lies between Buffalo and about a mile above the Falls, is a pretty little isle a mile or two in circumference containing trees, bushes and jungle, and at almost every turn it affords romantic views of the Niagara River. The scenery is wild and pretty. Along the high banks of the river, near the Falls on the American side, extends a government reservation called Prospect Park, which is a natural forest somewhat improved artificially by well constructed walks, drives, refreshment and other public buildings. This is a favorite playground of the people. It is used as a picnic and pleasure ground and it is well patronized at all seasons of the year, but especially in the good old summer time. There are multitudes of visitors at the Falls at all times, and a million visitors a year would be a low estimate, I am sure.

There is a line of trolley cars that runs from Buffalo to the Falls, a distance of about twenty-five miles, which charges fifty cents for the round trip. Its cars are crowded almost every day in the year and over-crowded on Sundays and holidays. They bring vast numbers to the Falls. There

are various lines of railroads which have a station at the Falls, too, and embark or disembark passengers there. In fact the Falls are never dull at any season of the year, for there is something doing all the time, even in the winter, when deep snow lies on the ground and the ice is thick. Then the Falls are grandest, some people say, but as I was not there at that time of the year I cannot say as to this.

I remained at Niagara a week and had a good time. I went to see the Falls every day and they never failed to awe me. I liked best to view them from the Canadian side.

CHAPTER X.

MY BUFFALO SWEETHEART.

Buffalo is one of the handsomest cities in the United States and I will tell you why I think so, so that you may judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong.

It is situated along the Niagara River and Lake Erie and not so very far away from the Falls. That is one reason.

Its streets are broad and handsome, seeming more like boulevards than streets, for there are double rows of fine old shade trees in the driveways of many streets, rows of old trees along the sidewalks on either side of the street and the houses are set in ample grounds and are surrounded by trees, shrubs and flowers; they seem like mansions set in parks. That is reason number two.

Nearly all the residence streets are well-shaded, well-kept and well-paved and seem like boulevards rather than streets, as I said before. Delaware avenue in the summer time is more like the country than the city, for it is wide, shady and cool and one can scarcely see the mansions that stand embowered amid the trees off the street.

These are a few but not all of the reasons why I deem Buffalo a beautiful city. The main street of Buffalo, called

Main street, divides the residence from the business section and it is a fine, broad thoroughfare, miles in extent, running from the beginning of the city clear out into the country. It is lined on either side by handsome and substantial business establishments. Near its beginning, where the steamboats have their landings, and the railroads their depots, there are some vile-looking streets and evil-smelling canals, but that is the only blemish that I saw in Buffalo.

The business streets radiating from Main street are quaint and alluring and not a few of them are well-shaded, too, tall poplar trees being well in evidence (and a straight and noble tree the poplar is, with its silvery, trembling leaves). The buildings on these streets are of a unique pattern that one will not see elsewhere and they please the fancy. Along the lake front there are streets and avenues such as Porter avenue that are charming, and which afford a view of the boundless waters of Lake Erie. The waters of this lake extend to the horizon and one wonders what is beyond them. Like the sea; they mystify and awe one. There are other cities in the United States that are beautiful, such as Rochester, Cleveland, Toledo, Dunkirk, etc., but none that I have ever seen surpasses Buffalo. New York City has scarcely a tree in all its maze of streets and is not beautiful. It cannot begin to compare with Buffalo. This, however, is a matter of taste and there are people who will disagree with me. I wish them a better taste.

The people in Buffalo are as nice as they can be, as nice as their city indeed, for they have the wide and breezy ways of the West about them, and are free and companionable. Probably their beautiful surroundings influence their disposition, for environment sometimes does do that.

Along the lower part of Main street near the railroad depots and boat landings, there are any number of restaurants, saloons, fruit and other stores, and it was in that locality my signs sold best. They went like buckwheat cakes on a cold morning, and there was no beating down in the price either. The people were making money and were willing

to let some of it go. Good people! Up near Ellicott Square I went into a high toned candy store which was presided over by one of the prettiest blonde girls I had ever seen. She looked over my signs carefully and laughed immoderately at some of them. I fell in love with her at first sight and she knew it. You can't fool a girl very much in matters of that kind. As there were no customers in the store at the time the young lady and I had quite a chat. She was slight and slender, had golden hair, blue eyes, pretty features and a charming manner. I am very partial to blondes, for I am a brunette myself, but I do not despise charming girls of any complexion or hue. I introduced myself to the young lady, told her a great deal about myself and begged the privilege of taking a stroll with her on the morrow, which luckily happened to be Sunday. She was willing, so an appointment was made then and there. Wasn't I in luck? The beauty's front name was Rose, but what her last name is don't matter.

Did I call on her? Yes, indeed I did, and was well received, too. We strolled out to Porter Park, sat on a bench facing the mysterious waters of the lake (Erie), and chatted; I took her hand in mine, pressed it, and took the liberty to inform her that I loved her. She did not get angry; on the contrary, she smiled. I wound my arm around her waist and pressed her to me. She must have liked it for she did not resent it. She turned her lips up to mine to be kissed, and they were sweeter than honey. How I did kiss that girl, how ardent and impetuous I became I am ashamed to say, but Rose was game and met me half way. She seemed to fancy me all right.

"How do you like Buffalo?" asked Rose, after a breathing spell from kissing and hugging.

"It is a grand place," answered I! "I would like to live here."

"Why don't you?" asked she.

"How can I?" asked I; "you know what my plans are and that I shall have to leave here soon, but while I do stay I'd like to see more of you. May I?"

"Yes," murmured she.

"Will you take a moonlight ride over to Crescent Beach with me tomorrow night?" asked I.

"Yes, I will," replied she with slight hesitation.

My heart fluttered with joy for Rose was built just right for love, for though a Venus of a fragile sort, yet she was strong and could be as tender as strong. Ours was a case of Venus and Adonis, only I am not an Adonis.

Fair Rose and I found love to be as sweet as Venus and Adonis ever did, and we met as often as we could. We went over to Crescent Beach on a cosy little lake steamer—fare twenty-five cents the round trip—and sought out the darkest corner of the boat, where we made love to our heart's content, but our hearts never were contented for we would be hand-in-hand, ogling and kissing each other all the time. We never tired of the exercise. Let me say right here, though, that Rosie was a virtuous girl and would not permit me to take any liberties with her. For this I loved her all the more. She was a sweet and tender girl, and, ye Gods! how she did love to be hugged and kissed! Finally she gave me a few kisses in return. How modest and sweet they were! There surely is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. It is a glimpse of heaven, of pure and unadulterated bliss! Its joys are sweeter than any other—ecstatic.

The dear girl and I met as often as possible and that was every evening, for we were both at work during the day, Rose in the candy store and I at sign selling. It was an awful wrench for us to part but it had to be done finally. The last evening we were together I said to Rose, "we shall have to part tomorrow, sweetheart."

"Oh, don't go; don't leave me," implored the girl with tears in her eyes.

"You know I must go; I hate to leave you but duty compels me."

Rose snivelled and I felt like crying myself, but I could not do so.

"I'll come to see you when I return from the old country. I suppose you'll be right here in Buffalo. I'll tell the conductor

to 'put me off at Buffalo,'" said I, repeating the words of a song well known to many, in a sort of jocular way. Many endearing things did I say to the sweet girl, and amid tears, hugs and kisses, we parted.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YORK CITY.

New York got my goat. It has millions of inhabitants but it is about as lonely a city as you will find the world over if you have no friends there. The people are all so busy trying to get along, to make both ends meet, that they have little time to talk to you or to care much about you. Each for himself and the devil for all, seems to be the prevailing way of feeling there, though the people are by no means heartless. It is just their way. There are other places like New York in that respect.

I landed in the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second street and Fourth avenue, when I struck New York, and as soon as I stuck my nose out of the depot I felt that I had landed in a frigid town. A crowd of people rushed one way and a bigger crowd the other way, making a fellow wonder where they all came from and where they were going. Some entered cabs and were driven away; others entered street cars, and not a few walked. I walked.

Every one of the crowd seemed to know where he or she was going, but I did not, for I was a stranger in the city and knew not which way to go. I stood on the broad plaza in front of the railroad depot for a few moments kind of bewildered and not knowing which way to turn.

As my means were limited I could not afford to mix in with rich people, so I wondered which direction to take to get where people of my own class lived. I did not like to stop any one to ask questions for the very look they gave me as

they passed, hinted that they had not the time to answer questions. I did not like to take the chances of being snubbed.

"Chicago is kind of a cold place, Windy, but this place has got it skinned," said I to myself. "You've run up against a cold crowd. This will have to be your abiding place for awhile, though, old man, so, you might as well try to make the best of it. Keep your eyes and ears open and keep mum." These were some of my thoughts but not all.

I strolled down Fourth avenue to Thirty-fourth street, but everything looked far too swell for a poor son-of-a-gun like me. "You're out of your beat, Windy; get off it!" says I. I walked down Thirty-fourth street to Eighth avenue, and as Eighth avenue did not seem to be as swell as some of the other streets I had passed, I walked along this avenue northward. Both sides of this thoroughfare were wriggling and squirming with people, and such crowds I never saw before. Although the sidewalks were broad, there was hardly elbow-room for the throngs which were traveling in both directions. Did you ever disturb an ant hill and see how the little creatures rushed back and forth in masses? That is how the masses of people on Eighth avenue seemed to me. There never was an ant hill, though that contained a tithe of the number of creatures that Eighth avenue did.

I mixed with the push and wended my way slowly up-town, taking in the sights as I walked. All the people seemed well-dressed, in a metropolitan style of their own, and walked along without deigning to glance at one, hardly. They seemed intent and distant. In the midst of no throng did I ever feel so lonely.

Eighth avenue is built up solidly for miles with brick or stone structures that are three or four stories in height and have rather an old-time and old-fashioned appearance. Nearly every structure consists of a basement, or cellar, with a store above it on the ground-floor, and above the store, dwelling apartments.

The stores are fitted up fine and the show windows alluringly. All the show windows are crammed with goods labeled

enticingly to coax the money out of one's pocket and it is awful hard to resist. The bakeries allure one and so do the candy stores, the delicatessen stores, the groceries, the dry goods, hat, boot and shoe, clothing and other stores. Had I had plenty of money in my purse, it would have been awfully hard to keep it there. Oh, those candy stores, those bakeries, those delicatessen stores! How my teeth did water as I threw a fleeting glance into them; but the mob, biast it, wouldn't give me a chance to stop and look. I had to keep a moving or else be shoved or elbowed aside.

Above Forty-second (and below it, too), I came upon the "Coon" section of New York, and there I saw more "culled pussons" to the inch than I had ever seen to the mile anywhere else. Chicago is the proud possessor of a few coons, but it seems to me that there are a hundred in New York to ten in "Chi." Coons till you can't rest on Eighth avenue, whichever way you turn, and every mother's son and daughter of them is dressed to kill, and feels in every way superior to "de white trash," whom they look down on. Do you think a black lady or "gemmen" will step aside for you on Eighth avenue? Not much. It is for you to step aside, and if you do not you will be elbowed.

It makes one stare to see the style some of these colored people put on, and I wondered where all the money came from to feed and clothe them. Many of the stores along the avenue cater to the darky trade, and few of them turn it down. Some white restaurants are patronized wholly by coons and do a roaring trade.

I was getting tired by this time and hungry and thirsty as well, so I concluded to seek out some restaurant or a saloon. I concluded that a saloon would be the best place for me, for there I could eat, drink and rest.

It did not take me long to find a saloon for they are thick enough on Eighth avenue, and I noticed one at a corner which had gaudy and elaborate signs over it, a highly artistic front of plate and cut-glass, and brightly painted panels, etc. I stepped in and found myself in a large apartment that had a

marble floor, elaborately carved counters, recherche glassware on a back-bar; opposite the bar there was a long counter which was covered with a handsome white table cloth on which stood huge bowls containing bread, cheese, tripe, bologna and other kinds of sausage; clams, steaming soups, radishes, pickles, etc., a layout to make a hungry man's teeth water.

I valiantly strode up to the bar and to the bartender murmured, "a schooner, please!" Like a flash the bartender set a huge glass of foaming, sparkling beer before me. It looked good to me. The price was only five cents—cheap as water, almost.

I walked over to the free lunch counter slowly and deliberately, grabbed a fist-full of cheese and some bread and then walked back to my beer where I slowly ate and drank. Then I carried my beer over to the lunch counter and I tackled everything on the bill of fare in turn, and not in such very small quantities either. The beer tasted so delicious that I ordered another schooner and at the same time I paid my very best respects to the lunch counter. I ate so much that I began to bloat and became ashamed of myself. For ten cents I ate and drank as much as I could hold. After I had eaten and drank I pulled forth my pipe, loaded her up and went into the rear room where I sat down, rested and smoked. I did not care to look at a newspaper just then, although there were plenty of them there for the use of patrons. It was astonishing to see the business done in this establishment. The swinging doors were never still a moment, for there were people constantly passing in and out. Several bar-keepers were kept on the jump behind the bar and the free lunch counter attendant had all he could attend to, dealing out soup and clams, and replenishing empty dishes.

Truly it was a rare study in human nature to watch the throngs in this place but not an edifying one by any means, for the majority of the patrons of the place were loafers, bums, tough-nuts and criminals. It did not take me long to find that out, for the manner, ways and speech of these people

revealed their disposition. Tough-nuts they were, nearly all of them, and many of them Tenth avenue loafers at that—very hard citizens.

After I had rested sufficiently I emerged from the drink palace and strolled further up the Avenue toward Central Park. After walking a few blocks a fearful thirst assailed me and I began to spit cotton. I tried to figure out what had come over me and concluded it must have been the free lunch, which had been well salted. I concluded to quench my abnormal thirst with an ice cream soda. That is not a bad remedy for such a malady. Into a palatial candy store I stepped where ice cream and soda were on tap at all hours of the day and far into the night. There I had a huge schooner of ice cream soda for only five cents. My, it was delicious! A fellow can live like a fighting-cock in New York for little or no money, and maybe that is why such multitudes are content to abide there and could not be driven out of it. There one can get the best of everything at a low price. This fact explains much—means volumes. That is why New York is such an over-grown place, maybe.

I walked up to Central Park, which is a world-famous pleasure ground about two and a half miles long by about a mile wide, and near its Eighth avenue entrance sat down on a bench to rest and to view the passing throngs. Carriages, automobiles and all kinds of vehicles rolled by and the paths were thronged with pedestrians. The people were of all nationalities; and such a well-dressed mob it was! No one looked shabby, for every one put on a front of some kind, and some put on a whole lot of it, too. You'd think they were millionaires, to see them, but maybe they were only waiters or dish-washers. It don't cost much to put on style in New York City, apparently, for a little money can be made to go a long way, and a whole lot of credit is probably extended.

It is easy to live in New York if you know how, but how some people live is a mystery known only to themselves. These were some of the thoughts that flitted through my brain as I sat and observed the passing crowd in vehicles and afoot.

A good many of the "pedustrians" (as I heard a darky call pedestrians) were "on the mash," that is to say, they were in the park "to pick-up something," as they termed it, ~~in~~ the shape of an affinity. There were plenty of both sexes to pick-up and to be picked-up. The New Yorkers are on to themselves and know how many beans make five.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRIETTA.

Byron in his Hebrew Melodies has said that:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies—"

What beautiful thoughts these are and how charmingly expressed! Byron's thoughts—at least some of them—are like diamonds; they sparkle and scintillate in a manner to dazzle the beholder. This matchless poet has described in verse, scenes of Italy, Greece, Spain and other countries in a manner that no other writer has surpassed, even in prose, for more beautiful language never was written. Take the single line "cloudless climes and starry skies." What a world of meaning and description it implies! In a truthful and comprehensive way it fairly describes Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Florida, California and other semi-tropical climes where the skies are ever blue and the sun smiling. In such climes one can sit beneath a vine or fig tree and contemplate the beauties of nature.

Poetry has filled my soul, neighbor, as you see. It was not Byron's poetry that filled me up and made me spill over, but the sight of a beauteous creature, a maiden. Don't blame me, please.

Let me try to unbosom myself intelligently. After I had arisen from the bench where I had been sitting, I walked along

the well-kept pathway into the park, feeling happy and gay; for it was the late spring season of the year, verging on to June, when the essence of hope permeates the empyrean when the trees and flowers are in full leaf and when all nature is garbed in her newest and prettiest dress. Then one is full of joy, of hope and of happiness. Many people passed by me, chatting and laughing in a gay manner, some in groups, some singly and some in pairs, but one young lady who drew near me and who was all alone, attracted my attention at once.

She was a girl a little above the medium height, rather slender and graceful as a fawn. She wore a form-fitting dark velvet dress, upon which was sewed in semi-circular fashion from the centre of the shoulder to the waist, a number of large white buttons which were about the size of a dollar; from the waist down to the hem of the dress, extended a straight row of similar buttons, which formed a continuous line and presented a unique effect. Upon her small and shapely head sat a straw Gainsborough hat which was turned up at the side, and her long, slender arms and hands were encased in long gloves.

The girl's hair was luxuriant and dark, her eyes were black, her features small, her face was oval in shape and her complexion of an olive hue. Her form was lithe, yet fully rounded and her breasts were small, firm and round. Had she carried a bow in her hand and a quiver of arrows slung across her shoulder she might have passed for Diana, the Goddess of hunting.

Almost every one who saw her turned to look at her the second time and stared at her; but whether it was because of her unusual style of beauty or because of the foreign style of her dress, I do not know. The girl threw a glance at me as she approached and I was a goner at once. I lost my heart. My heart went pit-a-pat and I blushed, but I had the temerity to raise my hat to the young lady in salutation. She acknowledged the salute with a bow and a smile. "Faint heart never won a fair lady," thinks I, so I stepped up to the

beauty and entered into a conversation with her, and she was kind enough to tolerate it.

With her permission I directed her footsteps back into the park from which she was about to emerge, and chatted with her, feeling as proud and happy as a lord. She told me, among other things that her father and mother were natives of Hungary, in Austria, but that she was American born. She also told me that her name was Henrietta. She talked English perfectly and was American and right up-to-date in all respects, though it was plainly to be seen that she had also rather a bizarre, Magyar taste. She graciously gave me leave to become her cavalier and consented to be my chaperon, for I had informed her that I was a stranger in New York City. She laughingly told me that she would try to lose me somewhere. We wended our footsteps to the Mall, which is a broad, leafy avenue lined with statues, and underneath which there is a refreshment place where ice cream, sandwiches, cakes, coffee, soda water and other light refreshments are sold. This refreshment place is under a wagon bridge and has chairs and tables outside of it where those so inclined may sit and eat or drink.

Henrietta and I sat down at one of the little tables, the cynosure of all eyes, and had an ice. What sweet nothings we said to each other and how happy we were! Later on we took a boat ride on a charming little lake near by, in a gondola; the gondola being propelled by an Irishman dressed up as a Venetian. As we were rowed around the lake I noticed some sequestered and secluded little arbors down near the water's edge, with rustic seats in them, that were admirably fitted for love-making. I concluded then and there that after our boat ride was over I would steer the lovely Henrietta into one of these love bowers. And I did, too, and she was nothing loth. Love was our theme. The lovely Henrietta was built for love, for to her love was life, joy—everything. Existence to her was nought but a dream of love; all else beside was nothing. Her breath was sweet as a babe's, her soul full of fire, her form supple and yielding as a willow

wand, and her lips were made to be kissed. She liked to be kissed. Every other moment she would throw herself back into my arms and put up her lips. She brought to my memory the lines inscribed by Lord Byron to Ellen, which run thus:

“Oh, might I kiss those eyes of fire
 A million scarce could quench desire;
 Still would I steep my lips in bliss
 And dwell an age on every kiss;
 Nor then my soul should sated be,
 Still would I kiss and cling to thee.
 Though the number did exceed
 The golden harvest's countless seed,
 Still would I kiss and cling, forever;—
 Can I desist? Ah never, never!”

Henrietta volunteered to show me the latest style of New York kiss. She asked me to throw my head back, to turn my eyes upward toward the skies and then she pecked at my lips quickly and often, as does a dove when picking up seeds. She asked me how I liked the style and I responded that it was delicious, but that I liked the old-fashioned way the best. I declared that to fold her sinuous form in a tight and loving embrace and to cling and embrace, suited me best.

Oh, what a spring day of love and happiness we put in! Such days in a life-time are few and rare. Oh, why cannot such happiness last always? In this life, it is joy, then sorrow; light, then shade. Alas!

Henrietta and I afterward explored the near by caves and grottoes in the park; we sought out other retired spots and there we continued our love-making. Henrietta was a game-bird and never tired of love-making; but she would let me go just so far and no further.

A year or two after our meeting in the park I happened to be in New York and met Henrietta by accident on the street. She was married then and had grown so stout that she had become unwieldy. The contrast to what she had been

was so great that it almost staggered me. I hope she has a dozen kids running around by this time. If she has not, she ought to have, for New York likes to have its population increase.

CHAPTER XIII.

I SECURE A JOB.

I found the grafting in New York too hard for me. For a day or two I tried to sell signs—I forgot to say that I had left the signs securely tied up in a bundle in the baggage-room at the Grand Central Depot—but, it was up-hill work, for no one was willing to pay twenty-five cents for a sign, intimating to me that twenty-five cents a dozen would be a more reasonable price. This discouraged me, so I concluded to find work of some kind, if I could. That was no easy matter, however, for, although there were plenty of jobs to be had, there was a mob after each one. A "help wanted" advertisement in a newspaper usually would bring applicants by the hundreds. I concluded that the wisest thing for me to do would be to go from place to place in quest of work, for the worst that could happen to me would be to be turned down; and if by any chance there was a job of some kind vacant I could step in to it right away without any loss of time.

I made up my mind to try the hotels at first, as they employ a great deal of unskilled help, such as yardman, pantryman, assistant waiters (called omnibusses), assistant stewards, assistant porters and the like. I started in at the Astor House, away down on Broadway, and called at every hotel of any size or consequence as far up as Thirty-fourth street, but I met with no success. I was treated with civility wherever I went but was told in every place that they were full-handed, or that they were sorry to say there was no opening. I did not despair, however. I set out again on my

quest the following morning, and after calling at several places, stepped into a catering establishment on Fifth avenue, which is one of the largest and most famous in the country. Although not a hotel, this establishment is contained in a building several stories in height and supplies banquets and parties on the outside or inside. That is to say, if you desire to give a party or banquet at your home, this caterer will supply all the eatables, drinkables, waiters, etc., for the occasion; or, if you wish to give the party or banquet at the rooms of the caterer, you can do so, for he has banquet-rooms, a ball-room, dining-room, etc., in his establishment, sufficient to keep several banquets or parties going at the same time.

In the basement of this large and commodious building are situated the store-rooms, in which are glassware and crockeryware in barrels and crates; groceries, stores and staples of all sorts; the office of the steward and his assistant; a business office, lumber-room and the like. On the floor above, fronting on Fifth avenue will be found a candy store which can be entered from the street, and in which are for sale the choicest of candies, bon bons, favors, etc., which are sold at retail and are made on the premises, for this establishment employs only the best artists in the culinary, baking, and confectionery line.

On the floor above this—the second story—are numerous private dining-rooms, which can be connected or disconnected, as occasions require; and on the third story are large banquet halls and the ball-room. The fourth floor contains spacious and immaculate kitchens which are presided over by an army of chefs and assistants, all of whom are thorough, for they have served a long time at their trade and could not hold a job in that establishment if they were not so. There are vegetable cooks, pastry cooks, meat cooks, boilers, roasters, sauce and pudding makers, etc., and their assistants.

On the top story there are dormitories for the housekeeper and her maids, who keep the house in order, clean up, sweep, dust, etc. There is half a dozen or more of these female servants. The waiters, omnibusses, porters, cooks and other

male help do not sleep on the premises, but room outside, wherever they choose. Among the other help required in this huge caravansary is a window-cleaner whose duty it is to keep every window in the building as bright and shiny as a new dollar. Another man polishes up the brass work around the gas-jets, chandeliers, etc.

I don't know what happened to the window-cleaner that morning, but he did not show up, and as the work had to be done, I was given his job when I applied for it, for had I not been on the spot to apply for it, the manager would have sent for a hand from somewhere. I was given a trial at twenty-five dollars a month and board, and was told that if I did my work right I would have a steady job. I was told just what I would have to do and was shown how the windows were to be cleaned, which was by washing them with hot water, then drying them with newspapers and afterward polishing them with a chamois.

The work was easy—dead easy. I did not have to polish up every window in the establishment every day, but as many as I cared to do. In fact there were so many of them that it took me a week to finish from cellar to attic. I worked from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. and it was the softest snap in the way of a job I had ever struck, and I have worked at many. I polished a window slowly and carefully and no one ever said a word to me, for I was practically my own master. The house-keeper was my superior, and as she saw no windows that looked bad, she said nothing to me.

The board was extra fine; in fact it was a trifle too rich for a poor man. There was roast goose, chicken, duck, game of all sorts for dinner every day; oysters, rich sauces and gravies; pastries, pies, wines, etc., all of which were left-over vituals from banquets, parties, etc., and we certainly lived off the fat of the land. Sometimes on a morning I would go into a banquet-room that had not yet been ridded up and stuff my pockets with the most delicious of candies and cakes, but these rich things soon began to cloy. In fact, all the help preferred the plainest of viands and had long ago tired of the

rich kinds. One young Irish lad who had but recently landed from the old country was taken on by Teddy, the porter, as an assistant to him, and at dinner one day a dish of potato salad with mayonnaise dressing was set before him. He tasted it, spit it out contemptuously and complained angrily that he could not eat cold potatoes. He wanted them hot. Such stuff wasn't fit for a dog, he declared.

I held this job down for about three months and saved all the money I could, for I had made up my mind to pay my way across to Europe on a liner. I saw a good deal of New York during those three months, for I got off at five o'clock every evening and the days were long. I familiarized myself with the city as much as I could. After my work was finished I would usually go to my room for a little while, to indulge in a wash and clean up, for I always tried to be neat and clean in my person, and then I would take a stroll to see the sights of the great city. Often I would take a Third avenue car and ride out to Fort George for a nickel—a distance of ten miles or more; at another time I would go to Coney Island, one of the liveliest and dizziest summer resorts on the American continent today; or I would go to South Beach, Bowery Bay, Staten Island, Jamaica, Canarsie, Fort Hamilton, Bath Beach, Central Park, Bronx Park, the Aquarium down at the Battery, the Museum in Central Park West, etc.

On a Sunday, which was a day off for me, I would cross over to the New Jersey side and visit Bayonne, Hoboken, Newark, Harrison, Kearney, the Orange Mountains or the pretty towns in their vicinity; or take a boat ride in a fine, large steamboat up the Hudson River, a stream noted for its picturesque scenery. I took a trip to Long Branch one day, on a cosy steamboat, which was about as interesting a sail as I ever took, for the scenery along the Shrewsbury River is incomparable in beauty and variety.

Although New York itself is not very pretty, its surroundings are, and the poor can visit a thousand and one places in and around New York at a trifling expense. Little old New York, even if she is a "step-lively" town and full

of bloated millionaires and bond-holders, is not so bad a place to live in when once you get acquainted there and have learned the ropes. A great many people don't like New York because it is purse-proud, they say, and they also say that one is considered a mere nobody if he has no money. There may be some truth in this, but if one stays in one's own class in New York, the rich will not bother one. What if they do turn up their nose at you and regard you with a pitying or contemptuous stare, you need not mind. A stock phrase in New York is, "Where did he get it?" (his wealth). A foreign lady who visited New York gave her impressions of that city to a New York newspaper, which published the article. As every one is entitled to his or her opinions, I will republish those of the foreign lady here, although I am not responsible for her opinions.

"New York? It is a wonderful city, a very big city, but I do not think a very nice city. You think of nothing but money. In the day time you think of making it; in the night time of spending it. And your pleasures, or what you call your pleasures, are just as intense as your business. Is that pleasure? I do not think so. I have not seen much happiness in New York. You try so hard to get it. You do not let it come of itself."

The speaker was a concert singer, a Belgian lady; vivacious, cultured, and acquainted with most of the capitals of Europe. She continued:

"You are always striving. Nearly everybody in New York has the automobile face—or shall we say the New York face—always striving, never content. And then, some day you die—and of what use is the striving? Why not be happy now, like the Italians, or the French, or the Germans? Not here, but in their own countries. Go to Europe if you would see happy faces. They have not such high buildings as in New York, but they have happiness, which is worth more.

"It does not seem to do the people good to have these high buildings. The people in New York—no, I do not like them. In Mexico where I have been, and where I am going

now, the people are gentlemen. A man may be poor and clad in rags, but he carries his rags with grace. He has a native dignity, a courtesy that you do not seem to know at all in New York—not at all. You would think it a terrible thing to be deprived of electric lights or any other material thing. Is it not more terrible to be deprived of gentleness and courtesy? In no city in the world is a stranger subjected to such brusqueness and rudeness as in New York. Is that a symptom of civilization? I do not think so. You have many lofty buildings but the character of the people, that is not lofty.

“Oh, yes; I know that in New York are many charming people. I have met many of them. But I speak of the mass—the people in the street, in the shops, on the cars. These are the people whom the stranger meets in New York, or Berlin, or Vienna, or any city, and it is on this basis that the city must be what you call, sized up.”

CHAPTER XIV.

STEERAGE TO GLASGOW.

It was a red hot morning in the month of August when I boarded a street car and rode down Broadway toward Bowling Green to see what kind of announcements there were in the steamship offices as regards a trip to Europe. I had thrown up my “yob,” had saved a little money and was now ready to purchase a ticket for the old country. Steamship offices in lower Broadway and along Bowling Green are numerous, in fact that is where the majority of them are located, but the vessels themselves are berthed in piers along the Hudson River. In the vicinity of Bowling Green are situated the offices of steamship lines that sell tickets for London direct, Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, Southampton, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Fishguard, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and other dams;

to Genoa, Paris, Havre, Trieste; Hamburg, Bremen—and in fact to so many other places that a fellow gets bewildered and hardly knows where to go. As I could not speak a foreign language I deemed it best to go to some country where I could understand what people said to me and who could understand what I said to them. This would avoid foreign complications, I thought.

I stood in front of the Cunard office carefully studying the alluring posters which displayed pictures of their ships and gave general information as to sailing dates, etc. As I stood there intently studying the posters, a bum sidled up to me and asked, "Say, mister, are you thinking of going to Yerrup?" I looked at him from head to foot and asked him, "what do you want to know for?"

"Who, me?" replied he, slightly taken aback and taking time to gather his wits; "oh, I'm connected with a steamship office around on Greenwich street. We can sell you a ticket to any part of Yerrup you want to go to, and mighty cheap, too. Come along with me?"

"Not on your life," said I. "Did I tell you I wanted to go to Europe?"

"No, you didn't, but we sell tickets mighty cheap, cheaper than the steamship companies."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said I, a little bit interested but suspicious of the fellow, who didn't look at all good to me, "how cheap?"

"Aw, that depends on where you want to go to. Say, mister, let me tell you something," said he earnestly and confidentially, and with a business-like air; "we kin sell you a ticket to Glasgow in Scotland, on the Anchor line, mighty cheap—in the steerage, and that is one of the finest trips in the world. The boats 'll take you past England, Ireland and Scotland, and show you some mighty fine scenery. Come with me; I'll fit you out in a jiffy."

"What's a steerage ticket to Glasgow worth?" asked I.

"Only thirty dollars," replied he; "and you'll get the best

of grub, a good bed to sleep in and be over in Yerrup in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

"That's faster than I want to go," retorted I.

"Well, mister, the Anchor liners ain't so fast as some of de odders, but they kin go at a pooty good clip, I'm a-telling you; you won't be on the boat long." This was said enthusiastically.

There was a suspicion deep down in my heart that I would not see much of Europe if I bought a ticket from this chap, so I told him, decidedly and emphatically, that I would see him later. He slunk away much disappointed.

What he had told me about the Anchor line, appealed to me. I sought out that line and found it situated on Broadway not far away. The steerage office was in the basement of the building, with a broad flight of stone steps leading down to it. I reconnoitered it carefully from the outside, read the sailing announcements, prices, etc., and then I timidly went down stairs and entered the office.

The office was low and dingy, but snug, having a long counter at either side, on which was disposed sea literature, pamphlets, booklets and circulars pertaining to foreign countries, ships, etc. Two or three clerks were in the office. As I stepped up to a counter a dapper young man glided up to me and remarked. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" He was pretty cocky and self sufficient, and his manner did not please me.

"Oh, I don't know as you can do anything for me," answered I, rather huffily. "I merely stepped in to find out the price of a ticket to Glasgow in Scotland."

"Oh," exclaimed he, in rather an apologetic manner, "cabin or steerage?"

"Steerage, of course; I'm no John Jacob Astor or Vanderbilt." The lah-de-dah young clerk displayed a sort of grin and then got off the following harrangue, parrot-like, as if he knew the speech by heart:

"We can take you to Glasgow for twenty-eight dollars. You will have a good berth, good food and plenty of it; up-

to-date sleeping conveniences; and you will reach Glasgow ten days after leaving here. The Furnessia, our next ship, sails Saturday, at 10 a. m., from her pier at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street. Do you want a ticket?"

I cogitated for a moment. "Yes, give me a ticket," exclaimed I impulsively.

In a jiffy the young man opened a drawer, pulled forth a long ticket, slapped it down on the counter and then began to ask questions. He wanted to know my name, where I was born, my father and mother's name, if I were married or single, my occupation, age, what I intended to do in the old country, how long I contemplated staying there, and a few other leading questions, all of which he wrote down and then handed me the ticket, first getting the money, however. I took the ticket, folded it up and carefully placed it in my pocket. As I turned to go, the young clerk said to me, "Remember, please, foot of Twenty-fourth street, the Furnessia, Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. You want to be there on time or you'll get left!"

"Don't you worry about me getting left, old man; I'll be there on time all right," retorted I. The young fellow said no more. Was I happy, now that I had secured my ticket? I was not. Dire forebodings began to assail me. As I had never been on the ocean, I wondered whether I would be seasick. No doubt I would be. What was sea-sickness like? Would it hurt a fellow? What would my reception be in the old country. Would I be received with open arms or clapped into jail? Billy had told me that an impecunious stranger didn't stand much of a show in England. I had about fifteen dollars remaining in my inside pocket after paying for my ticket, and that would see me through for a while anyway, I thought, until I could get my bearings. I was uneasy, though, I hardly know why. I had never left my native shore before, and was I wise in thinking of doing so now? Was I going on a mere wild-goose chase? What kind of experiences had fate in store for me? These and other thoughts floated through my brain and rendered me apprehensive and nervous.

This was Thursday. The vessel was to sail on Saturday, giving me two days' time to pack up. I didn't require two minutes time to pack up, for there was nothing to pack. All that I proposed to take with me were the clothes on my person and nothing more. Not even a valise, hand-satchel, or anything else. I like to fly "light," when I travel and don't like to be encumbered any more than is necessary. That has always been my method. There was bedding, grub and utensils on board the vessel, so what more did I need? Nothing, that I could see. Friday night was the last one I spent ashore, and I lay awake in my bed tossing nearly all night, for visions of disaster kept floating through my noddle.

When the sun arose, I arose with it and went forth into the fresh air and sunlight, where I soon began to feel a little more cheerful. After walking leisurely through the deserted streets of New York for awhile—it was very early—I became hungry, and stepped into a restaurant where I had a good, square meal.

Slowly, and deeply absorbed-like, I walked down the long streets to the foot of Twenty-fourth street, where the Anchor line pier is situated. The pier is several hundred feet long and entirely roofed over. In front of it is a huge double gateway for teams, and beside it a smaller one for passengers. I was about to walk through the passenger gateway when an official stepped up to me and asked me where I was going.

"To Glasgow," responded I.

"Let me see your ticket," requested he. I let him see it. "All right!" exclaimed he.

In I went without further parley.

• The Furnessia was there, moored alongside her wharf. A good deal of freight was still being run on board of her and there were huge piles of baggage, too, alongside, awaiting shipment. Very soon the steerage passengers began to arrive in squads. To look at them you would think that they were marquis, dukes and counts, for all of them were dressed to kill.

Oh, the style of them! What do people who travel steer-

age want to put on lugs for? thought I; they are only third-raters.

There was a vast throng of them and still they kept a-coming. The first and second class passengers kept a-rolling up in cabs, carriages and other vehicles; the scene was noisy and lively enough.

There were two passenger gangways running up to the ship, one near the bows and the other near the stern; the one at the bow being for steerage passengers and the one at the rear for first and second-class. The first and second-class passengers would not deign to mix with third raters, not if they knew it. They held aloof from them and yet some of the steerage passengers might have been better folk than they. Money makes quite a difference on ocean liners, as on shore. A chain was slung across the steerage gangway until the boat was nearly ready to leave, barring the steerage passengers from going on board the vessel, but the first and second-class passengers could go aboard at any old time. When the chain was unfastened from the steerage gangplank there was a mighty rush upward, of men, women and children. Such a shouting, yelling, slipping and scrambling there was; reminding me of cattle-loading out West. The scenes were brisk and no mistake. Did I mix in with the push? To be sure I did, and held my own, too.

When I got to the top of the gangplank a waiter in a white see-more jacket and peaked cap whispered to me: "Are you a single or married man?" The cheek of him! I asked him what he wanted to know for, whereupon he got huffy immediately and exclaimed: "Here, young man, don't give me no sarce. I want tu know if ye're married or single?" Maybe he had a reason for asking the question, so I made reply, "single!"

"That's the way to talk," said the mollified steward. "You go forward to the single men's quarters."

"Where's that?" queried I.

"Forward to the main hatch," replied he.

I did not know the main hatch from a chicken hatch, but I went forward just the same. After picking my way over anchors, chains, trunks, valises, hat-boxes, bandboxes and a few other impediments, I came upon a big square hole, down which several sailors were slinging things by means of a rope. During an interval from hoisting, I stepped up to a good-natured looking sailor and asked him where the main hatch was.

"It's in the fo' castle," replied he, with a wink at his mates; "do you want it?"

"No, I don't," replied I; "I'm looking for the quarters for the single men."

"Oh, that's the lay, is it? Why didn't you say so before? What was you askin' for the main hatch for? You goes forward till you finds a companionway, down which you goes; see?" I heard but I did not see. I did not know what a companionway was, nor had I ever heard of such a thing, but a fellow can learn a whole lot if he keeps his eyes and ears open. That is what I did; kept my eyes and ears open, and when I got to the forward part of the ship, which is called the bows, I noticed a stairway enclosed in a framework of wood, with a sliding hood or cover on top of it, which led below. Down it some of the steerage passengers were going. I followed them and went down the stairway, which was almost straight up and down, and had brass plates on each step to prevent one from slipping, and ropes instead of balustrades. The stairway seemed like a ladder to me, but maybe it was good enough for lone bucks who travel in the steerage.

I had gone about half way down, when an odor came up that almost asphyxiated me. I had smelled some queer things in my day before, such as stale onions, decaying steers and the like, but this odor was totally unlike anything I had ever smelled. I can't define it, but it was a mighty subtle and penetrating one. It grabbed me by the throat and rendered me helpless. A dizziness came over me which compelled me suddenly to sit down on a step, my hand clutching the rail

for support. I began to chew and spit as if I were chewing tobacco. Suddenly a lump rose in my throat and I became so weak at the stomach that I did not think I had any stomach at all. I began to heave up my breakfast then at a great rate. Oh, what a sick man I was! I had never been sick that way before, for my stomach had never gone back on me like that. The heart had been taken clean out of me; I became as weak as a cat and you could have knocked me down with a feather. Some of the passengers, as they came down, looked at me and grinned, and probably thought it a good joke. Their heartlessness aggravated me and I cursed them in my heart. Maybe you'll get a dose of the same thing, said I to myself.

I sat there a-grunting and a-groaning, unable to go up or down, and felt as if I wanted to die, for the straining and retching racked my frame in a horrible way.

I expected that I was going to die and I didn't care a rap whether I did or not. Some people when they grow seasick, get sick all over, but some people never get seasick at all.

As I sat there ruminating, grunting and a-growling, one of the sailors came down stairs airy-fairy fashion, as if he were dancing on eggs. With both hands he carried a huge black pan in which floated potatoes, roast meat, and gravy. I caught a whiff of the pan's contents and that was enough for me. I fired away again. Jacky remarked to me indignantly, "why don't you go on deck if you want to be sick; what do you mean by mussing up the ship like that?"

Had I been able I would have swiped the heartless cuss one for luck, but I was too weak to raise an eyebrow, almost, let alone a fist. Those who have been seasick can realize just what my feelings were, and those who have not been, cannot.

But, attached to my passage ticket there was a berth ticket, and if I wanted a berth I would have to go below to see the steerage steward about it, who would reserve it for me. But how was I going to get below? I positively could not!

I sat there a long while making up my mind. Finally I put my handkerchief to my nose and mouth, and went down slowly, step by step, halting on some steps to fire away and then to sit down. I got down at last. The steward gave me one look, hurriedly pointed out to me my berth, and advised me to go on deck again; to get all the fresh air I could. I followed his advice, for I divined that he knew what he was talking about. I guess it took me a full quarter of an hour to get up that stairway again. I gained the deck, sat down on a chain, away from everybody, and cussed myself for being such a fool as to go aboard a ship.

It was nearly 10 o'clock by this time, and preparations were being made for departure. A ship's officer stood on top of a covered deck away up in the bow of the vessel and gave orders in a quiet, gentlemanly way to the slaves on shore, to let go the lines. The captain stood on the bridge looking around, saying nothing but taking in everything and giving signals to the fellows below. A big crowd was on the pier to see us off and nearly all of the passengers were on deck to bid a last adieu to their friends and acquaintances. All the ropes that had fastened the vessel to the dock were now being hauled on board of our vessel, and the pier was beginning to move away from us, at least so it seemed to me, but it was our vessel that was moving away from the pier.

We were off! We were off!! There was a deal of waving of handkerchiefs, then of hands, of vells, parasols and the like, among the crowd on shore and on the vessel, and not a little blubbering, but n'er a blubber from me, not even a wave of the hand. I had no friends or relatives to see me off. I sat there observing the others. The mob on ship and ashore were shouting, gesticulating, waving things, hurraing, etc., to beat the band. Go it! go it! says I to myself. For an instant I felt like taking a flying leap overboard to get ashore again, but that feeling was an insane one. Of course I was not so foolish as to do such a thing.

The big steamer moved out of her pier quite slowly but it wasn't long before she was abreast of the head of the pier

and then out she moved into the stream, where she took the centre of the Hudson River, and then turned her nose down stream toward the Battery. It was a lively and picturesque panorama that was then presented to us.

On the right hand side, on the New Jersey shore, was old Castle Stevens, which loomed up plainly. Beyond were the Palisades, extending northward; southward were towns, docks and ships. On the New York side we could see piers extending far into the river; Tenth avenue, with its quaint brick and stone houses; a Tenth avenue horse car moving slowly along; and in the background, huge skyscrapers.

In a very few moments the Furnessia was scooting along abreast of the Battery, or Castle Garden as it used to be called, for it was a fortified castle about 100 years ago and the grounds surrounding it are still there. Bedloe's Island, Ellis Island, Staten Island and other islands, we passed, all of which are utilized for some purpose or another, and on one of them stands the Goddess of Liberty, in bronze, holding up the huge torch of liberty that enlightens the world.

Then we passed Brooklyn, Governor's Island, Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton, Fort Lafayette, Fort Richmond, Bath Beach, Coney Island, the twin lights of the Highlands of Navesink, until finally we came up to and passed Sandy Hook, the last point of land we would see until we sighted the shores of Europe.

Nothing could we now see around us except sky and water, and I wasn't stuck on that kind of scenery at all. It didn't look good to me. The day was fair but there was just the least bit of a swell on which caused the bow of the boat to heave up and down. From the place where I was sitting I could easily see her heave, but the motion was not enough to distress me. An ocean breeze was blowing strongly, accelerated by the movement of the vessel, no doubt, but it was exhilarating. It brought some strength back to me, but I still felt a gnawing at my stomach, as if there was a great vacancy there.

I looked at the green and tumbling waters but the prospect quickly grew monotonous to me, as did the endless expanse of blue sky which was flecked here and there by fleecy, cumulus clouds. I do believe I was getting an appetite. Wind and scenery are all right, but they don't fill an empty stomach.

The dinner bell rang and then there was a rush and a stampede as of cattle. The stiff salt breeze must have given every one an appetite, for the bucks didn't take time to rush down stairs, they just leaped down, not caring much where they landed.

The single males roomed and boarded separately as did the single females and the married couples. I suppose this is a necessary provision, but it is hard on the poor single males and females. However, they can mingle on deck and remain there until dark, after which they have to go their separate ways. I took no part in the stampede to the festive board below. I went down slowly and carefully, trying to keep a stiff upper lip, for I needed a bite to eat. I got down all right and saw before me some tables at either side of which were wooden, backless benches, which were fastened to the floor. Room was made for me and I sat down, feeling dubious. I was hungry but did I want to eat? I didn't know, for sure! Some pea soup was handed to me which I supped slowly and found mighty good. Then there were huge platters heaped full of steamed potatoes with their jackets on, plenty of meat, and bread cut in huge slices. There was a plenty, such as it was. I could eat no potatoes nor meat, but I disposed of a half cupful or more of soup, stuffed a piece of bread in my pocket and then went on deck again.

While on the subject of food, I will relate here what our meals consisted of, which may interest some people. For breakfast there was oatmeal and milk, called porridge; marmalade, made of some kind of bum fruit that was barely sweetened; oleomargarine, called margarine, (axle grease), which no one ate except those who were not used to anything better; large, but rather coarse, white, hot biscuits; all to

be washed down with copious draughts of hot coffee, if one chose. For dinner there was soup, meat (or ling fish instead of meat, sometimes), vegetables, bread, coffee (or tea), and once or twice a week, pudding. For supper—called tea—there was axle grease, (margarine), cold meat or fish, bread and tea. At eight p. m. a night-cap was served to those who cared for it, which consisted of biscuits and cheese.

Some of the passengers carried a private stock of liquors with them and also provisions; others were foxy enough to tip the cooks and had tid-bits handed to them on the sly. Wise lads, those! If any one went hungry or thirsty on board the *Furnessia* it was his or her own fault, for such as the grub was, there was plenty of it.

I remained on deck Saturday afternoon, our first day out, occasionally observing the sea and sky but finding it more interesting to regard the passengers, who formed a motley throng. The majority of the passengers were young men and women who had gone forth on a holiday. They had followed various occupations on shore in the "States," had saved a little money and now were putting it to a good use by visiting the scenes of their childhood.

A great many of the passengers were sitting in convenient or inconvenient places along the decks; others were standing in groups conversing, and not a few were walking briskly back and forth. These latter were mostly couples, male and female. The strong roar of the wind down the capacious funnels, the mighty onward rush of the huge vessel, the bright sunlight and the blue skies, combined to make a picture that was interesting enough, but I can't say that it made me happy.

There were a great many girls aboard, chiefly Irish and Scotch, some of whom were quite pretty and did not lack for cavaliers. They seemed to be just as happy and chatty as their escorts and were evidently enjoying themselves. One chap especially attracted my attention and that of almost every one else. He was tall, had red, curly hair, wore no hat, was freckled, and was attired in a golf-suit with thick stockings

that came up to his knees. He was a sturdily built chap with voluminous calves and deemed himself an Adonis. His limbs were sturdy but his manner was boisterous and intrusive, and he was a forceful sort of chap who would not be denied. The girls could not resist him evidently, for he had a new one in tow every little while. Whether some of the ladies did not like him and gave him the shake, or whether they all wanted a turn with him, I don't know, I'm sure.

The afternoon was put in agreeably enough and when it grew dark, the wind freshened and the roar of it increased. All were shooed below by the ship's officers. I dreaded to go below but I had to. The steerage did not suit my esthetic taste at all. It was a vast compartment fitted up with berths two or three in a row, Chinaman fashion, one above the other. They were fastened to the deck and ceiling by thin iron rods. In each bunk was a mattress, pillow and blanket, but there were no chairs, hooks or anything else to hang or deposit one's clothes on. There was no privacy at all, so no one undressed or put on his "nightie." All went to bed in the dark or semi-darkness. Had the voyage lasted ten months instead of ten days the conditions would have been the same—one would have had to sleep in one's clothes.

Talk about your life on the ocean wave! Where does the joy of it come in? Shoals of romance writers have depicted the glories of the sea and song writers have composed pretty ditties about it, but some of these chaps probably never saw the sea except from the shore. Some of these romantic fellows ought to take a trip in the steerage of an ocean liner and if that don't knock the romance out of them then I'll be surprised. The odors in the steerage are worse than those in a slaughter house and the conditions are not much better. There is very little light, less fresh air, and, as before said, no privacy whatever. A great many people when they go aboard a liner, go to their berths and not only eat there but sleep there and live there. They don't get up unless they have to, and then it is for a short period only. They try to get in as much sleep as they can so as to make the voyage

pass quickly. Like myself, they don't like the sea and dread it. Others, however, like the sea and are nearly always on deck. They have a good appetite and feel as gay and happy as a lark.

To judge from the printed announcements issued by the steamship companies, the first and second-class passengers have all the comforts of home, aboard ship. They dine *a la carte*, have separate sleeping rooms, a smoking room, library, bathroom, swimming tanks, telephone, electric lights, and goodness knows what else.

Deuced little did I sleep the first night aboard. Some fellows were noisy and boisterous, and chatted until the morning, but no one gave them a hint to be quiet. Some one did talk to them in a haphazard way, but they took no heed. I got in a few cat naps; that was all. As soon as I saw daylight appear at the little, round port-holes, I went on deck and remained there until breakfast time. When the breakfast bell rang, I went down for rolls and coffee. My appetite was still rather delicate and so was my stomach. I hardly knew whether I was a-foot or on horse-back. The fetid odors down below and the lack of sleep had helped to daze me.

The day was a beautiful one. This was Sunday, our second day out, and by this time we were miles and miles from shore. The sun beamed down ardently upon us, but its rays were tempered by a breeze that was strong and exhilarating. The decks were crowded this fine morning, for every one but myself felt buoyant.

We had a good dinner this day: soup, meat, vegetables and pudding. I had no appetite to enjoy these things. All I ate, or could eat, was bread and soup. The next day, Monday, a change came over the scene. Heavy, dark clouds began to pile up in the sky, and soon the sun was totally obscured, the wind arose, and gradually became stronger and stronger. Then the waves rose mountains high.

These frightful looking billows caused the ship to plunge and roll, rendering a footing on decks well nigh impossible. The wind increased speedily to hurricane fury—so it seemed

to me—and the hollow masts groaned at a terrible rate; the cord stairways leading up the masts beat against them continually, and there was a shrieking and a groaning up aloft among the cordage, as if a tribe of Indians were on the warpath. A great many of the passengers went below, frightened, to be out of harm's way, but not I. I was game and wanted to die at the front; no skulking for me, or hiding my head under the bed-clothes in time of danger. I wanted to see what was going on, and if I must die, I did not care to go below to die there like a rat in a trap.

The might of the elements awed me and at the same time rendered me angry, for the more violent they became the angrier I got. Go to it, gol darn ye, says I to myself. You want to play hell, do you? Go on then, gol darn you, go on? Who's stopping you?

It was a wild, wierd scene; enough to terrify anyone. I heard a sailor say that this was only a catspaw. Some sailors will say anything. I sat down on the boiler grating, which was otherwise deserted, holding on to the bars for dear life, and receiving the genial warmth from the fire below. The vessel would sportively keel over to one side as far as she could without tipping over, then she would slowly arise to an even keel and flop over on the other side. She was having rare sport. Now she would point her nose to the sky and make a grab for something up there, but not getting it, down she would squash back into the water, like a tub. Gods, what waves those were! They must have been all of forty feet high! Mighty mean and spiteful they seemed to me, showing their white teeth, and hissing like a den of rattlers.

I wonder who the chap was who wrote that touching lullaby: "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?" I'll bet he never saw the deep. Probably he was in a house-boat at the time, or out with his girl in a rowboat during a squall. Wish he was here on this rocking cradle, and see how he would like it! He would not sing very loud or bass-like, I am sure.

To be sure, life on the ocean wave is a gay thing! It's lots of fun to be shot from one side of a ship to the other, to

be tossed up and down, to be spun around like a top and to be put through all kinds of maneuvers! Yes, it's lots of fun if you can see others doing it, but not if you are doing it yourself.

As I sat there on the grating, thinking all kinds of thoughts, one big spiteful billow made a bee-line for me, and after jumping clean over the side of the ship dropped down on me and nearly strangled me. What a deluge of green water it was! I thought there never would be an end to it and I expected that my time had come; but I held on to the grating like grim death. I had sense enough for that. Had I let go, or been forced to let go, I would most likely have been hurled overboard and would have furnished a square meal for the crabs and fishes. A good deal of the water of the wave that inundated me jumped below into the boiler-room, but the most of it went over the side when the ship rolled.

Captain Marryatt and Clark Russell were the best delineators of ocean life that England has ever produced, that is to say, according to my way of thinking. Captain Marryatt, who died many years ago, described the English naval service, the fighting ships, home and foreign ports, the seamen, officers, etc., as they had never been described before.

Clark Russell, who died only a year or two ago, wrote of matters pertaining to the sea also, but in a different way. He had been in the merchant service and wrote of it.

He entered the merchant service at the age of thirteen and followed the sea until twenty-one, when he took to sea-yarning. As a writer of sea stories no one excelled him, not even Captain Marryatt, for both were masters in their way. Strange to relate, Clark Russell was not an Englishman, but an American by birth. He was born in New York City in 1844 and his father, Henry Russell, was a well-known song writer, composer of the song "Cheer Boys, Cheer," and others.

Clark Russell depicted the sea as it is, with all of its horrors and all of its beauties. He loved the sea and wrote of it so minutely and well that one can see it in all its moods. He

was a wonderful artist—a master. So well and truly did he depict the hardships and sufferings of English sailors, that the English Government took heed, and enacted laws which have ameliorated Jack's condition materially. Other English writers did the same, but Clark Russell was their master, the master of them all, the Shakespeare of the sea. His sea tales, such as the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Frozen Pirate," "Life of Lord Nelson," "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," etc., are worth reading.

It is hard to define wherein the power of a great artist lies but, I believe, it consists in fidelity to nature. Clark Russell used nature and wove around it such a web of romance that one cannot help but admire as one reads, knowing all the time that it is but romance told in an artistic, inimitable way. Russell confines his descriptions to the English maritime service, and it is plain to be seen that his sympathies are wholly English.

Will I be believed when I make the assertion that the United States has produced a sea writer as great as Clark Russell? This seems a bold assertion to make, but it is true. I refer to Dana, who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana was a Boston chap, a student at Harvard, who had studied so much that his eyesight and health had become impaired. He was advised by his physician to take a sea voyage, and although of well to do parents, he shipped before the mast on a bark called "The Pilgrim," which sailed from Boston for California. The voyage was a long and severe one, and Dana suffered many hardships, but he was game and overcame them all.

His trials and tribulations on the Pacific Coast were many, too, for his vessel went a hide droghing, as it was called (hide gathering along the Coast), and Dana did his share of the nasty work, but he performed it manfully. Nor was this all that he did. He kept a diary or log, as sailors call it, and gave a faithful and realistic account of the voyage after it was over. His descriptions of the harbors along the Pacific Coast from San Diego to San Francisco are so

accurate and realistic, that they are accepted as authentic today, though there have been changes. His descriptions of life aboard "The Pilgrim," are clever and vivid. So great is this work of Dana's, that Clark Russell, who was born at about the time that Dana died, in his own books declares that it is the best, most painstaking and careful sea tale that ever was written. Praise from a master is praise indeed.

Dana's book did for the American merchant service what Clark Russell's did for the English. It disclosed abuses which were remedied by law. The American sailor has much to thank Dana for. Though his lot may still be a hard one, it is not as bad as it was. American critics will still tell you that "the" American novel has not yet been written. Why? Dana's great book has been a classic for fifty years and more, not only in the United States, but in all other English-speaking countries.

Were there to be any more waves like the one that soaked me? I wasn't at all certain and in fear that there might be and that I might meet with disaster, I concluded to go below. I thought it would be a good idea to go direct to my berth to dry my clothes and thaw them out, for I was shivering with the damp and the cold. I don't think there was another passenger on deck besides myself, for all were snugly housed below. I saw none at any rate.

To get below, though, was not so easy, for the vessel was unsteady, and plunging and rolling frightfully. When I saw what I deemed a good opportunity, I made a rush for the companionway, the door of which was closed tight and housed in carefully to prevent the seas from descending below, and when I gained it after a deal of trouble, I opened the door at the right time and rushed below.

What a miserable hole the steerage was just then! Lamps were lit to heighten the gloom, air and daylight were excluded, the woodwork was creaking and groaning at a sad rate, there was a rolling from side to side of articles that had not been properly secured, and almost everyone was in bed

with not a few very sick. Mr. Artist, if you were to paint a picture like this, do you think the public would like it?

I went to bed in my damp clothes, for I wished to dry them that way. I slept off and on for two or three days and nights, eating nothing except a few ship's biscuits, and hating to get up. From the movements of the vessel I judged that the weather was still stormy, but the timbers were not creaking so much. I felt like going on deck but had not the ambition to do so. It was difficult for me to arise.

Finally, I concluded to make an effort, anyway, for I felt that I would be better off upstairs than below. My head felt so heavy, and what an effort it was to climb out of my berth. I managed to get on deck, somehow, and the marine picture that was presented to my gaze was still a wild one. The wind had gone down considerably, but the waves were still high and angry, rolling in every direction in dark masses, and curling in foamy crests; this, though, was the aftermath of the storm. Quite a few of the hardier passengers were on deck at this time, promenading, but ninety out of a hundred were below in bed; sick, probably.

This was Thursday, and we had been out about six days. Thus we had four more days to put in. Mighty long, wearisome days and nights they were to look forward to.

Bright and early on the tenth day we were to see land. I was out of my berth and on deck before sunrise that day, for I had not slept well. Soon after I gained the deck I saw a beautiful sunrise, and I was not sorry that I had arisen. The day promised to be a fair one; fleecy white clouds hung inert in the air, the skies were delightfully blue, and a stiff, steady breeze was blowing. We were nearing the coast of Europe by this time, but not a sign of land could I see. I did see a dim haze at the edge of the horizon straight ahead, which a passenger told me was land, but I believed that he didn't know what he was talking about. After breakfast I came up on deck again but no land was visible.

At about 9 a. m. I saw some dark objects rising above the mists right ahead of us, and this everyone said was land. It

was land, it was land, thank the Lord! To say that I was happy won't express my feelings, for, like all the other passengers, I grew enthusiastic and felt like dancing and singing. Quite a number of the Scotch passengers, male and female, formed groups and began to sing the songs of their native land, and the Irish passengers did the same. Many a furtive tear of joy and happiness was wiped away I noticed. As for me, I felt like hugging some one. I realized how Columbus and his crew must have felt when they sighted land again after their eventful voyage to America. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut though, that not a one of them felt happier than I did when I saw the shores of Europe. They could not have felt happier.

And the land straight ahead of us that we were steering for, of all lands, was old Ireland, the Emerald Isle, the Ever Faithful Isle. I could scarcely realize it. What, that land Ireland, the country that I had read so much of, heard so much of, seen acted in plays, read of in stories and in poetry! Could it be possible? I had seen Irish men and Irish women by the million in my own country and was familiar with their ways and habits. This is where they all originally came from! Well, well, well! I threw up my cap feebly in joy and ecstasy. Some did worse fool tricks than that.

The old Furnessia drew nearer and nearer to land, and now we could make out mountains plainly; tall, dark and frowning they were and timberless, but green on top with verdure of some sort.

We sailed pretty close to the land and could see things plainly now. When we got up quite close, the vessel's prow was turned northward and then along the coast we skirted.

The coast was irregular, being indented by bays, rivers and watercourses, causing gaps in the cliffs every few miles. The voyage now seemed like a holiday excursion, for the weather was beautiful and there was something to see besides sky and water. Everyone crowded to the rail or to other vantage points from whence to view the scenery. The

past ten days and nights of misery were forgotten--were gone clean out of mind now.

We steamed along for an hour or two until we came to the extreme north of Ireland, where the vessel steamed into a narrow strait which separated a small island from the main land. This island was called Tory Isle. The strait was so narrow that we could see the land plainly at either side of us. What a romantic little island Tory Isle is. At one end of it, facing the sea, stands a cute and quaint lighthouse, and near the side we were passing, I saw a vegetable garden in which vegetables were growing. Those green growing plants, how they did entrance me! How I would have liked to take a run ashore to procure a few of them! Oh, give me the land; the sailors can have the sea; the land is Heaven; the sea is Hell.

Tory Isle is not more than a few miles in extent and toward the latter end of it, as we drew near, we saw huge and jagged cliffs that were torn and riven into all kinds of shapes by the action of the elements. Surges had thundered against them for centuries, time had changed their color, and the winds and cold had hardened them. They seemed quaint, and in one place the water had eaten right through the rocks, forming an arch through which the ocean could be seen beyond.

Soon after dinner--no one stayed below long--we entered a spacious bay and let go the anchor. We were off Moville, a town in the north of Ireland where the Irish passengers were to be set ashore, and from which they could travel to any part of Ireland by railroad or other conveyance.

After our vessel had anchored we noticed a little steamboat coming straight for us, and as she drew near we could see that she was a fair-sized tug of some sort. She soon made fast alongside and in a jiffy our passengers for Ireland, bag and baggage, were taken aboard. There were so many passengers and so much baggage put aboard the little vessel, finally, that there was scarcely room enough to swing a cat in; but who cared for that? The Irish passengers were

practically on Irish soil and their hearts overflowed. As the little vessel moved off from us, how they did cheer and shout and wave their handkerchiefs! The women were more excited than the men; they were positively crazy with joy. Well, good bye and luck to you, neighbors, I hope you'll have a good time on the Old Sod.

We hove up the anchor just as soon as possible and steered for Scotland, which was not far away. We went close to Cantyre and the isles of Arran and Bute off Scotland, and the scenery that unfolded itself to our gaze was enchanting. Well-wooded lands we went by, that were wild and picturesque, and famous in song and story. In fact, an air of romance and beauty seemed to hover over all these places. What a history is theirs! They have seen kings, courtiers and nobles; peasants, Highland rovers, cattle lifters, braw lads and sonsie lasses. What have they not seen in all the stages of their life? Such scenes compensated us for all the hardships we had endured. After storm comes sunshine, usually.

It was not long before the Furnessia was dropping her anchor once more, this time off Greenock, Scotland. Quickly a little tender came up to take us all ashore. We went aboard the tender and in a very few minutes were dumped ashore, bag and baggage, on the Princess Pier, Greenock, which is a sloping, stone-paved embankment like a Mississippi levee.

As we set foot ashore cabmen stood about, bowing, scraping, and touching their hats, but saying never a word. They were giving us silent but decided hints to take a carriage ride. Newsboys were there too, shouting their wares in language that I could not understand a word of. They were selling "Morning Nips" and "Evening Bladders," but these were not the names their newspapers bore. One little shaver came up to me and importuned me to buy a paper, but I could not make out what he was saying or selling. His language was Greek to me. I told the little fellow that I did not care to purchase just then, and when he heard me speak he stared. He shouted something to the other newsboys—

probably that a greenhorn had landed among them—and then there was a gathering around me, a shouting and a derisive yelling. It embarrassed me and rendered me angry as well. I felt like giving a few of those kids a kick in the pants for their freshness, but the more you fool with some kids the worse they get, so I let them alone and walked on unconcernedly, saying not another word.

By this time all the passengers were wending their way into the custom house building which stood near by. In it customs officers were waiting to examine our baggage.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEBUT IN SCOTLAND.

The customs building is a very large one and is capable of containing a great number of people with their baggage, and I noticed a great many of the Furnessia's passengers standing beside their baggage, awaiting the appearance of the custom's officials. These were on hand promptly, moving from group to group, examining things and putting some sort of hyroglyphics on bags, portmanteaus, trunks, boxes, etc., as the articles might be. A goodlooking official in due course came up to me and asked where my baggage was. I told him I hadn't any. He regarded me in a sort of suspicious way, jerked his head upward then backward without saying a word. This I accepted as a hint to slope. Out of the customhouse I went, following some of the other passengers whose baggage had been examined, to a railroad depot adjoining the customhouse. I did not realize that I was in a railroad depot until I looked around carefully.

What a funny railroad station it was. On one side of it there was a brick wall with business advertisements on it, such as, "Bovril," "Oxo," etc., the meaning of which I did not

comprehend; and on the other side was a buffet, luggage rooms, ticket office, waiting rooms, etc., for the use and convenience of the passengers. There were signs over these places designating what they were.

Between the two walls which were far apart and roofed over, were a series of railroad tracks, and on one of these tracks stood a special train, made up to convey the Furnessia's passengers to Glasgow. Glasgow is about twenty-five miles distant from Greenock.

I had a good look at the railroad train and then I stared and wondered. If it was not made up of a lot of old-fashioned stage coaches strung on wheels, you may smother me. What queer contrivances they were. Say, a fellow can see some mighty queer things when he has no gun with him. Stage coaches strung on wheels, eh! I saw no blind baggage, no bumpers, no rods, no brakebeams—nothing. How or where is a fellow to beat his way on such contrivances? It cannot be done, in any shape, form or manner. To say that I was disappointed will not express my feelings; I was totally disheartened, in despair. I now remembered what Billy had told me, and realized that he had told me the truth. The bumpers were nothing more than mere round disks of about the size of a dinner plate. I saw no brakebeams at the wheels underneath; not a sign of a blind baggage or other platform that I could ride on; no way of climbing on top of a coach, and n'er a rod. A fellow who can beat such a combination as that will have to render himself invisible. What a fool I was to leave my native land.

So disappointed and down-hearted was I that I felt like returning home at once on the Furnessia, but I did not have the return passage price in my possession. I had about fifteen dollars and that was all; the return fare being nearly double that. Well, I guess I am in for it, thinks I. My ticket from New York to Glasgow, though, was to include the train ride from Greenock to Glasgow, so I would not have to beat my way just yet, anyhow. That depot, too, got my goat. Never had I seen anything like it in all my travels, and they had

been many. Everything seemed so new and strange to me that I felt like a fish out of water, as if I had landed in some new world. Leisurely I walked along the train and had a look at the locomotive. Locomotive is too big a word for that little thing. There was a fair sized boiler mounted on strong, but slender wheels, and that was all. There was no cab for the engineer or fireman, only a two-foot space or so for them to stand on, which could be covered over with a tarpaulin in bad weather. Well, well, well! Mighty queer world this. That engine looked like a toy to me and I wondered where she would gain strength enough to move that long train of coaches. After all the passengers had had their baggage examined in the customhouse, and had filed into the railroad station, everyone was allowed to enter the cars. Every car was like a stagecoach, opening at the side; and, like it, could hold about eight passengers; four on a side, the seats being divided in the middle to hold two people in each division. Overhead, on both sides, were racks to hold shawls, parcels, valises and hand baggage generally.

As soon as the coach doors were opened, I made a sneak for a seat next to a window, for I wanted to see as much of the scenery as I could. Seven other steerage bucks followed me into the coach, which was a second class one, I believe.

In a few minutes all the coach doors were slammed shut by some one outside, some one on the platform blew a shrill blast from a tin whistle, the engine gave a rat-like squeak as if some one had given it a punch in the ribs, and then we were off. Slowly we started, but soon were going like a streak. Could that little contrivance of an engine go? Could she? Well, I should remark. She could go some; believe me! Did you ever see a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail and notice how, as the dog shot along the old kettle bounced, rattled and clattered? In somewhat similar fashion the coaches on our train bounced and clatter-clatter, clattered, and when they struck a frog or crossing, gave an additional bounce. It was rare fun and lively riding.

We shot by farms, fields, woodlands, glades and meadows, the scenery seeming mighty foreign looking to me. Everything was so different from what I had been used to seeing. I felt strange and queer and wanted to go home. I noticed a river winding its way along and asked my neighbor in the coach if he could tell me what river it was. "The River Clyde," answered he.

"The River Clyde," echoed I; "you mean the Clyde River, don't you? What is the idea of putting the cart before the horse like that?" This remark got my neighbor hot and he angrily said to me; "You're in a civilized country young man, where they talk English and not a bastard language as they do in the States. If you stay in this country long you'll learn something."

His remarks got me off and I got pretty hot in the collar. "So, you don't think United States is good English, eh? Where will you find better? The educated and refined people in the United States talk as pure English as anyone. Of course we have our dialects in the north, south, east and west, and almost every American city has a vernacular of its own, but we can talk English all right if we want to.

"You don't know what Oxford English is."

"I don't, eh? Just as well as you do. What kind of a language do the London cockneys speak; the Brummagen chaps, the Lancashire folks, the Irish, the Scotch and all the others? Each has an accent of his own and lots of them can't understand each other. How does that argument suit you?"

"Oh, you're talking through your hat; you don't know what you're saying. Better cork up!"

"All right," said I, turning away without another word. What was the use arguing further with such a chap? It was the Clyde Valley we were now rolling through—beg pardon—the Valley of the Clyde, I ought to say if I wish to express myself in Oxford English. When you are in Rome, I suppose it is well to do as the Romans do, if you can. Oxford English is too high-toned for me, though, so I shall continue to talk

just plain United States. Those who want Oxford English will find it in the Bible and other good books, but not here.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon of an August day; there were Scottish clouds in the sky through which old Sol played peek-a-boo, and the scenery was diversified, but by no means grand or sublime. The country was rather flat with mountains in the dim distance, and shipyards along the river bank on both sides of the stream. The shipyards were enclosed by tall brick walls to keep out strangers, probably. If a ship is Clyde built, it seems to give her a good reputation. The Scotch are thorough and conscientious workmen and what they do, they usually do honestly and well, and, cheaply, too. Maybe that is why so many vessels are built along the Clyde.

Our train came gradually to a stop.

What place is this? A sign on the railroad station says, "Paisley." Ah, this is the place where the Paisley shawls are made and where Coates and others have their big spool cotton factories. The streets seemed neat, clean and well paved with stones, and the town seemed a busy, yet pretty one. We only stopped at Paisley a second or two, then off we clattered again for Glasgow which was not more than four or five miles away. It was not very long before our train rolled into Glasgow and stopped, the engine puffing. We had landed in St. Enoch Station. The doors were invitingly opened for us and the cry was, "all out for Glasgow."

When I stepped down and into the station, I stared in a bewildered and perplexed way, not knowing which way to turn, for the depot was a huge one. I followed the crowd, however. St. Enoch Station is an immense structure, and it is roofed over, paved, full of railroad tracks, booths, ticket offices, waiting rooms, restaurants, news stands, luggage (baggage) rooms, etc. It is as big as the Grand Central Station in New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

GLASGOW.

I walked leisurely through the station, followed the crowd, and felt as if I were in a pipe dream. When I got out into the street and looked around me, I stared like a stuck pig. I didn't know whether I was on the earth, in heaven or in hades. Everything was so strange. The skies seemed unfamiliar, the houses, the stores, the people, the vehicles, the dogs, the roadways, the sidewalks—everything seemed strange. My goodness gracious what a funny feeling came over me. I couldn't begin to tell you how funny I felt; and how can I describe what I saw? Where shall I begin and where shall I end? The buildings were all of brick or stone, with Mansard roofs, and tile chimneys in a cluster on top. They were plain, strong and substantial but in no way handsome or ornamental. On the ground floor of these buildings were stores, as a general thing, and in the upper stories flats for dwelling purposes.

The people, ah the people! They seemed a queer lot. The streets were alive with them. I never had the least idea there were so many Scotch folks alive. There were hundreds of them here; thousands of them; tens of thousands of them; all were moving about in a sedate and solemn way, and were attired in queer togs, and nearly all of them wore on their heads Tam o' Shanter caps, sizing me up as a greenhorn, no doubt, whilst others looked at me in a calm and stolid way.

But look at those rigs, will you? Did you ever see the like of them? Here came along a little bit of a two-wheeled cart, dragged by a long-eared little donkey, and a sign on the cart informed one that it was a "Sweet Milk" cart. Well, may I be blowed! I kept my eyes rolling to see if a "Sour

Milk" cart would come along, but I saw none. I saw rigs dragged along by Shetland ponies in which people rode, but they ought to have been ashamed of themselves to make such little beasts haul them about. Why, the ponies were scarcely knee high to a grasshopper, though they seemed rather sturdy and wore long manes and tails; but how they could pull such comparatively heavy rigs surprised me. I felt like telling the people in those rigs to get out and walk, and not make a holy show of themselves.

Wagons came along that looked like New Orleans floats, long, flat wagonbeds on wheels with no sides to them. These were dragged by big, heavy draft horses that seemed of a gentle, noble breed. Fine equipages rolled by, in which I noticed well attired ladies and gentlemen. The harness and trappings of the horses were of silver, gold or brass, and seemed substantial and costly. A coachman drove the horses and there was usually a footman behind. The stores riveted my attention considerably, but really I didn't know who or what to look at first, there was so many things to see. It was all like a continuous performance to me, but more so, for it was a continual and not a continuous performance.

What queer names there were over the stores.

There was MacFeely, MacPherson, MacQuiddy, Gregory, Ferguson, Alexander, Allison, Blair, Scrimgeour, Blackstock, Morrison, Stevenson, Colquhoun, Bartholomew, MacAlpin, Wilson, Wilkie, Duguid and others, which I made a note of in my notebook.

The stores themselves were worth noticing. Their show windows were fitted up fine, and were well-stocked with goods that were well displayed, but I noticed that, as a rule, there were more goods in the windows than in the stores themselves. Such stores were putting on a bold front, it seemed to me.

A butcher-shop they called a "Fleshers"; a dry goods store they called a "Drapers"; a furnishing-goods store was called a "Haberdashery"; etc. Say, pardner, give me a good hard pinch, will you? I want to know whether I am alive or

dead. I sure have landed in another world. I am feeling mighty funny; kick me, will you? As to the contents of these stores. Oh! In a high-toned fish store on individual platters, I saw fish labeled salmon, turbot, hake, plaice, megrims, cod, herring, cockles, lemons, etc., and they all looked mighty good to me, notwithstanding the strange names they bore.

In a candy store I saw Edinburgh Rock, filshills, voice-pastiles, chocolate bouncers and frosty railroads, but no railroad spikes or iron. Frosty nailrods, eh, and chocolate bouncers! Well, if I wasn't getting a pretty good run for my money you may call me anything you like. Frosty nailrods? May I be blowed! In a butcher-shop I saw platters of Hamburg steak labeled "Mince," which came in several grades at different prices. The cheapest kind was labled 4d, (eight cents), and probably came off the horns; the next grade was labeled 6d, (twelve cents), and may have come off the neck or tail; and the eight pence variety was good stuff, no doubt, that came from good parts of the animal. All the other meats in that shop was very fine. Immense steaks, chops, cuts of fine beef, mutton, pork and lamb; the choicest of hams and bacon, etc., did I see. The prices of the prime meats were high, I noticed; from a shilling a pound (twenty-five cents), upward. The meat was home-bred and stall fed. It all was fine-superfine. In bakery windows I noticed short-bread, oat-cake, and scones (pronounced, "scorns"), that were as big as an elephant's ear; they sold for two cents each; and a variety of strange bread, cakes, etc., the names of which I could not take down for they were not labeled. The heedless bakers took it for granted no doubt, that everyone knew the name of their goods.

The tobacco store windows, as a rule, were fitted up fine and tempting. Pipes and smokers' articles of all kinds and varieties were there, heaped up in profusion; there were queer looking cigars and all kinds of tobacco, too, but the prices of the tobacco seemed to me to be high. It was sold by the ounce, from eight cents an ounce upward, and was weighed out

in bulk, though sold in packages, also. There was Latakia tobacco on tap there, English Birds-eye, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Tam O'Shanter, Shag, Starboard Navy, Aromatic Mixture, and many other kinds, far too numerous to mention.

The clothing stores made fine displays, some in ready made goods and others in cloths only. An elegant ready made suit of serviceable tweed could be had for eight dollars; or one would be made to order for ten dollars. As I viewed the latter, I was awfully tempted to go in and be fitted for a suit, but as I had only a few dollars in my possession I deemed it best to hold on to what I had, for the present. I had only five dollars in British money, anyway at the time, which I had exchanged for American money on the Furnessia, with the purser, before I went ashore.

The jewelry stores interested me as much as any of the other stores, and as I regarded the articles of vertu in them I thought what a fine thing it is to be well-to-do, so that one can purchase what one fancies. Here was jewelry that was distinctively Scottish in design; and it was good to look at. It revealed to me the fact that the Scottish taste is an excellent one, for not only is it substantial and sensible, but exquisite as well. It is as exquisite as the French, with a characteristic of its own, which is wholly and exclusively Scottish. That is what I thought as I gazed, though I cannot convey just what I mean. The reader will have to use his imagination to gather my meaning. The jewelry was distinctively Scottish in make and design and very tasteful—that is all I can say.

The grocery stores were well stocked, both inside and outside—crammed I may say—with goods. There were jellies, jams and marmalades done up in packages that were unfamiliar to me; Danish butter from Denmark, which is about as good an article of its kind as can be had; English cheese; Irish duck eggs, hams and bacon, which are about the best that can be had anywhere, the world over; many kinds of farinaceous foods, provisions, vegetables, etc. Everything displayed had a distinctively European aspect.

No one can gain a proper idea of what a foreign country is like unless he goes there. There is something in a foreign atmosphere even, that must be felt to be properly understood and appreciated. A graphic writer can convey an idea to you, but he cannot put the real thing before you at all. You must go and see for yourself, and feel as well.

While standing in front of a grocery store window deeply absorbed in observing the goods, a man stepped up to me and lightly and lovingly flicked off some dirt or dust from the back of my coat. I had cleaned my coat just before I came off the ship, so had no idea it was dirty. I took the coat off and examined it, but I could see nothing amiss with it. The man who had been so kind and considerate was a strong and well built man of about middle height. He had dark eyes, a dark moustache, and was quite handsome. He was not at all well dressed, though, for his peajacket was turning color, and his pants and vest were shabby. On his head was perched a cute little Glengarry cap with a cloth button on top of it. I said to the man, "thank you, sir; you are very kind."

"Oh, it iss nothing; a wee bit dirt, just; she wull take it off."

What kind of talk was this? I stared. She will take it off? Who is she? The stranger came up close to me and from him oozed a strong odor of whiskey. He remarked to me, "she would like to hev ta penny. She is droothy."

Aha! Sits the wind in that quarter? thinks I; this chap is trying to work me for a drink. Kind of nervy cuss. I asked him where he came from. He told me he came from Colonsay; that he was "Heelan"; that "ta feeshin was vera bad ta noo"; that he had come to Glesgle to find work. This and much more did he tell me in "Heelan" Scotch which I cannot properly reproduce here, for it isn't my own language. I doubted the chap's statements. I think he was a bum, a sot, too lazy to work. His plan to get a drink was a good one, but I had seen it and all other kinds of similar games worked in my own country before. A penny was not much, though, so I

gave him one, whereupon he touched his cap, said "ta-ta," and vanished.

Well, may I be blowed, thinks I; they're up to snuff in this country, sure.

I came upon some very busy thoroughfares. There was Jamaica street, Argyle street, the Trongate, Gallowgate street, and others, all of which were full of stores, people, vehicles and traffic. Argyle street impressed me as being the main street, for it was lined on both sides with high class stores in which wealthy people did their shopping. The same may be said of Sauchiehall street. Fine equipages rolled along Argyle street in which sat aristocratic looking ladies and gentlemen, the gentlemen seeming grave and handsome and the ladies slight, blonde and pretty.

Trams and busses rolled by, which were double-deckers, for they had seats below in a glass enclosed compartment, and a spiral stairway at the rear leading up to an upper deck that was unenclosed, and which contained seats for passengers where they could smoke and view the scenery as the vehicle rolled on. While walking along Jamaica street I saw a young lady sitting on the sidewalk and a female companion standing alongside of her, urging her to get up. I stepped up to see what the matter was, though no one else seemed to take the least notice of the two, and I asked the young lady who was standing up if I could be of any assistance. She either did not understand what I said to her or she did not wish to, for she made no reply. The lassie sitting on the sidewalk glared at me and then I perceived that she was as full as a goat. She had been imbibing too much hot Scotch.

"Can I be of any assistance?" I again asked the young woman who was standing guard. She turned on me scornfully and replied: "Did yer nevah' see ah larsie fou?" (did you never see a lassie full?)

No, I never saw one as full as that, thought I, as I walked away without another word. Tough nuts in this town, both men and women, thinks I.

A little later as I was walking along Argyle street, two handsomely dressed young ladies, who sized me up as a stranger, stepped up to me, addressed me and began a conversation with me. I asked them if they had not mistaken me for some one else, but they only smiled. One of the ladies was Scotch and the other French, and it was the Scotch lady who did all the talking, for possibly the French one was not able to understand or speak English very well.

Both were decidedly pretty and seemed refined in manner and speech, and were tastefully dressed. They seemed to me to be of high rank, duchesses maybe, but I was quickly undeceived. Like a flash the notion came to me that they were street walkers, and so it proved.

The Scottish girl had not delivered herself of more than a sentence or two when she asked me if I would like to escort them home. I replied that I could not do so just then, for the reason that I was on my way to keep an appointment. She did not believe me and importuned me to go with them, but I replied that I could not, that I was sorry I had to decline, but that I hoped I would have the pleasure at some other time.

Excuses on my part were of no avail though. Both insisted on me going with them and they assured me of a great many things that I cannot repeat here, at least the Scotch girl did. Then she coaxed and begged me and evidently would not accept "no" for an answer. I became impatient finally, told the ladies that I would have to go and begged them to excuse me.

The Scotch girl asked me for a crown (\$1.25), which I politely but firmly refused.

"Give us half a crown then," asked she. I firmly but politely refused again.

"Will you give us the price of the drinks, then?"

This disgusted me and I walked off. The two girls stood stock still, gazed at me and made uncomplimentary remarks about me. I walked on hurriedly, rather ashamed. Now,

what do you think of all this? These are the facts; make your own comment.

I was getting hungry by this time, for my meals on board the ship this day had been light ones. Accordingly, I concluded to find a restaurant of some kind. I walked to Jamaica street and at the end of that street came upon a lofty, stone paved embankment that extended along the River Clyde. This embankment is a mile or more in length and is called the Broomielaw. Along it extend wharves and ships, ship basins, landing places and the like, and it is in fact the main embarcadero of Glasgow, although there are some wharves and ships on the other side of the river.

Along the Broomielaw nearly all the wharves are enclosed, though the landing places of the excursion steamers are not. Excursion steamers land here that will take one to the Crinan Canal, to Oban, Ballachulish, Fort William, Fort Augustus, Inverness, Caladonian Canal, Tobermory, Mallaig, Kyle of Lochhalsh, Portree, Stornoway, Mull, Skye, Gairlock, Ullapool, Lochinver, The Hebrides and the West Highlands. One line of steamers will take passengers to any of these places, for an advertisement painted on the wall of this company's wharf proclaims the fact.

There are other excursion boats that will take one for a small consideration to Rothesay, a watering place on the Isle of Bute. This is a delightful sail down the Clyde, and Rothesay itself is a charming resort. Excursion boats land there from all parts of Scotland. I've been there and I know.

In fact, from the Broomielaw one can take boat for any part of Scotland that can be reached by water, or for any part of the habitable globe, for that matter, as Glasgow is the greatest port in Scotland.

Along the wharves and in the stream one can see steamers that ply to many ports, to Dutch, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Mediterranean, American, African, Australian and others; and it is easy to see the ships, as the river is not wide. The Clyde in fact is not much of a river, for it is navigable only about twenty-five miles or so, from Greenock

to Glasgow. It is the mainstay of Glasgow, though. Without it, the importance of Glasgow would soon wane.

The river, about a hundred years ago, was shallow, but it has been dredged to a depth sufficient to permit of ocean liners docking there. A little way above the Broomielaw, opposite the Glasgow Common, or Green, the river is hardly more than a brook, and its waters are of the color of chocolate, which means mud. At the Broomielaw, its busiest part, the river is hardly more than a quarter of a mile wide. Many handsome and substantial bridges span the river and the embankments form fine promenades.

The vessels interested me a great deal. The majority of them were long, low, black and rakish, with slanting funnels, and made me think of pirate crafts that I had read of in stories. Maybe some of them were smugglers or pirates; who knows?

Some cattle were being unloaded from a black, piratical looking craft and I stopped to watch operations. The cattle had just come down from the north country and were lanky and black, and did not seem to want to walk the plank to go ashore. Some Highland bullwhackers stood by and prodded them with canes, and yelled to them in "heelan" Scotch, which maybe the cattle could understand, but I could not. I believe the Heelan men did some cussing, too, at some of the steers that bucked and did not want to go ashore, for probably they were used to quieter scenes and felt queer. The poor creatures had to walk the plank, though. They would see "Lochaber no more." Alas!

Along the Broomielaw where it leads past the docks, there is a narrow sidewalk, a broad driveway in the middle of the street, and a sidewalk on the other side of the street along which are ranged ship outfitting shops, stores, restaurants, lodginghouses, hotels and the like. It is an animated thoroughfare, this Broomielaw, and it is usually full of people, "cairts," (carts), carriages and traffic.

CHAPTER XVII.

GETTING A SQUARE MEAL.

I walked along the Broomielaw very slowly, taking in the various unwonted sights and observing the people. I saw and heard all kinds of people, Scandinavians, Dutch, English, Scotch and even an occasional negro, but a negro whom I heard talk, spoke with an accent that was anything but American. I wondered what nationality he was.

As I walked along I kept an eye peeled for a restaurant. I went by several of them and looked in. They were all pretty well crowded just then for it was about the time for the evening meal and I hesitated about going in, as I did not know what to order, how to order or how to comport myself. I would make myself conspicuous, I feared. I continued to walk on, therefore and after walking a great many blocks, came upon a tall building which stood on the corner of a street opposite a land-locked basin. On the ground floor of this building was a large restaurant that had double windows and a vast interior. On the sidewalk of the restaurant, in very large letters, was painted the following bill of fare:

Workingman's Restaurant.

Tea	2 cents
Coffee	2 cents
Porridge and Milk	2 cents
Sandwiches	2 and 4 cents
Eggs	2 cents
Ham and Eggs	16 cents
Broth	2 cents
Pea Soup	2 cents
Potato Soup	2 cents
Beefsteak Pudding	4 cents
Sausage	2 cents

Collops	4 and 6 cents
Dessert Pudding	2 cents
Fish Supper	8 and 12 cents
Tripe Supper	8 and 12 cents

The bill of fare looked good to me, as far as I could understand it, and the prices seemed cheap, too cheap to be good.

What kind of a pudding is a beefsteak pudding? And for the land's sake what are collops? I thought the painter must have made a mistake and forgotten to put the letter "S" before the word collops. I knew what scallops were but not collops. And, then, what kind of a supper is a Fish Supper or a Tripe Supper?"

I walked up to the show windows and looked into them. In the right hand window—the entrance door was between the two windows—I noticed platters on which were disposed huge joints of well cooked mutton, a big round of beef, hog meat done up in various shapes, pigs' feet, meat pies, and divers other dainties, all of which looked mighty good to me. My teeth began to water and a drop trickled down my chin. In the other window were bakery goods of all kinds, conspicuous among which were scones, and one of which was enough for a square meal. They were round, large and high. Let me say right here that I ate a whole scone several days afterward, and that it went through me like a dose of salts, for there was too much soda in it.

As I stood there absorbed in the window displays and sort of cogitating what to go in and order, a young girl of about eighteen came up to me, looked into my face and said: "Who air ye?" I was flabbergasted for a moment, and asked her if she wasn't mistaken in the person, but when she heard me speak she only chuckled softly. Evidently my accent to her was funny. The girl was quite pretty, and had Scottish features and a slight form; around the upper part of her body there lay a Paisley shawl which she kept opening and shutting in front of her bosom as she spoke to me.

I assured her that I was in good health, but asked her again if she were not mistaken in the person she was addressing.

To this she vouchsafed no reply, but asked: "Where do you come from the noo?"

"The 'noo?" What does she mean by that. Like a flash the inspiration came to me that the "noo" meant "new," so I answered her that I had just landed from New York.

"Och eye," sort of sighed she; "ye're a Yankee then?"

Oh, no, miss; I'm a Westerner. I come from the western part of the United States.'

Evidently she did not understand what I was driving at, for in a sort of absent-minded way she murmured twice, "ooh eye! ooh eye! Hoo lang will ye be for stayin' in Glesgie?"

"I don't know, miss; if I find a good job here I'll remain some time."

"Och, yer a braw laddie," volunteered she. "I hope we'll become well acquaint."

Now this made me feel pretty good. The lassie was evidently kind of stuck on me and I sort of fancied her, too. She was just my style, sweet and sonsie! (I hope Scotch readers will please excuse my bad Scotch). I informed the lassie—that is what they call girls in Scotland—that I was just about to go in to get something to eat and asked her if she would join me.

She thanked me and said "no, not the noo, just," but she assured me that she would see me again. I bade her au revoir and entered the restaurant.

The main dining room was a large apartment containing tables that were pretty well occupied by people just then, who were at supper, but there were some private cabinets in the place, in which one could be served if one chose. I preferred to go into one of the cabinets. The cabinet I went into had a sliding wooden door to it, which could be closed; and it was a small compartment, just about large enough to contain a bare, wooden table and a bench at either side of the table. There was hardly room enough to turn around in.

After sitting in this cabinet a few moments a waitress came in and asked me what I would have. I informed her that a plate of pea soup, some mutton, some potatoes and bread and butter would about hit me right. When the girl heard my accent she burst out laughing, but her accent got me a grinning, as well. We both were having lots of fun.

While discussing the pea soup, which was first class, a young lady entered whom I had seen before. It was the lassie who had braced me outside the restaurant and who had declined to sup with me. Well, if I wasn't astonished! I greeted her courteously, and she came right in and seated herself opposite me at the table. When the waitress came in to serve me with the meat she saw the lassie there and sniffed in a scornful sort of way. She evidently didn't think much of me; I could plainly see.

The lassie and I had quite a chat and I requested her to shut the door but she would not do so. I asked her to order something to eat for herself, but she declined, saying that she was not hungry. After I had dined, or supped—call it what you will—we left the restaurant, the lassie and I, and I had a further chat with her on the sidewalk.

She told me that she was not averse to taking "a wee drappie" with me, and that she knew of a nice, snug place where we could be accommodated.

I begged her to excuse me, telling her that I was not a drinking man. The fact is, I was leery of her. I was a stranger in a strange land, unaccustomed to its ways, law or habits, and proposed to go slow. The lassie looked good enough to me, but I did not know who she was or anything about her. Under these circumstances I concluded to shake her.

I informed the lassie that I wished to look for a furnished room before it got too dark, and begged her to excuse me. With that I left her, tipping my hat and saying "au revoir."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOOKING FOR A FURNISHED ROOM.

The summer nights are pretty long in Scotland, for Scotland is quite far north, not so very far from the land of the midnight sun; and night does not descend until about nine or ten o'clock. It was now only about seven o'clock, so that I would still have a few hours of daylight in which to look around for a furnished room. It was my intention to remain in Glasgow one week only, and to see as much of the city as I could during that period; afterward I would hie to other scenes, for I wished to see all of Scotland, if I could, and of Ireland as well.

While wandering along the Broomielaw I noticed plenty of hotels and several lodging houses along that thoroughfare, but they did not appeal to me, for I thought they would be too noisy. I preferred to room in a private house where everything is peaceful, quiet and orderly. A long experience in such matters has taught me that a private house for sleeping purposes is the best. The money you pay for a room helps out the family, too, for it helps to pay the rent.

Accordingly, I sauntered through Buchanan, Argyle, Jamaica and other streets once more, but I saw no "room to let" signs on the houses there. I asked a passerby if there were furnished rooms to let in that locality. He told me there were plenty of them, but that they were rather high priced, for the reason that this was the business section of the city, but that I would find more desirable quarters in the residence sections. He informed me that if I wished to rent a fairly good room at a reasonable price, he would suggest that I try the Gorbals' district, across the river. People having rooms to let, he said, usually live in the upper stories

of the buildings, in flats, and hang their room-to-let signs in or outside of their windows. I thanked him heartily, for all this was useful information and continued in my quest for a room.

I saw a room-to-let sign in a third story window on Jamaica street, and concluded to take a chance there to see what would come of it. The building was of stone and a doorless hallway that led to the upper apartments had stone walls, a stone ceiling and was paved with stone. It was called a close. It led to the rear of the building and was quite gloomy. I hesitated whether or not to traverse it; but what was the use of being afraid of bugaboos?

I mustered up courage and slowly walked through the hallway, at the rear of which I discovered a corkscrew-like iron railed stairway that wound its way upward. The stairway was of stone, too. Everything is built to last in Scotland, apparently, thinks I.

When I came to the third story—it was no easy climb I assure you—I saw a heavy wooden door upon which there was a brass knocker set against a brass plate. I knocked at the door, whereupon an elderly lady opened it a few inches and asked me what my business might be.

I informed her that I was looking for a furnished room.

As soon as she heard me speak, she asked: "Ye're a Yankee, ain't ye?"

I assured her that I was a westerner, which she did not seem to understand, for she exclaimed in an aimless sort of way, "ooh-eye! ooh-eye!"

"What will ye be doin' in Glesgie?" enquired the lady.

"Going to find a job of some kind," I answered.

"What's yer occupation?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I work at anything."

"Ach, then, yer a jock of all trades and maister o' none," declared the lady.

"That's about the size of it," answered I.

"Hoo mich will ye be wantin' to pay for thae room?"

Now, that was a poser! I supposed that things in Scotland would be about half as dear as in the United States, so that a room that cost me about two dollars per week at home ought to cost me about one dollar per week here. I said to the old lady that I thought a dollar a week would be a fair price for a room. The old lady did not know how much a dollar was so I told her, four shillings.

"Awa wi ye!" exclaimed the dame, mad as blazes; "what de ye tak' this hoos for; a tramp's lodgin' place? Awa wi ye!" And with this she slammed the door in my face.

Now, what do you think of that? I didn't know what to think of it. I was so flabbergasted for a while that you could have knocked me down with a feather. I picked my way carefully down the spiral stairway cussing the old woman to beat the band. She did not have much manners, I thought.

I concluded to take in the Gorbals district across the Clyde, to see what luck I would have over there in renting a room. I crossed the Jamaica street bridge and felt my heart glow with pleasure as I looked at the strange and unfamiliar, yet pleasing scenery. The water, ships and boats of many varieties interested me considerably as did the people and vehicles on the bridge. To me Scotland seemed a "bonnie" country and I liked it well. I fancied its people, too, for they seemed agreeable and sociable, and not at all cold or distant. They would speak to you and treat you civilly.

There were gulls and other birds flying about over and near the Clyde which were as strange to me as the people, for they were of a species wholly different from what I had been used to seeing. In a foreign country nothing is like what it is at home.

After crossing the bridge I gained the Gorbals' district which is well built up and full of people. At one time Gorbals was a mere village, lying opposite Glasgow on the Clyde, but as the city expanded and increased in population, it absorbed many an outlying village so that today Glasgow contains between 900,000 and a million of people, and is one

of the few Scottish cities that is going forward rather than backward in population. Emigration is depopulating many a town, country district, city and village in Scotland today.

The Gorbals' district is full of densely populated streets and not a few of them are inhabited by Hebrews, who conduct stores and live there. There are several theatres in the district, a branch of the public library, etc.

I entered a stone hallway in this district, which led up to a second story flat where there was a room to let. This building, too, had a spiral stairway at the rear of the close, built solidly of stone.

When I rapped at the door, an engaging young lady answered the summons and courteously invited me to step inside. I did so and we had a chat.

She informed me that her flat was occupied by herself and sister, but that they had a spare room which was rented permanently to an actor who was absent at the present time, making a tour of the provinces; she could not tell just when he would be back, but I could have the room, if I wished, with the understanding that when the actor returned I would share the room with him and sleep with him. As it was not a female actor, I said to myself, nay.

For various reasons I did not think well of this proposition, and thanking the lady warmly for her courtesy I withdrew. The next place I came to was on the top story of a house, the flat of which was occupied by a middle-aged lady. She showed me the furnished room she wished to rent, in which there was a table and a few chairs, but nothing else. I informed the lady that I was looking for a bedroom, and not a diningroom. Thereupon she opened a closet in the rear of the room in which there was a bunk, Chinaman style.

Holy mackerel! What did the lady take me for; a Chinaman? Well, I'm no Chinaman and I want a good, big, wide bed to sleep in, in which there is plenty of room to kick. I did not engage the Chinaman bunk, needless to say.

I called at several other places without any result, until finally I came to a three story building where there was a

room that suited my taste and purse exactly. This flat was occupied by an aged man and his daughter, who had a nice large room which contained a quaint and old-fashioned mantel piece, a roomy bed, a large table, two chairs, a washstand, dresser, and two windows that afforded plenty of light, which were draped with curtains. Everything in the room was neat and clean, and the window afforded a romantic view of back yards, and the backs of houses which fronted on another street.

The daughter of the house was about thirty years of age and was very kind and amiable, but not pretty. The father, who was nearly eighty years of age, was not in the best of health, and was crusty. Although his daughter tended and cared for him as a mother would her babe, she received no thanks from him and he gave her not even a kind word in return, but accepted all her attentions as a matter of course. He was Irish, and his wife, who had died, was Scotch; thus, the daughter was Irish-Scotch.

Because the young lady was courteous to me, her father began to suspect that there was an intrigue between us and one morning when the young lady had gone forth on an errand he rushed into my room, looked into the closet, under the bed, and everywhere else to see if his daughter were hidden there. I said not a word, but I was indignant. Had he not been so old I would have given him a piece of my mind. I guess he was childish.

I paid a dollar a week for this cosy room and liked it well. After I had rented it, paid in advance for it and been left alone by my landlady, I disrobed and took a wash from head to foot, to get ten day's ship-grime off from me. Oh, how delicious it felt to get my clothes off once more and to be clean and glowing from head to foot. Afterward I went to bed. I woke the next morning feeling bright and gay as a lark.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOING GLASGOW.

At about six o'clock in the morning I left the house with the intention of putting in a big day of sightseeing. I crossed over to the Broomielaw, where I went into a Municipal restaurant and had a large cup of excellent coffee for two cents (a British penny) and a couple of large slices of close-grained homemade bread with butter for two cents more. Everything that was served was first class and could not have been better. Thus, for four cents I had had a very satisfactory meal. The Municipal restaurants in Glasgow are maintained by the Municipality of that city, as are nearly all of the public utilities, and they are well maintained, too.

All the Glasgow Municipal restaurants are fitted up neatly and handsomely with marble floors, marble counters, shiny metal work, etc. The food served is excellent and cheap. Porridge, eggs, and many other things are on the bill of fare, and if I were a millionaire I would not hesitate to patronize these restaurants. There is no style about them, yet everything is neat, clean and orderly.

After emerging from the restaurant I bought a Glasgow morning paper and looked it over. It was a large sheet containing a dozen or more long, wide pages, some of which were full of news articles and some of advertisements. I noticed that the news articles were written in an able, scholarly way and were devoid of sensationalism. There were no scare heads to startle or affright one; no long and salacious accounts of murders or scandals—nothing in fact to shock the sensitive mind. It contained, however, a page composed of "Answers and Queries;" "Master and Man;" "Guardian and Ward;" "Husband and Wife," and other things that were

worth knowing;—useful hints, in fact. There were also many advertisements and display and want ads, pertaining to all kinds of matters. One advertisement especially rivited my attention. It was an announcement that there was to be a public dance in the Green (or Common) that afternoon, given by the Govan Pipers. As it was to be a free show I concluded to take it in. It was now early morning however, so I would have lots of time to see the city before attending the show.

I wandered along the Broomielaw, up past where Paddy's Market is held on Saturday afternoons, along the Clyde Embankment, and then I went into the fish market which I inspected. Afterward, I walked toward the Green. I did not go into the Green just then, but turned off toward a maze of old-fashioned streets that led toward the Cathedral, which, I had been informed, is the most ancient structure in Glasgow.

Glasgow is a modern city in all respects and is up-to-date. Although it was settled more than a thousand years ago, it has kept up with the march of improvements, and is neither more nor less than a business city, given up wholly to trade and commerce. Soon as a building becomes too old and dilapidated, it is torn down to be replaced by a substantial up-to-date structure. Thus, one will not find an ancient, historic or romantic building in Glasgow, for trade and not sentiment rules there.

I came upon the old cathedral which has a long history of its own that lives in song and story. I observed that it was a vast structure, enclosed in spacious grounds, and is built of stone. It is almost black from age and weather. The structure is as plain as a barn, is devoid of ornamentation, and is "just" substantial. The only ornamentations I noticed about it were flying buttresses which are more useful than ornamental. Andrew Fairservice in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, when speaking of this cathedral, said that there are "no whim-whams or whigmaleeries about it," which translated into pure United States, means that there is no gimcrackery about it.

Near the cathedral is situated the Necropolis, an ancient burial ground, which is a very pretty spot. It is a park-like domain situated right in the heart of the city, enclosing hill and valley. Along its winding walks in the valleys are serpentine paths bordered by trees, bushes and flowers. Winding its way upward to the summit of a lofty hill is a pathway along which are grave-plots, monuments, trees, plants and flowers. At the very summit of the lofty hill, which commands a fine view of the city, stands an elaborate monument erected to the memory of John Knox, the Reformer. But the Reformer is not buried there. He is buried, I believe, in Edinburgh.

These two are about the only show-places in Glasgow of any antiquity, and after I had seen them I retraced my footsteps toward home, for as my room was several miles distant from where I now was, it would be pretty near noon before I reached it.

There was much to see in the strange and unfamiliar streets that I traversed, and to me the whole city seemed an oddity and a curiosity.

CHAPTER XX.

DANCING IN THE GREEN.

After a good and substantial dinner I sallied forth that afternoon to witness the dancing in the Green.

The Glasgow Common, or Green, lies along the Clyde at its upper part, and is a public park and playground. It is two or three miles long, I should judge, and about a mile wide, and contains but few trees, bushes or flowers. There are no drives, but walks only. In the Green are swings and gymnastic apparatus for children, tennis grounds, a horticultural pavilion, a humane society building (hospital) near the river, rowboats, a music stand, and other things for public amusement or use. There are plenty of benches placed here and there, where the weary may sit down to rest, and away beyond the confines of the park looking toward the right hand as one enters, extend the streets and houses of the city. On the other side is the Clyde.

It was about two o'clock when I entered the Green, and as the dancing would not begin until an hour or so later, I had plenty of time on my hands. I sat down on a bench a little way in from the entrance of the park and looked about me.

Some distance away on another bench sat a lad and a lassie who were making love in the Scottish fashion. They sat on the bench close together gazing at vacancy and saying not a word, but evidently they were doing a powerful lot of thinking. Suddenly and without the least warning the lad would throw his arm around the lassie's waist, hug her to him tightly for a moment or so, and then let go.

Did you ever observe a calf suckle its mother? It makes a grab for the teat, jerks a few mouthfuls, then suddenly lets go and repeats the performance every few moments. Well,

that was about the way this couple made love. I was wishing as I watched their performance that my New York girl, Henrietta, had been there to give this lad and lassie a few lessons in the art of love-making. Henrietta could have done it, all right.

This calf fashion seemed to me to be a queer way. I infinitely preferred the New York style, of kissing and clinging. It seemed to me, though, that this young couple had lots of nerve, making love in public as they did. But, then, some people are not particular in such matters; they act according to their feelings and don't give a cuss who sees them or what people think.

In due time the people began to enter the park in crowds. Nearly all of them were of the working class, and were male and female, shop girls, working girls, clerks, mechanics, etc., with not a few middle aged and elderly people sandwiched in between. All wore their holiday togs and were out for a good time. I walked with the crowd to the musicstand which is situated quite a way from the entrance of the park. There were few benches around the musicstand so the vast majority of the people had to stand.

This was the first big assemblage of Scotch people I had ever seen, and the types interested me, for they were so various and strange. I shall not attempt to describe them. Their conversation, to me, was fascinating, for it seemed odd and quaint.

Bye and bye some little boys in uniform moved about in the throng handing out programs and I secured one. This is what I found printed on it:

- No. 1—March; Glendaruel Highlanders.
- No. 2—Strathspey; Marquis of Huntley.
- No. 3—Reel; The Auld Wife Ayont the Fire.
- No. 4—March; Brian Boru.
- No. 5—Strathspey; Sandy King.
- No. 6—Reel; Abercairney Highlanders.

- No. 7—Dance; Reel o' Tulloch.
- No. 8—Waltz; The Pride of Scotland.
- No. 9—Highland Fling.
- No. 10—March; Loch Katrine Highlanders.
- No. 11—Strathspey; When You Go to the Hill.
- No. 12—Reel; Over the Isles to America.
- No. 13—Sword Dance.
- No. 14—March; 93'ds Farewell to Edinburgh.
- No. 15—Strathspey; Kessock Ferry.
- No. 16—Reel; Mrs. McLeod's.
- No. 17—Slow March; Lord Leven.

Choir.

- No. 1—Glee; Hail, Smiling Morn.
- No. 2—Part Song; Rhine Raft Song.
- No. 3—Part Song; Maggie Lauder.
- No. 4—Part Song; Let the Hills Resound.
- No. 5—Scottish Medley, introducing favorite Airs.
- No. 6—We'll Hae Nane but Hielan Bonnets Here.
- No. 7—Part Song; Hail to the Chief.
- No. 8—Part Song; The Auld Man.
- No. 9—Part Song; Awake, Aeolian Lyre.
- No. 10—Part Song; Night; Lovely Night!
- No. 11—God Save the King.

A good long program this, and it looked good to me. I was on the tiptoe of expectation.

The musicstand was a large one and had a good sized dancing platform attached to it, but there were no musicians on the stand as yet, nor anyone else.

The crowd stood around the platform in a dense mass, of which I formed a unit, waiting patiently for the trouble to begin. Some of the lads were chaffing the lasses in a flirty way and if I were able to reproduce some of their Scottish badinage and alleged witticisms accurately I would do so, but as I did not take notes of them I will refrain from doing so.

After a long time had elapsed I heard some yelling and shrieking near the park entrance and wondered what the trouble was. Everyone craned their necks or stood on tiptoes looking in that direction. Directly I saw the people along the pathway, where the yelling and shrieking was going on, rush to either side of the walk hurriedly, and then I knew that it was what I had suspected, a dog fight.

Anything to vary the monotony, thinks I. It must have been a rattling good fight the dogs were having, for they were keeping up their noise without cessation, and were coming up this way, too, rapidly.

A lane had been formed by the crowd where the fighting was going on, but suddenly I noticed that a band of musicians was moving rapidly along the lane toward us, playing the bagpipes.

Oh ho! it isn't a dog fight after all, then? The shrieking and yelling came from the pipes. Well, I'll be blowed, thinks I.

As the musicians came nearer I could see that they were dressed in Highland costume. The men wore no trousers, but stockings came up to the knee and from the knee quite a way up, their limbs were bare. From the waist hung the kilts with a sporran in front of it, and around the shoulder was worn a plaid. On the side of the head of each man was perched a cap with a feather in it. Every man was playing the pipes and playing away as if his life depended on it. The musicians strode along swiftly as they played, their skirts swinging from side to side rapidly, reminding me of the can-teen girl at home as she marches with her regiment.

These chaps were stern, erect and earnest, and marched and played grimly, looking neither to the right nor to the left as they marched, but wholly intent on business. The mob along the walk closed in behind the musicians after they had passed by them, and seemed delirious with excitement. "This stirs my heelan bluid," I heard a bystander say.

The tune the bagpipes were playing was,
 Where, oh where, has my little dog gone,
 Where, oh where, can he be?
 With his hair cut long and his tail cut short,
 Where, oh where, can he be?

Now, this is a very inspiring little tune, a sad little refrain, in fact, but it was nothing new to me for I had heard it before, many a time. It was played as a march in quick time but I believe it can be set to dance music, as well. But what an infernal noise those pipes were making! One of these instruments can make noise enough to raise the dead, but a band of them—my goodness, gracious! Such a droning, a shrieking and a yelling there was! Wow! It was enough to set a fellow crazy. But the louder the pipes played the more enthusiastic did the people become.

The musicians were now approaching the bandstand but they did not go upon it as yet, but kept a marching and a marching around it, fiercely playing that same little old tune, continually and continuously. It got me awful tired. I felt as if I'd like to go off somewhere to lay down and die. It got on my nerves.

After marching around the stand to their heart's content the musicians went upon the stand and took seats. They permitted the old tune to die out long enough for that, anyway, thank fortune. After a proper rest the pipes began to skirl up for number one on the program, a march, "The Glendaruel Highlanders." It seemed to me that there had been enough march music played and enough marching done, but the "push" didn't think so. They applauded the music and marching frantically. Go it, folks, as long as you're happy, thinks I.

No. 2 was a Strathspey, the Marquis of Huntley. There was something doing this time. Several of the kilt-attired Highlanders came to the fore and gave us a real old-fashioned dance. Say, it was great! I never saw the like. Those Highlanders were as lively and supple as eels, and their

movements were so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. And how gracefully they danced! Theirs was the poetry of motion. I did not wonder that the crowd went clean crazy now, for so did I, and so would almost anyone, had they seen the dancing. It was great. The dancers were slim, wiry and tireless, and seemed to be able to dance forever. Their wind was so good that I felt as if I'd hate to tackle any one of them in a scrap. Och-Aye! They were too long-winded.

No. 3 was a reel, "The Auld Wife ayont the Fire," and this was danced by the Highlanders, as were all the dances, in fact. Not a woman participated. This reel was about the wildest thing I ever saw. The dancers turned themselves loose and let themselves run wild. It seemed as if they had suddenly gone crazy. They hopped, skipped and jumped, they leaped in the air, whirled, whooped, yelled and shrieked. You would have thought that a band of Sioux Indians were on the warpath and had sighted the enemy. Such lively movements I never saw before.

The Scotch must be devils when they break loose, thinks I. There is no restraining them. Their dancing, their steps, their actions and their methods were a revelation to me. A performance like this is worth crossing the ocean to see.

No. 5, Strathspey, "Sandy King," was a good number; No. 6, reel, "Abercainey Highlanders," was a corker and got the crowd utterly crazy, including yours truly; the reel o' Tulloch was another wild Indian dance and made everyone's hair stand on end, including that of your humble servant, who is not apt to enthuse without a good cause.

Number 9, "Highland Fling," came next and was a dandy. It was more energetic and lively even than the reel, and I began to wonder how the human frame could endure so much exertion without collapsing, but those fellows never would tire. It was wonderful! wonderful!! wonderful!!! All the dancing was great. I cannot describe it as it should be described. I shall say no more about it except to mention one more dance, the Sword Dance. This was danced by one man

only. Two naked sword blades were placed upon the stage crosswise, and rather a thick set (bairdley) Highlander danced between the blades, but never anywhere else. He danced slowly, then rapidly; he spun, jumped, leaped with all kinds of steps and movements and never came any where near touching a sword blade. How he did it I don't know. That performer ranked high as an artist I learned, and was celebrated throughout Scotland. He would draw a large audience anywhere, the world over.

When I returned to my room that evening my landlady asked me how I liked the dancing. I told her it was the most marvelous exhibition of dancing that I had ever seen. And it was, by long odds.

CHAPTER XXI.

TAKING IN A SHOW.

That same evening I took in a show at the Gayety Theatre, one of the largest and oldest theatres in Scotland. The Gayety is situated across the Clyde from where I lived and as the performance was to begin at six o'clock in the evening I would have to start pretty soon now, for I intended to walk and the distance was considerable. I had plenty of daylight before me, however, for it would not grow dark until ten o'clock or later.

I arrived at the Gayety in good season and noticed that it was a lofty and ancient stone building with nothing very ornamental about it to show that it was a play-house. It was my intention to go up in the gallery—price sixpence—as it was the intention of a great many others to do, for there was a large crowd present, in front of the box office and extending a couple of hundred feet or more into the street beyond. I got in line and waited for the doors to open. By paying an extra penny or so I could have got in what is

called "the early door," and in that way could have avoided the rush and long wait, and could have secured a good seat before the mob rushed in; but I concluded to mix in with the "push" and take my chances.

It was a tedious wait, however, in front of the doors. To while away the tedium some fellows in the crowd began to play pranks with each other, Scottish fashion. A chap behind me gave me a jolt in the rump with his knee and tipped my hat over my eyes. I told him not to get too gay, whereupon he heard my accent and knew at once that I was a foreigner. He informed the others of the fact in a loud voice, and they quickly made it mighty interesting for me. They flung all kinds of impudent questions at me, they cheered me, jeered me, called me names and made life a burden to me for awhile. I was sorry I had opened my mouth but I had the wit to keep quiet, at such a time; for the least said, the soonest mended.

I kept mum, all right, and let them enjoy themselves. They quit when they got ready and gave their attention to some one else. Had I said anything more they would have had lots more fun with me, I have no doubt.

The gallery doors were slowly opened a little before six by an old man who was dressed in theatre livery, and then there was a rush and a squeeze to get to the ticket window. I was nearly squeezed as flat as a pancake but I held my own in the jam and gave way to nobody. This was a case of each for himself and the devil for us all. I got to the ticket window all right in due season.

After securing my ticket I rushed up the stone stairways with the crowd. There were as many steps to mount, it seemed to me, as there are inside of the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, and that is not a few. I was compelled to stop several times to take a breather but no one else stopped, I noticed, which convinced me of the fact that the Scots are a long-winded race. I wouldn't want to tackle any of them in a scrap, for their wind is better than mine and I'd come out at the little end of the horn.

I finally reached the gallery, pretty well spent. The gallery was next to the roof and by standing on a seat I could almost touch the ceiling with my hand. The seats were wooden benches and the comforts were not many. But what can you expect for sixpence?

Below the gallery were other tiers, nearly all of which contained stalls, individual boxes, private boxes, in fact. These seemed to me to be drygoods boxes boarded up to the middle with the upper part open, so as to afford the occupants a view of things. The stalls were not much more voluminous than drygoods boxes but they afforded a certain privacy and seclusion. On the ground floor was the pit, what Americans call the orchestra.

Little boys in livery were moving about on the various floors crying out "program," with the accent on the first syllable, and as I wanted a program I hailed a boy who handed me one, and wanted a penny (two cents) for it. I thought he was trying to work me but to save annoyance I gave him a penny. I soon learned that all theatre programs must be paid for in Scotland, an old custom this. This is what the program contained:

- No. 1—La Puits d' Amour, Balfe; Band.
- No. 2—Mr. John Robertson, Baritone Vocalist.
- No. 3—Drew and Richards in their specialty act, Old Fashioned Times.
- No. 4—Mr. Billy Ford, Negro Comedian.
- No. 5—The Alaskas, Comic Horizontal Bar Experts.
- No. 6—Mr. Edward Harris, London Comedian.
- No. 7—Miss Josie Trimmer, Child Actress and the Forget-me-nots, Vocalists and Dancers.
- No. 8—Selection, Yeoman of the Guard.
- No. 9—Miss Sarah Adams, American Serpentine Dancer.
- No. 10—The Gees, in their musical oddety, "Invention."
- No. 11—Collins and Knowles, in their Refined Specialty Act.

No. 12—Mr. Charles Russell, Comedian and Descriptive Vocalist.

No. 13—National Anthem.

Quite a lengthy program this, and it looked as if it might be good. If the performance were half as good as the one given in the Green that afternoon, I would have no kick coming. We shall see, said I to myself, as I waited with what patience I could muster.

After a long and tedious wait the orchestra away down below in front of the stage began to tune up and gave us an overture called "La Puits d' Amour," by Balfe. Balfe is a good composer and has written some fine pieces, but this one seemed dull. Whether the composition is a dull one or whether the orchestra was a poor one I do not know, but the music was dull, uninteresting and so long drawn out that I soon found myself nodding, for somnolent music is apt to make me snooze.

After the selection was ended there came a pause of a few minutes and then there was a sort of half-hearted fanfare during which the curtain was rung up and "Mr. John Robertson, Baritone Vocalist," strode upon the stage and graciously bowed to the audience.

Mr. Robertson was a young man. He was attired in evening dress and there was a heavy gold chain hanging in front of his black vest which he kept a hold of as he sang. Whether there was a watch attached to the chain I don't know, nor do I know whether the chain was solid gold or brass, but it looked good from the distance. Mr. Robertson was a very indifferent singer who got me tired; he could not sing a little bit and I felt relieved when he made his exit. When he finally tore himself away from us, which he seemed loth to do, he took his massive chain with him. It must have been valuable.

No. 3 was Drew and Richards in their specialty act, "Old Fashioned Times." A gentleman and lady came upon the stage dressed in very queer togs and as soon as the lady

opened her mouth to sing I knew that she was a man. The chap who impersonated the lady was not on to his job at all. He was a caricature. The act was a poor one but the gallery gods did not think so to judge from the way they applauded. They stamped, cheered and bellowed "bee! bee!" through their clenched fists. It was a circus to me to observe the ways of the gallery gods, who were packed together as close as sardines in a box, including myself.

Mr. Billy Ford, negro comedian, came next. I was expecting to see a colored countryman of mine, and when he came upon the stage I thought he was a darky, but as soon as he began to sing the conviction was forced upon me that he was a London cockney dressed up as a nigger. Did you ever hear a colored chap talk with a cockney accent? I never did. When this chap endeavored to sing like a coon and to dance and talk like one, I was astonished—paralyzed almost. I felt pained and had a feeling that I wanted to go home to my mother, but the gallery gods went into ecstasies of delight. I guess they had not seen much of darkies and were unfamiliar with their ways. I began to think that this was a pretty rotten show and felt like going home. The idea; a coon with a cockney accent; the Lord deliver us!

"The Alaskas, Comic Horizontal Bar Experts," came next. They might have been experts at a drinking bar, but I have seen better gymnasts in free shows on the Coney Island Bowery than these fellows. They were tame—rotten. Take 'em away.

Mr. Edward Harris, London Comedian, was next. Harris was a celebrity from the London music halls and he was undoubtedly a great artist. Here, at last, was an actor of talent and merit. His impersonations of London characters were true to the life and there was a go, a spirit and a vim in his characterization that brought down the house.

I had been listless and indifferent until now but this real actor showed to me what genius—talent is, and stirred me up. Why is great acting called talent and not genius? You do not hear people say that an actor is a genius, but that he

has talent. At any rate the London comedian was a genius. He kept the house in an uproar, and the audience could not get enough of him. He responded to several encores. It was a study to watch the audience encore. Such ways and methods of conduct I had never seen before. It pays to go abroad to see things.

Miss Josie Trimmer, Child Actress, and the Forget-me-nots, Vocalists and Dancers, were next on the program. Little Josie was evidently under the protection of the "Forget-me-nots"; she was a cute child but devoid of any ability whatever. The Forget-me-nots were Scotch lassies who were coon shouters and dancers, but tell me, did you ever hear a coon lady speak with a Scotch accent? These ladies put a good deal of ginger into their work and thought they were doing fine, and so did the audience, but they gave me a pain. I looked around and wanted to go home, but I was so wedged in that it would have been a difficult matter to get out.

The next event on the program was a selection by the orchestra, an overture, "Yeoman of the Guard." This afforded an intermission of which many took advantage of by going down stairs to see a man. I thought of going home, but the next number on the program was to be an act by an American lady, Miss Sarah Adams, American Serpentine Dancer, and I felt that I ought to remain to see her. It was a coon's age, it seemed to me, since I had seen an American face and heard an American voice. Those who have been in the old country can understand just what my feelings were. A sight of the American flag in a foreign country, will get an American crazy with joy. God bless the dear old Stars and Stripes, he or she will say.

I fortified myself with patience and waited for my country-woman to appear on the stage. When her turn came, all the lights in the theatre were turned off, including the foot-lights, and a strong calcium light was turned on the stage. Colored glasses were set before the calcium light in all colors of the rainbow. The orchestra played low and thrilling music, whereupon the danseuse suddenly hopped into view on the

stage enwrapped in diaphonous folds of cheesecloth which she threw around herself in waves, cascades, etc., and upon which the calcium light played in many colors. It was a gorgeous spectacle. Miss Adams was tall, lean and bony, a New England type, and she threw her arm and limbs about in a manner to mystify the eye. Sallie was all right. She was onto her job in good shape. She was spry and chipper and evidently did not give a rap who saw her, but hopped about unconcernedly. I applauded her wildly, not because her acting was so good, for I had seen as good and better at home, but because she was my country-woman. I stamped, I whistled, I catcalled, and I'll bet my neighbors thought that I had suddenly gone crazy; but not a rap did I care for what they thought. Go it, Sallie, you're a darling! Go it, old girl! Show these foreigners what you can do, thought I.

But those blue, red, green, yellow, purple, orange and other lights made me think of the Fourth of July at home and a wave of homesickness swept over me. I rushed out and for home. I had had enough. That was the first show I attended in Scotland, but not the last, by any means.

CHAPTER XXII.

"TA-TA, GLESGIE!"

Well, I had put in a grand day and night of sight-seeing and Glasgow suited my taste well. It is a huge city, full of manufacturing establishments, wholesale business houses and an endless lot of retail stores. It is the centre of trade, shipping and commerce in Scotland, and above all it is the most famous shipbuilding place in the world. What New York is to the United States, Glasgow is to Scotland, the metropolis and most populous city. Everyone is chock full of business in Glasgow and making money, apparently. It is a vast commercial city and interesting enough to those who like an active, bustling, lively place. But though the Glasgow folks are full of business they like pleasure and comfort as well, for their city is a gay one in many respects. It contains a great many theatres and other amusement places; many fine parks; plenty of open space and squares; and some fine monuments. It also contains a very large, well equipped and splendid public museum at Kelvinside, which contains voluminous collections of armor, tapestries, statuary, paintings, natural history objects, etc. Also many other things that are worth seeing and studying. I put in a week agreeably in Glasgow, and never felt time hang heavy on my hands. I found the people to be sociable, and not too proud or too stuck-up to speak to me. Their ways, speech, dress and manner were a never failing source of interest to me as mine were to them in a measure, for they seemed to have quite a liking for Americans. Many of them, however, displayed a woeful ignorance of "the States," as they called them. I gave them all the information I could and it pleased me to speak to them on such a subject, for it was one dear to me.

One thing struck me very forcibly before I had been in Scotland very long, and that was, how popular Robert Burns, the poet, was. Streets and lanes are named after him; monuments have been erected to him, and there are pictures of him displayed galore; clubs are named after him; bum looking cigars, hats, caps, shoes, clothing, liquors, and a multitude of other things, too numerous to mention, some as a mark of affection or reverence, and some, merely as a trademark. The notion came to me that for Burns, Scotchmen will die; Scotch ladies sigh; Scotch babies cry; Scotch dogs kiyl. Everyone seemed to think well of him and yet he had been dead more than 150 years. Scotland has produced other great poets, such as Allan Ramsay, Robert Ferguson, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Motherwell and many others, some of whom were first class, yet none of them were as popular as Burns. Was Robert Burns so immeasurably superior to all other poets? Why was he so great? What did he do to so enthrall humanity?

He believed that the proper study for mankind is man, and he understood mankind as few mortals ever did. This knowledge came to him partly by intuition and partly by study. The eye of his genius perceived that which the ordinary mortal man cannot perceive or acquire by study.

* Cannot the same be said of other men of genius? It seems to me it can, but there are qualities, degrees, grades in genius, evidently. Genius is nothing more nor less than great, good, common sense; wit, originality, I take it; a quality that is born in man and cannot be acquired, but strange to say every man of genius does not possess the quality of genius to an equal degree.

One poem alone of Burns which will always appeal to mankind evinces his superiority, although it is not the only poem that discloses his great genius. I refer to, "Honest Poverty," which I will reprint here and descant upon. Had Burns written no other poem than this one, it would have

rendered him immortal, and yet it is not clothed in fine, flowery or erudite language. It does contain good common sense though. Here is the poem:

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs its head and a' that;
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine
Wear hodden grey and a' that;
Give fools their silks and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that;
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king of o' men for a' that.

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord
Wha' struts and stares and a' that?
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that and a' that
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he maunna fa' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are hgher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that and a' that
Its coming yet for a' that
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

There are some Scottish words in this poem that I do not understand, yet I can gather their general meaning. Burns says in tuneful numbers, that rank is but the guinea's (money) stamp and that man's the gold for all that. What if he does dine on poor grub and wears poor clothes; give fools their silks and knaves their wine, a man's a man for all that. "The honest man though e'er so poor, is king of men for all that." How does that strike you? Look deep down in your heart and ask yourself if it is true. "You see that person, called a lord, who struts and stares and all that; though hundreds worship at his word he is not much for all that; his riband, star and a' that, the man of independent mind, he looks and laughs at all that."

These sentiments were declared by a peasant-born lad who lived in a country where noblemen flourished and were regarded with awe and reverence by people of his rank, but he could estimate them at their true worth. Burns was a republican at heart, a true child of nature. His genius could perceive that noblemen were no better than ordinary folk, even though they had been born to the purple. Their wealth procured them a higher education, more pleasures, and more accomplishments; but at heart they were no different from other people.

"A prince can make a belted knight;" which means that royalty can bestow honors and titles, "but an honest man's aboon that," but he cannot make an honest man.

"It's coming yet for a' that, that man to man the world over, shall brothers be for a' that." The time is coming but arriving slowly, when all men will be brothers and this prophecy of a poet who lived over 150 years ago is being fulfilled. Robert Burns lived before the United States and other republics were born. Is not the brotherhood of man establishing more republics? France, since Burns wrote his immortal poem, became a Republic and so did Portugal, with other countries probably to follow. In time there may be naught but the brotherhood of man and equality, liberty and

fraternity for all. "Honest Poverty" is a great poem—simple, musical and true.

Can anyone tell me why Burns' poem, "Auld Lang Syne," is so popular and why it is sung in public assemblages the world over? Why does it so appeal to the human heart and mind?

Here is its opening stanza:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' k'indness yet
For auld lang syne.

* * * * *

Burns was of humble parentage. He was born in a bunk, situated in the kitchen of a little stone hut on his parents' farm in Ayrshire, and he was brought up on the farm. He went to school and was given an ordinary education, but like the bird that is born to sing and soar, so Robbie naturally sings, and he soared higher, almost, than any other mortal ever did.

In Scotland, Sir Walter Scott came nearest to Burns as a poet, although Scott far surpassed Burns as a prose writer. Burns died before he had attained his fortieth year and had not had a fair opportunity to perfect himself as a prose writer. I do wish that I could devote a whole chapter to Burns, to say as much of him as I would like to say, and to show just why he is so venerated today by Scottish people, and others; I fear that if I did so, this book would become too voluminous and possibly weary the reader, so I had better not go too far. Only a few words more about him.

Burns was born and raised on his father's farm as I said before, and as soon as he was able, he got out and helped with the farm work, doing chores, plowing, etc. But, even when a boy, he took to rhyming and wrote down his thoughts on paper whenever he could. He kept his poems, showed

them to his friends, and some of his discriminating friends advised him to have them printed. He took his writings to a town near by, Kilmarnock, where he placed them in the hands of a printer. The printer agreed to put the poetry in book form on condition that a certain number of the books be subscribed for beforehand so as to secure him against loss. The subscriptions were obtained and the book was printed. As soon as the book appeared, Burns became famous. It was seen at once that he had genius of a higher order. Bobbie was a very handsome boy and it was not long before everyone began to admire him, including the girls. Not a few of the girls showed him plainly how much they thought of him, and as Bobby was human he reciprocated their regard.

The result was that a few of the girls got into trouble and it was not long before several wild-eyed fathers and brothers went a-gunning for the poet, but when matters were explained to them they cooled down somewhat. Some of the girls who ran after Burns could not have been kept away from him with a cannon. One girl, Jean Armour, had twins by him the first rattle out of the box and her father insisted on marriage. Bobbie liked Jean well enough to marry her and he did so. Jean had deuce's at a second throw, which convinced people that Bobbie could wrestle with prose as well as with poetry. These things are a matter of record and nearly all the world knows them. They are not figments of my brain.

Quite a number of children were born to Burns and his wife, and the poor poet had many trials and tribulations, but he continued to write and gained money and fame. He was not much of a business man or financier and did not manage well. The result was that he was nearly always in hot water. By this time, though, his fame had spread all over the world and he became more and more popular. Society ran after him and lionized him, but Bobbie was not cut out for a society lion.

It is a strange fact and a true one that those mortals

possessing the greatest genius were usually the simplest, and did not put on style or airs. They knew and understood that they were born with the divine afflatus, but as it came to them naturally they took it as a matter of course, like anything else that they are not responsible for. Though their native wit, talent, genius, ability—call it what you will—may have been colossal, they were diffident, fearful, and dubious of their own powers. They felt that they were born to soar but they knew not how high. That was the case with Burns and many others. Experience only begat confidence. Burns felt that he had some ability, but he thought there were others far abler than he, and whom he looked upon with awe and admiration. I refer to Allan Ramsay, Robert Ferguson and other poets who preceeded him. Yet Burns was superior to them all, immeasurably so.

To demonstrate how Burns regarded himself, I will reprint here the preface to his first volume of poems which he had printed at Kilmarnock and which was sold by subscription, as I mentioned before. This is it:

"The following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art and perhaps amid the elegancies and idleness of upper life looks down for a moral theme with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poetry by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years it was not till very lately that the applause (perhaps the partiality) of friendship awakened his vanity so as to make him think anything of his worth showing, for none of the poems were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life, these were his motives for courting the muses. Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being brand-

ed as an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scottish rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence, forsooth! If any critic catches at the word genius, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise the publishing, in the manner he has done, would be a maneuver below the worst character his worst enemy will ever give him. **But to the genius of an Allan Ramsay or a Robert Ferguson,** (the prominent type is mine—Windy Bill's), he has not the least pretension, nor ever had, even in his highest pulse of vanity. These two justly admired Scottish poets he has often had in his eye but rather to kindle in their flame than for servile imitation."

Thus it will be seen that Burns feared the critics, and that he was dubious of his own powers; and that he rated himself below Ramsay and Ferguson.

Burn's native wit was greater than that of all other Scottish poets, and as time rolls on his popularity increases rather than diminishes. As an evidence of this fact, his grave and birthplace are visited by a multitude of strangers every year. How many know anything of, or visit the stamping ground, of other Scottish poets?

I had a pretty good time in Glasgow. I rode in the trams down either side of the River Clyde, to outlying districts, through the maze of streets; I took a boat ride to Dunoon, and to Rothesay on the Isle of Bute and enjoyed myself hugely. Had I only been wealthy, wouldn't I have given the boys and girls a good time? Well, you can bet your bottom dollar that I would have done so, and painted the town red, but alas, the mind was willing but the purse was weak.

My landlady was very good to me and I hated to leave her, but then it was a case of "needcessity," as the fellow said; in other words, a case of have to.

Edinburgh was my next objective point. Edinburgh is about fifty or sixty miles from Glasgow, in an almost due east

direction, and as the railroad fare in Scotland is a penny (two cents) a mile, third class, that price is cheaper than walking or staying at home. Therefore I rode. A 'bo never hikes it unless he has to, and in this case I didn't have to, for I had money in my purse. I wasn't broke yet, although pretty near it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDINBURGH.

Edina, Scotia's darling Seat,
 All hail, thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sate legislation's sovereign powers.—Robert Burns.

Edinburgh is an altogether different city from Glasgow. It has only about 250,000 people and is the capital of Scotland, but it is not a commercial city; it is a show town. It is one of the handsomest cities in the world and by far the most interesting one that I was ever in. Like Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Council Bluffs, San Francisco, and some other cities that I had been in, it is full of hills, mountains and valleys, and seems picturesque. A diversity of scenery conduces to make almost any place so; but Edinburgh is more than naturally beautiful. It is enhanced by art. Besides, it is historical and classical in outlines. It is full of rare and ancient palaces, towers, buildings, streets, squares, market places, closes, wynds, etc.; and wears a medieval aspect that gives one an idea of what things were in the long ago.

The people in Scotland love Edinburgh and call it by pet names, such as Edinboro, Edina, Scotia's darling seat, the Athens of the North, etc., and it is worthy of all the love they can bestow upon it.

Right in the center of the city stands a mountain nearly a thousand feet high which is crowned by a fortified place, Edinburgh Castle, and which is almost as old as the hill

that it stands on. In remote ages when man was in the barbaric stage and when might made right, castles were built for protection, around which the humble people built their dwellings, so that when a foe swept down on them they could fly to its sheltering walls for protection. In barbaric ages people hardly knew enough to cook their meat for they placed it on a saddle beneath their person and galloped their horses about until the meat was tender. Then they ate it. Maybe you think this is a hobo yarn? Well, it is not.

Edinburgh castle as it stands today is not the original building, for the original one was built long before any records were kept, a thousand, maybe thousands of years ago. The castle was destroyed and rebuilt several times. It stands today huge and massive as the rocks, and a wonderfully interesting structure it is. It was built so high up so as to sweep the foe off the face of the earth as he approached on the plains far below, but if the foe escaped from this peril and approached the castle to capture it, then he had a few hard nuts to crack.

Firstly, he would have to storm a thick and lofty stone wall away down on the mountain side. If he captured that, then there was a wall to overcome further up the steep hill. If he were lucky enough to capture this barrier, then he could gain the esplanade of the castle, which is an open space, a drill ground in front of the castle. Here his real troubles would begin, for right in front of the massive walls of the castle there is a ditch about twenty feet deep, (called a moat), which was full of water and sufficiently wide to prevent any one from leaping across it.

The drawbridge lowered by a portcullis—a sort of pulley and chain affair—led over the moat, but it was raised as soon as the enemy appeared. Thus, he could not cross the moat to gain the gateway. The walls in which the gate is affixed are of stone and twenty or thirty feet in thickness. Had the foe gained an entrance through this gateway then he would have found himself in the castle yard, but by no means in the castle itself, for there stood a fort, almost impregnable.

There were men of military genius in the centuries gone by, as there are in this, who could devise means to attack successfully as well as to defend, so that Edinboro Castle like every other structure of its kind, is by no means invulnerable. It would not last long against modern guns, maybe. In fact, Edinboro Castle, huge and strong as it is, never was invulnerable. In romances it has been shown how such castles were captured, but the real battle scenes were far more horrible than depicted.

When an old castle was assaulted, huge rocks were hurled through the air by means of ponderous machines; javelins, arrows and darts were thrown or shot, some bearing masses of blazing pitch and tow, with occasionally, perhaps, an arrow carrying a message from a traitor. Barrels of Greek fire were used by the defenders, or boiling oil, melted pitch, molten lead, unslacked lime, etc. Towers were built by the besiegers with rollers, so they could be rolled up to the castle walls, and men mounted them to spring on the ramparts of the castle to fight at close quarters. The foundations of a castle were undermined, and in other ways assaults were made.

While a castle was being besieged the scenes were awful. There was a wild and horrid confusion of terrible sounds, the din of armor, the shouting of battle cries, the groaning of dying men, the crash of falling stones, timbers and crumbling walls. Men shrieked in agony as they were burned by the hot oil, melted pitch or molten lead, and the actual scenes were indescribable. Romance never has related the true horrors of such scenes. But I am a little ahead of my story.

As the distance between Glasgow and Edinboro is rather short and the passenger traffic between the two places heavy, trains run hourly, almost. I left Glasgow on one of the earliest trains and got to Edinboro before eight o'clock in the morning. This gave me a big, long day for sightseeing. The first thing I intended to do was to rent a furnished room so that I would have a home to go to.

I arrived in the Caledonian Railroad station in Edinboro, which is not quite so large a one as St. Enoch's in Glasgow, but it is a large and fine one, nevertheless. When I stepped outside I found myself in a large public square from which radiated wide, clear, stone paved streets. Straight ahead of me extended Princes street, the leading one in town, and in another direction lay the Lothian Road along which I walked leisurely, reconnoitering carefully as I went. The houses, stores and everything in that locality seemed neat and precise, and along there, were hotels, restaurants and not a few high class stores. From the Lothian Road radiated many streets, for it was avenue-like. Some of these streets were by no means fine ones, for they were inhabited by poor people whose domiciles were ancient and odd.

I turned up Spittal street and after going into various houses where "Room to Let" signs were displayed, finally secured a room on the top floor of a house on Spittal street, in a flat occupied by a large family. This family had recently arrived from the north country of Scotland with the intention of trying their luck in Edinboro.

The family consisted of father, mother, five girls and four boys. Two sons were grown up and married and did not live at home with their parents, and the same may be said of the oldest daughter; but there were four girls living at home and two little boys with whom I slept. The name of these people were Cameron and I believe they were "Heelan" (Highland). The father was tall, bony and wiry, with an erect carriage and the eye of an eagle, sharp and grey. Though he was about fifty years of age he was a remarkable athlete and besides, a good musician, a champion at checker playing, (draughts), and accomplished in several other ways as well.

The mother was built on the same plan as the father, for she was tall and gaunt, had a gray eye and was erect; she was very gentle though, yet she could be fierce enough if driven to it. The girls were light-haired and sylph-like in shape and engaging in manner—everyone of them. Violet,

the married daughter, often came home on a visit to her parents, for she lived close by.

"Vi," as her folks called her was the prettiest of all the sisters and was a musician of no mean ability. She played the piano and guitar and sang. She had been on the stage but had left it at her husband's request. The Camerons were having a hard struggle just then to make both ends meet and that is why they accepted me as a roomer. The kiddies with whom I bunked were chubby little fellows with dirty faces, generally, and running noses, but like all Scottish children they were well behaved, decent, orderly and quiet, and very bashful and respectful toward their elders. They could be noisy enough when playing in the street with other children. But Scottish children are rarely rude, rough or boisterous. A word from a grown-up person will usually quiet them instantly. Obedience and respect seem to be born in them.

I had no trouble renting the room, for Mrs. Cameron was an agreeable lady to deal with, and after I had rented the room I soon went forth to see the Castle which was only a few blocks away and could be seen from my domicile window. I had never seen a structure like that before and that is why I was so eager and anxious to go forth.

After about a two minutes' walk through Spittal street and past Castle Terrace street, I came upon the thoroughfare that led up to the castle. It was a well paved street up which pedestrians as well as vehicles could go, for the incline was gradual. A little way up along this street there stands a long, stone building which is used as the quarters for the officers who are in command of the soldiers stationed in the barracks, within the castle walls. The word castle means a fortified place. The barracks in the castle yard contain accommodations for about a thousand soldiers (a regiment), and the barracks have been in the castle yard since time immemorial. I gained the top of the hill on which the Castle is built without any effort and found myself at the esplanade, which is the drillground outside the castle walls. The espla-

nade is capacious, for a drillground naturally would have to be so, and from it a charming view of Edinboro can be had. Nearly the whole city lies on a plain surrounding the hill.

It is a fine thing to view Edinboro from the esplanade, but even a better view can be had from on top of the castle battlements.

At the drawbridge in front of the moat paced a sentinel, who looked cute in red coat and little cap set at the side of his head. I expected that he would stop me, if I tried to cross the drawbridge to enter the castle yard, but not a word did he say to me when I tried it. Thereupon, I walked through the stone gateway and marvelled at the thickness of the walls; they must have been about thirty feet in thickness. After passing through the gateway I found myself in the castle yard. In the yard was a pathway which wound upward, and along it were outbuildings of various kinds, such as storehouses, woodsheds, ammunition huts, lodges for the attendants, all built of stone. I walked up along the stone paved and rather steep pathway to find myself on the ramparts of the castle, along which stands the castle building proper, the soldiers' barracks, St. Margaret's Chapel, and batteries of guns. Have you ever heard or read of old "Mons Meg," the cannon so renowned in song and story? Well, here she stands, large as life, on the Half-Moon Castle Battery. She is fit for ornament rather than for use these days, for she is too old for service. She has been in half a dozen sieges and has been captured and recaptured many a time.

The old Castle itself is four stories in height, is battlemented and has a tower in the centre of the facade which is surmounted by a clock. The Castle proper is not fortified, for the fortalice stands in front of it and guards it. I entered the Castle and found that its rooms were not furnished at all. In fact, the rooms have not been occupied for centuries. The walls are immensely thick, the floors are stone paved and the ceilings are of stone, and rather low. They would form rather a dismal and dark abode these days, but no one lives in them, except possibly guides and wardens. One official is

in charge of the banquetting hall, which is now used for the display of a fine collection of armor and this official sells printed matter relating to it.

In an upper chamber, which is low ceiled, dark and gloomy, Mary Queen of Scots was confined of her son James VI. of Scotland and England. Mary's confinement chamber to me seemed more like a prison than anything else, for its windows were deep, set in the stone walls. Some of the streets of Edinboro, below can be seen from this window and they seem miles away. The banquet hall which used to be the main living room, is the largest in the Castle and is noble in dimensions. It is stocked with Scottish armor and weapons of many periods, and I contemplated some of the weapons with awe. Here were battle-axes, halberts, pikes, blunderbusses, pistols, Lochaber axes, swords, etc., and some of them could have inflicted frightful wounds—could have cleft a man from head to waist.

In an upper room the regalia of Scotland is kept. This regalia was worn by Scottish royalty at one time and it is well taken care of and treasured.

Ireland is striving for Home Rule these days, and may get it, so possibly Scotland some day may strive for Home Rule too. If Scotland gets it, then the royal regalia in the Castle tower will come in handy, that is, if Scotland chooses a king to rule over her. I don't suppose Scotland would fancy a republican form of government.

Below the rocky foundations of the Castle are dungeons and oubliettes in which prisoners in past times were confined, and a sight of these oubliettes and dungeons fills one with sorrow and pity for those who had been confined there, for they were awful places. How awfully cruel were people in the days that have gone by. It is well that we live in a more enlightened age, though even today cruel deeds are done.

I inspected the Castle thoroughly and visited it so many times afterward that the guards got to know me quite well, and often chatted with me.

After leaving the Castle I descended several stairways and walked through wynds and closes (courts and alleys) to the foot of the hill on which the Castle stands, where I reached the Grassmarket. This is a large and historic old plaza or square, which is used as a market place once or twice a week these days, and in former days served as an execution place, where criminals were put to death. Along the Grassmarket stand several inns that are hundreds of years old, which are famous for having been the stopping places of historical characters. They are doing a good business today. Among these is the Black Bull, the White Hart, and one or two others of lesser renown. There are also many old fashioned stores, restaurants, business establishments, lodging houses, etc., along the Grassmarket and also a police station, which is necessary, for this is a pretty tough locality. It has not changed in appearance much in centuries.

It gives one an idea of what the Middle Ages were like. It was a revelation to me to observe the queer little shops, grocery and others. Things are sold pretty cheap in this locality. I picked up a circular that was lying on the sidewalk and found the following verse printed on it:

The tid-bits sold at Armour's bar
 They're famed both near and far.
 Bought by all, both saint and sinner,
 4½d (9 cents) a princely dinner.

I came upon a fairly neat-appearing place on the Grassmarket at the front of which was advertised in large letters, "Fish suppers, 2d," so I thought I'd go in and try my luck. When I stepped in I found myself in a large apartment in which there was a huge fire place, at which fish and potatoes were being fried.

The savory odor that smote me as I entered was agreeable. On one side of the apartment opposite the grill were tables and benches that were enclosed in pew-like subdivisions. One of these pews would hold two or three persons. I ordered a fish supper, whereupon a medium sized

dinner plate heaped full of french fried potatoes and fried fish of some sort, I think it was large herrings, was set before me. The fish and potatoes were delicious, so delicious in fact, that I felt I could stand another dose. The second helping filled me to the brim. Thus for eight cents I had a satisfying and substantial meal. A fellow can live pretty cheap in Scotland, I imagined, if he learns how.

After emerging from the restaurant I sauntered through the Lawnmarket which lies adjacent to the Grassmarket, and then passed along the High street, a very busy thoroughfare. What Americans would name "Main street" in a town or village, the British name, "High street," and High street in Scottish towns in the long ago, was always the main street; but the High street in Edinboro is no longer the principal thoroughfare, nor has it been for centuries. Princes street has long been the main thoroughfare in Edinboro and it is a charming one, having the Castle Park at one side of it and business houses on the other side.

The High street is a busy thoroughfare nevertheless, though it is rather narrow. It is stone paved, old and quaint. The stores along it cater to the working people's trade, but they are fitted up attractively, and in their windows are displayed big stocks of goods at compelling prices.

I came upon an ancient public square upon which the Scottish House of Parliament stands. As Parliament House is no longer used for legislative purposes, its many halls, chambers and courts have been converted into law courts and chambers. Here the Civil Courts will be found. The vast Assembly Chamber wherein the Scottish Parliament sat several hundred years ago, long has been used by lawyers, who walk back and forth in its historic confines attired in cap and gown in quest of clients, for whenever anyone needs the services of a lawyer he can take his choice here of many. Some fledgeling lawyers usually have a hard time of it securing clients, and often haunt the Hall for years before they secure one. The chaps with an established reputation get the business. It was the hap of Sir Walter Scott to walk

this Hall for clients when he was first admitted to the bar and he walked so long and so fruitlessly that he became disgusted and abandoned the profession of law. He afterward secured a position, through influence, as Clerk of Sessions. This was before he had taken to literature and became famous. Much would I like to say of Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest novelists the world has ever produced, but I fear I shall have to forego the pleasure for I don't want to make this narrative a two volume affair.

After I had inspected the old Scottish Parliament House to my heart's content (I visited it several times afterward), I passed down into the Canongate, an historic old street. It is a narrower thoroughfare even than the High street, but at one time—in the Middle Ages and earlier—it was the leading street of Edinboro, in which dwelt the nobility. Here were located their fine establishments and palaces, but time has made wonderful changes here. As the city increased in size the nobility found more desirable sites and there they moved. Their fine houses were dwelt in by others, and today they are mere tenement houses, occupied by the poorest of people.

The exterior of a few of these buildings still have armorial bearings on them, but the structures are black and grimy from age and dirt. The White Horse Inn, which stands in the White Horse Close, (court), along the Canongate, is a very ancient and famous hostelry, and is well known in song and story. I had a good look at it and visited it many a time afterward, attracted by its quaintness and oddity, but, today its various buildings and outbuildings have been subdivided into flats, or tenements, which are occupied by poor people who vegetate there at a low rental. This hostelry at one time was quite the rage, and noblemen and princes gathered there to eat, drink and be merry.

The old Tolbooth (prison) still stands on the Canongate but its various apartments have been converted into assembly

rooms, in which lodges and other societies meet. The Tolbooth is a rare old relic of ancient days.

At the foot of the Canongate which lies about a mile distant from Edinboro Castle, stands Holyrood Palace, a structure not as old as the Castle by many centuries, but a historic old place for all that.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

Holyrood Palace stands in a valley at the base of a lot of bare and lofty hills called the Salisbury Crags, the highest one of which was named Arthur's Seat, for it looks like a throne with a back to it. The palace stands in spacious grounds that are enclosed by an ornamental iron fence of royal design.

The palace is not of any great extent, beautiful or ornamental, but it is just rather a substantial white marble or stone structure having a few pretty little flanking towers along its front and sides, and that is about all. The palace is an open square, built around a court, with the right wing reserved for the use of royalty when it deigns to visit Edinboro. The King of England visited Scotland and lived at Holyrood several days in 1912. The left wing (which once was used by royalty but is not today) is open for the inspection of visitors.

Holyrood has a most interesting history, as many a king and queen lived in it and held court there, but the fact that Mary Queen of Scots dwelt at Holyrood during a period throws a glamor of romance about it that it would not otherwise possess. Mary was by far the most interesting sovereign who ever ruled in Scotland. She was the daughter of James V, a merry and licentious monarch, and of Mary of Guise, of France. Queen Mary of Scots was born and raised in France

and at an early age was married to the Dauphin of France; but the Dauphin was delicate from birth and died soon after marriage. Mary loved the noble and royal boy and was much affected by his death. Mary's mother, too, died at about the same time, which saddened her yet, more. As the throne of Scotland was hers by right of inheritance, her uncles (dukes of France) and other relatives advised her to go to Scotland and rule her country. Mary did not like to leave France, for her heart was buried there, but as she was an obedient and dutiful girl, she did as she was advised, but rued it afterward as did her high born relatives in France, bitterly.

Mary was the handsomest woman of her time. She was tall, fair and stately, had pretty eyes, eyebrows that seemed penciled, small hands and feet, a majestic figure and a warm, deep and passionate heart. She was a woman first and a queen afterward. She possessed all the accomplishments of a queen and a grasp of worldly affairs which is so useful in life, but her judgment was not as good as it might have been. As a musician she was incomparable, for she could sing, and played well on the lute and viol d' amour (love viol), a sort of mandolin. She had literary ability of a high order and was a poetess as well. Witness the following lament to her husband, the Dauphin of France, which she wrote:

Into my song of woe
Sung to a low, sad air,
My cruel grief I throw
For loss beyond compare.
In bitter sighs and tears
Go by my fairest years.

Was ever grief like mine
Imposed by destiny?
Did ever lady pine
In high estate like me,
Of whom both heart and eye
Within the coffin lie?

Who, in the tender spring
 And blossom of my youth,
 Taste all the sorrowing
 Of life's extremest ruth;
 And take delight in naught
 Save in regretful thought.

All that was sweet and gay
 Is now a pain to see;
 The sunniness of day
 Is black as night to me;
 All that was my delight
 Is hidden from my sight.

Tormented by my ill
 I go from place to place,
 But wander as I will
 My woes can nought efface;
 My most of bad and good
 I find in solitude.

But whereso'er I stay
 In meadow or in copse;
 Whether at break of day
 Or when the twilight drops,
 My heart goes sighing on,
 Desiring one that's gone.

When my bed I seek
 And sleep begins to steal,
 Again I hear him speak,
 Again his touch I feel.
 In work or leisure, he
 Is ever near to me.

Here make an end my verse
 Of this thy sad lament
 Whose burden shall rehearse
 Pure love of true intent
 Which separation's stress
 Will never render less.

For reasons of State, soon after Mary had arrived in Scotland she was advised to marry again; and Mary, obedient as usual, consented. Everyone who gazed upon her, fell

under the spell of her beauty, for it was royal, matchless, superior to all others. Everyone bowed down and worshipped her. In her the Scotch and French blood blended most harmoniously. Anyone and everyone was enthralled by her beauty and manner, but Lord Darnley, a son of the Earl of Lennox, was the lucky one selected for her. Darnley was English, and one of the handsomest men of his time, and Mary fell in love with him at first sight. They were married and lived at Holyrood.

Darnley did not prove to be a good husband, however, for his disposition was not as nice as his looks. He was selfish, domineering, obstinate and licentious, and Mary soon tired of him and turned to hate him.

Among her courtiers was Rizzio, the son of an Italian musician, who was a good musician himself and a young man of talent and ability. Upon him Mary bestowed the favors which she denied to her husband. Darnley became jealous and he had cause to be, for Mary and Rizzio carried on an intrigue.

I have read a great many authorities on this subject and I am satisfied that Mary was guilty. Many people suspected that Mary and Rizzio went "nest-hiding," as Henry Ward Beecher called it, and Darnley had his suspicions too. He hatched a conspiracy to assassinate Rizzio and soon afterward Rizzio was stabbed and killed by noble friends of Darnley. The head of the House of Hepburn, the Earl of Bothwell, tried to save Rizzio, but in vain. Mary fell in love with Bothwell because he stood by her in her trouble, and carried on a guilty intrigue with him. She married him after he had her husband Darnley assassinated, by blowing him up with gunpowder in a house in Edinboro.

After these events, Mary lost caste in Scotland and her star began to wane. Many of her subjects despised her and her lot became an unhappy one. She fled to England and put herself in the power of her rival, Queen Elizabeth, who had her beheaded after keeping her in prison nineteen years.

I mounted a stone stairway in the hallway at Holyrood, and after gaining the first floor, entered the rooms that had been occupied by the beauteous but hapless Mary. I stepped into her bedchamber, which was a mere cabinet not over twenty feet square, I should judge, in which stood the bed that had been once occupied by the beautiful queen and in which she lay pregnant with her son, who afterward became James VI of England and Scotland.

The bed was roped in to keep visitors away, and over it hung a royal canopy. It was about the year 1560 when Mary slept in this bed—over 350 years ago—and the quilts and coverlets are still there, but they are in such a sad state that a touch would make them crumble. A ragman would not give five cents for bed and all, for everything is about ready to fall to pieces. There is some furniture in the room, a mantel shelf, a picture hanging above the mantel, and a few toilet articles.

Connecting with this bedroom is a secret stairway which leads up to the room that was once occupied by Rizzio. I ascended this stairway and noted how easy it was for Rizzio to visit Mary when he or she were so inclined.

James VI was not born in this room but was born three months afterward in Edinboro Castle in a room that I have previously alluded to.

Poor, loving, witching, erratic, beautiful Mary has thrown a halo of romance over Holyrood Palace which will cling to it always, as long as the structure lasts.

Those who have read history have read of the Elizabethan era in England, and of Queen Elizabeth, the virgin queen, who was queen first and woman afterward. The reverse was the case with Mary, for Mary was the woman first and queen afterward.

What a brilliant court was that of Elizabeth! Its influence has extended to the present era, for do we not build houses in the Elizabethan style and have we not adopted customs of the Elizabethan period? Hers was a long and brilliant reign. Elizabeth surrounded herself with men of

great ability, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, (the Knight of the Cloak), the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Sussex and others, whose fame will always live in history and story. Elizabeth was jealous of Mary because Mary was so much more beautiful than she, though Elizabeth herself was pretty and attractive enough and accomplished in many ways. She was not as tall as Mary, had golden hair (some people called it red), an alabaster-like complexion, pretty features but rather large feet and hands. She was nine years older than Mary and was a Protestant, whilst Mary was a Catholic. Elizabeth had more solidity of judgment than Mary, and was well versed in politics, philosophy, history, rhetoric, poetry and music. Besides, English, her mother tongue, she spoke and wrote to perfection Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish. Mary was hardly less accomplished and her beauty threw a spell over everyone who approached her; the latter, Elizabeth could not forgive, and this, coupled with the fact that Mary was of a different faith, finally led to Mary's undoing. She was beheaded.

Edinboro is the seat of learning, art and music in Scotland. It contains many schools and colleges, music and book publishing houses, and almost everyone in Edinboro is learned and refined. English is spoken there with a charming Scottish accent. In Edinboro dwelt the chaps who had the hardihood to criticise Lord Byron's works adversely and got into hot water for so doing. They were heavily dealt with in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and have been rendered famous or infamous forever.

Edinboro is called the Athens of the North, and justly so, for it is laid out on classical lines. Its public streets, squares and some of its public buildings off Princes street, are in the Athenian style and set off the city handsomely.

I like the old part of town as a foil to the new part, but the old part seemed the more interesting to me. However, in this charming city the ancient and the modern are so happily blended as to render it one of the handsomest and

most interesting cities on the face of the globe. I have seen no city that I like better and I have seen many.

As a business place Edinboro does not amount to much, speaking in a comparative sense, but it contains a multitude of stores and business establishments, as so large a city naturally would; and it has quite a busy harbor at Leith, about a mile distant from the main part of the city, which is called "Leith Harbor." Leith at one time was a village on the outskirts of Edinboro as were Portobello and other places, but Edinboro has absorbed them, and now they are an integral part of this fair city.

CHAPTER XXV.

I SEEK WORK IN EDINBORO.

I put in a whole day of sightseeing and then wandered toward my home on Spittal street. Wonder who gave that street its beautiful name? It struck me as being a homely one and yet it is not so bad, for there is antiquity back of it. Some of the other streets in Edinboro are named thus: Queen street, Inverleith Row, York Street, Chambers street, Castle Terrace, The Vennel, Greyfriars, Waterloo Place, Leith Walk, Bruntsfield street, George IV Bridge street, Teviot Place, Calton Hill, Lothian Road, Palmerston Place, Castle street, Princes street, etc. Some of the districts and suburban places are named Liberton, Glencorse, Gilmerton, West Calder, Loanhead, Penicuik, Eskbank, Costorphine, Uphill, Joppa, Portobello, Musselburgh, Levenhall, etc.

After bumming around Edinboro a few days and taking in by tramcar some of the suburbs, such as Leith Harbor, Portobello, Joppa, Musselburgh, etc., my money began to give out and I concluded I would have to go to work. My heart sank at the idea, for I suspected that now my troubles would begin. I knew nothing of the country, its ways or customs; I did not understand the money values, nor the business

methods, or how things were done to earn money; and I was shaking in my boots. But with me the anticipation is usually worse than the reality; for when I do go at a thing, it is with the determination to succeed, to sink or swim, survive or perish. I must **succeed** and I shall, somehow. I will do anything at all to earn an honest livelihood.

Accordingly, I went forth in search of work at about eight o'clock one fine autumn day after I had been in Edinboro about a week, and concluded to try some of the swell stores along Princes street, the Broadway of Edinboro. The first place I went into was the very fine establishment of Sir Thomas Lipton where the choicest of groceries and provisions were sold, including delicacies. In the elegant show windows were displayed great pasties of meat and other things, fine hams, bacons, cheese, high class teas, coffees, etc. When I was directed to the manager he listened to my accent with a smile and assured me that he had all the help he needed. I got the same answer in a swell hotel farther along on that street. I noticed a high-toned shoe store on Princes street, not far from this hotel, which had a large sign over it, "American Shoe Store." Well, if these chaps are Americans they will give a countryman a lift, sure, thinks I; so into the store I went.

A gentleman stepped up to me and asked me what my wishes would be, for he thought I came in to purchase. I informed him that I was an American and that the sign over the door had impelled me to go in. I added that I was in search of work. "Is this an American establishment?" asked I; I notice that the sign over the door says, "'American Shoe Store'."

"No," replied he, "this shop is the branch of a London establishment, but we make a specialty of selling American-made shoes."

I wondered at this. The gentleman casually hinted that no help was required. I went out much disappointed for I had expected to run up against countrymen.

I walked as far as Waterloo Place, which is the end of Princes street, and then turned down Leith Walk, a very busy thoroughfare, something like Eighth avenue in New York. It was lined along its whole length, a mile or two, on both sides, with stores of all kinds, and nice ones, too.

The British people call their stores, shops. In some cases that appellation is better than the American one, but in other cases the American designation is better, I think. Our dear British cousins think they are wiser than Americans but Americans can give them a few pointers for a' that.

I stepped into one or two stores in Leith Walk and asked for a position of some kind but was refused, politely and regretfully. I tried a bookbinding and printing establishment with the same result. I then walked down nearly the full length of Leith Walk and tried my luck in a coal and wood yard, but there was nothing doing. I was getting discouraged by this time and concluded to look no more for work that day. Instead, I went down to Leith Harbor which was close by and viewed the basins and shipping. There were a great many ships of all nationalities in the harbor.

The next day I continued my search for the privilege to toil. Many a place did I go into and in all of them I was turned down. I was given to understand in some places I stepped into that the Native Sons and Daughters had the call. They had no use for an "Incomer." "Leal to the Borders," was their slogan. Would I give up? Not I. I had to have work and I was going to get it, too, somehow and somewhere. It was a case of "needcessity," I was broke.

In one street I noticed a sign, "American Dentist." The sign was at the gateway of a neat looking house. The word "American" made me cock up my ears at once. I stepped up to the door and rang the bell. A servant came to the door and asked me whom I wished to see. "Is the dentist in?" enquired I. She hesitated, then replied, "I'll go and see."

She went in and in about five minutes she returned. I suspected that she had sized me up and had described me to her master.

"Will you be pleased to step inside?" enquired she. I did so, but did not like her manner of procedure. I smelt a rat. I was ushered into a parlor and after a few moments the dentist appeared.

He was a middle aged man, rather short and stout. After greetings were over I informed him what had brought me in. I said that I was an American and that his sign, "American Dentist" had attracted me. I asked him if he was an American. He told me that he was not but that he had studied dentistry in America. I wondered at this, but I learned afterwards that the American art of dentistry, is considered even by Europeans, to be about the best there is going, so that a foreigner with an American diploma is looked on with favor in his country.

After foreign students have studied in America and receive their diplomas, they believe they have the right to call themselves "American Dentists." This American dentist had no work for me so I bade him adieu.

To make a long story short I will say that two or three days later, after trying in vain to find something to do, I was walking along rather dejectedly in a populous thoroughfare off the Lothian Road, when I stopped in front of an art store to admire some pretty paintings in the window. I looked into the store and observed that there was no one inside except the proprietor himself. With a desperate sort of feeling I concluded to go in and strike him for a job. In I went and stated my errand.

The proprietor's name was Milne and not only did he sell artist materials and paintings, but he was an artist himself and a well known one at that. This I learned afterward. He was a handsome man, tall and slim, with a well shaped dark moustache, dreamy and soulful eyes, a well bred manner and a delightful way of speaking. He was a gentleman, born and bred, I could see.

I had quite a chat with him. I told him that I was an American and that I came to Scotland to gather notes and that it was my intention to "print them"; but, I was out of

funds at present and needed work sadly. Without hesitation he offered me a position then and there, from a feeling of charity I have no doubt.

He told me that he had a den at the back of his shop where he painted pictures, and that it was not handy for him to paint and wait on customers, always. He asked me if I were willing to wait on customers. Of course I said "yes." He said he would mark the goods with prices, so that I would have no trouble in selling them, and he requested me to call him into the store whenever I deemed it necessary. He offered me one pound ten per week, (\$7.50) which was a very handsome salary—for Edinboro.

Did I accept the offer? Don't ask me such a foolish question. I jumped at it. I was saved; saved! Hooray!

I held the job down all winter and saved every penny that I could, for it was my intention to continue my travels the following spring. I informed Mr. Milne of my intentions and he was pleased to learn of them. He and I had many a talk on art, literature, poetry and kindred subjects for he had the artistic temperament in a high degree and was a painter of no mean ability, as I said before. He was good at landscapes and portrait painting, but one or two of his imaginative paintings I did not admire, for they did not seem to me to be natural. I believe fidelity to nature ought to be the rule.

However, no one can be perfect. I said to Mr. Milne one day, that I thought the arts were like the fingers on one's hand, that they are allied, and that a liking for one generally means a liking more or less, for them all, and he agreed with me. He gave me a great deal of information of the true inwardness of Edinboro, and I, in return answered all the questions he put to me to the best of my ability concerning the "States" and other matters. It was a pleasure to me to be the intimate of such a gentleman as Mr. Milne.

The weather in Edinboro during the winter was quite severe (as it is everywhere else for that matter during that season of the year) and the "Northeasters" that swept in

from the Atlantic Ocean were fierce. They went right through a fellow and almost froze the marrow in one's bones. Whew, they were icy cold!

There were many days, too, that the people of Edinboro call "Grey Days," that is, when the skies were gloomy and the sun failed to shine. On such days Edinboro Castle seems most engaging and romantic. The Castle can be seen from almost any part of Edinboro as it looms up against the lowering skies like a fine old picture. At night, when the many gas jets are lit along the Castle esplanade and in the barrack rooms, the castle seems like a mysterious world far above the earth. The castle fascinates the stranger at all times, but the native sons and daughters don't think much of it, for they have been used to seeing it all their lives. In such a case familiarity breeds contempt.

While working in the art store I continued to lodge with the Camerons on Spittal street, and put in many a happy evening with them. The married daughter, Violet, visited her folks almost every night and favored us with music. Her taste was consummate and her skill profound. Her music, like Bobbie Burns' poetry, came from the heart and went to the heart. In fact, it was more heart than art. It pleased me well to know (I have a soul for music myself) that Mistress Violet liked several touching and soulful American songs, such as, "Way down upon the Suwanee River," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," etc. Her touch made the strings of one's heart vibrate and brought tears to the eyes.

I was surrounded by music, by art, history and romance in Edinboro and I was happy, happy, happy! Shall I ever be as happy again?

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I cannot bid Edinboro farewell without saying a little more about Sir Walter Scott, for this great artist spent his boyhood and youth in the fair city, and his memory pervades the place and seems to hover in its atmosphere. With Burns, he shares the love, admiration and reverence of all Scottish people, and of other people as well. Some like Burns best, whilst others like Scott, but to me it seems like trying to choose between two good apples of different species—each has a flavor of its own.

Burns died before he had attained his thirty-eighth year, but Scott lived to be sixty and had a longer period in which to perfect himself.

As a writer of historical romance, no writer has ever approached Sir Walter Scott, except, possibly, Alexander Dumas, the elder. I think Sir Walter Scott was a master, not only in prose writing, but in verse as well. His art was consummate and his genius great.

He peopled the Silent Centuries, that is to say, he threw upon the screen and placed vividly before us, people who had lived in the centuries gone by. He portrayed the barbaric ages, the middle ages and his contemporary age, and he has revealed to all future ages the manners and customs of the past.

He has held up to us as in a mirror the personality of kings, queens and courtiers, and of people in all the various walks of life. He makes these people speak as naturally as they would talk were they alive; he shows us how they dressed, ate, sang, loved, hated, intrigued and moved about on the stage of life. Thus he portrayed Saxon and German,

English and Scotch subjects, faithfully and truly. His mind, like that of Dumas, was a library of history, and he was a great scholar. That his mind was of a legal cast was plainly to be seen, yet he excelled in every thing he undertook.

There is no writer living today who can place a king before us as he was, though many writers have tried to and are trying today. It is a difficult task. It requires a master-hand to do it; a colossal, an extraordinary genius. There have been imitators of such men as Scott, but sad to relate such masters are not born every century. For some occult reason the Creator does not put such men on the earth every day.

Men like Scott, lead; others follow. Masters like Scott, are original, they have the gift to judge aright, and of seeing things as they are or were. To illustrate:

Have you read "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott? Sir Walter was Scottish, yet he portrays English people to the life. He portrayed Queen Elizabeth and her Court in this novel in a manner to put all the personages before you just as they were. Thus he throws the Earl of Leicester on the screen vividly; Amy Robsart, Varney the tool of Leicester, the father of Amy, the Earl of Sussex and many other noblemen, including "The Knight of the Cloak" (Sir Walter Raleigh); and a host of other characters. As we read we can see and understand their ways and habit of thought. They are made to move, act and speak as if they were alive. Not only did Sir Walter create all his characters, but he created also a style of art of his own which was successful, because it was simple, direct and appealed to the people. It won success for him, and success always brings imitators, but the imitator is not usually equal to the master. This truism applies not only to literature but to music, the drama, the arts, the sciences, commercial affairs and all the various pursuits in life. Genius leads; ability follows.

A critic, who may or may not be discriminating, had this to say of Sir Walter Scott's poetry:

"The distinctive features of the poetry of Scott are ease, rapidity of movement, a spirited flow of narrative that holds our attention, an out-of-door atmosphere and power of natural description, an occasional intrusion of a gentle personal sadness and but little more. The subtle and mystic element so characteristic of the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge is not to be found in Scott, while in lyrical power he does not approach Shelley. (As I have not read or studied Sir Walter Scott's poetry much, I cannot vouch for the latter statement as being true.—Windy Bill). We find instead an intense sense of reality in all his natural descriptions; it surrounds them with an indefinable atmosphere, because they are so transparently true. (That seems like truth to me, for Scott, like all great artists, was true to nature.—Windy Bill.)

"Scott's first impulse in the direction of poetry was given to him from the study of the German ballads, especially Burger's *Lenore*, of which he made a translation. As his ideas widened, he wished to do for Scottish Border life what Goethe had done for the ancient feudalism of the Rhine. He was at first undecided whether to choose prose or verse as the medium; but a legend was sent him by the Countess of Dalkeith with a request that he would put it in ballad form. Having thus the framework of his purpose, he went to work, and 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was the result. The battle scene in *Marmion* has been called the most Homeric passage in modern literature, and his description of the battle of Beal au Duine from 'The Lady of the Lake' is an exquisite piece of narration from the gleam of the spears in the thicket to the death of Roderick Dhu at its close. In the deepest sense Scott is one with the spirit of his time in his grasp of fact, in that steadily looking at the object which Wordsworth had fought for in poetry, which Carlyle had advocated in philosophy. (Why, sure, Scott **grasped fact**; had he not done so he would not have been the artist he was; fact is stranger than fiction.—Windy Bill). He is allied, too, to that broad sympathy for man which lay closest to the heart of the age's literary expression. Wordsworth's part is to

inspire an interest in the lives of men and women about us; Scott's to enlarge our sympathy beyond the bounds of the present, and to people the silent centuries. Shelley's inspiration is hope for the future; Scott's is reverence for the past."

Sir Walter was a man who was well liked and his friends were numerous. He married, had a family and kept open house in Edinboro, at Ashestiel and at Abbotsford, where he resided successively. Among his friends—the whole world admired him—was George Tichnor, the author, who declared that Scott repeated to him the English translations of two long Spanish ballads which he had never seen, but which had been read to him twice.

John Irving, a college friend of Sir Walter's writing of himself and Scott, said: "The number of books we thus devoured was very great. I forgot a great part of what I read; but my friend, notwithstanding he read with such rapidity, remained, to my surprise, master of it all, and could even, weeks and months afterwards, repeat a whole page in which anything had particularly struck him at the moment."

Our own countryman, Washington Irving, who was a contemporary of Sir Walter, enjoyed the hospitality of Sir Walter's home and they became friends. Irving, among other things, had this to say about Scott and his visit: "During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than to the grave in his anecdotes and stories; and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. . . . His humor in conversation as in his works, was genial and free from causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail and pitying what was evil. . . . I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works."

Our countryman, our own Washy, had written some good books himself, but the American people held him lightly and

did not think much of his work. Like some of our critics of today they thought that "The American Novel," had not yet been written and that no American author was capable of achieving great results. Sir Walter Scott undeceived these people. His great genius could fathom the great genius of our countryman, so he became a sponsor for Washington Irving and told the world it ought to be ashamed of itself not to recognize merit of so high an order, whereupon the world began to think there was something in Irving after all.

I say to you, my countrymen, that Washington Irving was the peer of any writer who ever lived, barring no one, for "grasp of fact," truth, realism was his theme, and, like Sir Walter Scott, he clothed his ideas in an original garb of his own. Irving was a great artist as well as a profound genius. No wonder Sir Walter Scott thought it a shame that such worth should not be recognized.

Irving is coming into his own, though, for as time rolls on, he is becoming more and more popular.

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Byron so lampooned Sir Walter Scott in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Sir Walter Scott was too noble to bear malice and the two became friends. Byron visited Sir Walter and afterward wrote the following: "I think that Scott is the only very successful genius that could be cited as being as generally beloved as a man as he is admired as an author; and I must add, he deserves it, for he is so thoroughly good natured, sincere and honest that he disarms the envy and jealousy his extraordinary genius must excite."

Byron says that Scott's genius was "extraordinary," and it was so. Byron was a judge, and praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed.

Leslie Stephen, another friend of Sir Walter, said this of him: "Scott could never see an old tower, or a bank, or a rush of a stream without instantly recalling a boundless collection of appropriate anecdotes. He might be quoted as a case in point by those who would explain all poetical imagi-

nation by the power of associating ideas. He is the 'Poet of Association'."

Lockhart married the daughter of Sir Walter Scott and wrote a voluminous biography of his great father-in-law, but, as a rule, I don't much fancy biographies written by relatives, although Lockhart's was a painstaking one. Such biographies are not usually impartial. I will quote the following from Lockhart's biography of Scott:

"The love of his (Sir Walter's) country became indeed a passion; no knight ever tilted for his mistress more willingly than he would have bled and died to preserve even the airiest surviving nothing of her antique pretensions for Scotland. But the Scotland of his affections had the clan "Scott" for her kernal."

I don't believe any such thing. I do not believe Scott was so narrow minded as that. I know that he took a great pride in his ancestry but he loved Scotland with a devotion and loyalty that never faltered. Not only did his writings ennoble Scotland, but Sir Walter proved his love for his country in other ways, as every intelligent Scot knows. For instance, he had old Mons Meg restored to Scotland, and that was only one proof of his affection for his native land. There are other things he did which I could cite but need not do so.

Thomas Carlyle, the philosopher, was a warm friend and admirer of Sir Walter Scott. Carlyle was a clever and painstaking author, the writer of a careful and excellent history of the French Revolution, and of other works of merit, such as, "Sartor Resartos," and he gave Sir Walter a quaint certificate of character which I shall quote.

"The surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which in itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a right brave and strong man according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity he quietly bore along with him. With what quiet strength he both worked on this earth and enjoyed in it, invincible to evil fortune and to good."

Robert Burns came to Edinboro on a visit when Sir Walter was only fifteen years of age, but Sir Walter's admiration for the National Bard was great and became greater as time rolled on, when he understood Burns' writings better. He wrote much concerning Burns, mostly magazine articles, but I believe he also wrote a biography. Of this, I am not sure. I believe some articles written by Scott for the Quarterly Review were afterward put in book form.

James Ballentyne, who printed Sir Walter's books, became a friend of Sir Walter and a partner, afterward, in the publishing business. The partnership turned out disastrous.

Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," was a warm friend of Sir Walter's; and so was William Wordsworth, the poet. Robert Southey, the poet, visited Sir Walter at Ashestiel and was heartily welcomed. Joanna Baillie, the poetess, was much admired by Sir Walter; and so was Sir Humphrey Davy, the philosopher, who often visited Sir Walter.

Sir Walter was a warm friend and admirer of the great German poet, Goethe. A greater poet than Goethe never lived, and I do believe that he inspired more writers than any other great master who ever lived. The English speaking races have produced no greater poet than he.

But why continue this recital of Sir Walter's merits, his doings, sayings, and his friends? He was a Scot, yet a master in English historical novel writing. The clever critic whose criticism of Sir Walter's poetry I reproduced in this chapter mentioned one passage in Sir Walter's poem, the Marmion battle scene, as being "the most Homeric in modern literature." Why, Homer was not in it with Scott.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STIRLING CASTLE.

It was spring time once more when the blood begins to turn rosy red, when the mind lightly turns to thoughts of love and when warmed-up nature begins to put on her newest and freshest dress.

On a fine morning at this season I bade my Edinboro friends a reluctant adieu and took the choo-choo cars for the city of Stirling, which is about an hour's ride by rail from Edinboro and about half an hour's ride from Glasgow. Stirling is about thirty miles from Glasgow and about fifty miles from Edinboro.

I bought a third class ticket from Edinboro to Stirling and enjoyed the railroad ride, sitting on cushions, very much. It beat riding the rods or brakebeam a whole lot. When I arrived in Stirling I felt new and strange for a few moments but I soon got my bearings.

Stirling is a charming little city containing 20,000 inhabitants and is situated in a pretty valley surrounded by mountains. It is a tourist town, for it contains Stirling Castle, and is situated about a mile or so from the field of Bannockburn, where a great battle was fought several centuries ago. Coal mines in the vicinity contribute to its support and render it a distribution point. There are a multitude of stores in the place, a covered shopping arcade where people can shop in all weathers, a maze of winding streets, courts, wynds and alleys, and it bears a medieval aspect. In its delightful suburbs nestle a number of pretty and secluded villas embowered in spacious domains. The whole place is a study in the Antique and Beautiful.

I leisurely walked through the little city, viewing the arcades and the well stocked shops in which there were a large variety of goods. The storekeepers could tell that I was a stranger as soon as they clapt eyes on me, and probably they wondered if I were going to buy anything. For strangers, there were view postcards in the shops, souvenir books, canes, shawls and many other pretty articles, but as it was my intention to remain in Stirling a week, I did not care to buy anything just then. Instead, I did the town thoroughly and then went on a still hunt for a furnished room. I inquired the price for room and board in an old fashioned hotel and the landlord told me that as things was rather quiet in town just then he could accommodate me for \$2.50 per day or \$15.00 per week. That charge was reasonable enough, but it was beyond my means. After a long search I secured a room in a coal miner's family for a dollar per week without board, of course. I had to rustle up my own grub, but that was easy, for I had the price in my pocket.

Before ten in the morning, I had secured and paid for my room and was off and away on a walk to see the castle.

Stirling Castle stands on an eminence within the precincts of the city and the height on which it stands is considerably higher than the one on which Edinboro Castle stands; it therefore commands a wider sweep of the surrounding country. The hill or mountain on which the castle is perched is wooded at the base, forming a handsome park which is utilized a great deal by the inhabitants of Stirling in the summer time. The park contains many fine old shade trees and is a pretty and romantic spot. A well made, broad pathway winds up the mountain to the castle, but long before it reaches the castle it becomes intricate, so that it is difficult to find the proper route to the castle. Shacks and lanes extend along on the mountainside, and all the little stone houses are inhabited. They do not need the protection of the castle these days for there is no foe to harm them, forays and assaults being a thing of the past. In this year of grace, 1913, everything looks serene on the horizon.

A troop of children followed me as I walked up the steep street, discerning at a glance that I was a stranger, and after they had satisfied their curiosity about me, an elderly lady admonished them to "come awa wi ye; gae hame, the noo," whereupon they scattered.

I came upon the esplanade of the castle and then sauntered through the gate into the castle yard. In every way this castle was as great a one as that at Edinboro, but it seemed to me to be more ancient than the present structure at Edinboro, although the latter stands as it was in Queen Mary's time, which was in 1550 or thereabout.

Stirling Castle was first built in remote ages and was probably destroyed and rebuilt several times, but the last time it was erected must have been far earlier than 1550, for as soon as I looked at it I came to that conclusion. It has a moat, drawbridge, towers and flanking towers; a citadel, barracks and all the other appurtenances of a feudal stronghold, but all the buildings, walls and facade of the castle proper show that they are of rare antiquity, for, though still solid and substantial they are black with age and moss-grown, and breathe of mustiness and decay. Statues standing in niches along the castle facade have turned black and are undecipherable, for the human figures they represent have lost the outline of their faces and limbs and it is difficult to discern whom or what they represented. None of the rooms in the castle are inhabited or even furnished, for the warders in charge live in modern tenements in the castle yard, close by, as does the lady who sells souvenirs in the castle to visitors.

I had quite a chat with this lady, and I bantered her a little, telling her that Stirling Castle did not seem to me to be as fine a one as Edinboro Castle; whereat she became indignant. She seemed to be a lady and was loyal to Stirling and its castle.

In barbaric ages a mere wide earthen wall was built around a group of huts, which in centuries succeeding was improved upon by using trunks of trees and rough stonework

for the foundation and filling in the spaces with earth. After a time wooden forts were reared of heavy logs and beams. Later on the castles were made of stone, solid and substantial, with walls many feet thick. A great many of the latter kind of structures still stand in European countries, testifying by their solidity and strength how clever the architects and builders were. The statues, though seem rather crude, yet it is hardly fair to judge at this late day. These were my thoughts as I regarded the ancient stronghold. I regarded it with reverence and awe. The main living hall in Stirling Castle, which afterward became the banquet hall, today is bare, gloomy and vast. Many a feast was held in it and these feasts have been well described in historical romances. They consisted usually of a first course of the portions of a deer, a quarter of a bear, the shoulder of a wild boar, or a course of roasted peacocks and swans. A second course consisted of poultry, pheasants and pigeons; a third of small game and meat patties; a fourth of shad, salmon, mullet and eel pie, the last an especial favorite. For desert all sorts of pastries and sweetmeats were served; then cloves, ginger and spices. The last course made people so thirsty that it drove them to drink and they would quaff big cups of wine mixed with honey or spice. Of course such spreads were for the noble or wealthy, but the poor had to go hungry to bed. Do we live much different in these days? We live even better, it seems to me. We have bear, deer and other game; and many varieties of fish and shell fish; a certain wine appropriate to each course is served; and a vast variety of poultry, wild game, meats, etc., are put on the board, as are pies, cakes, tarts, puddings, ice creams, water ices, fruits, melons, nuts, raisins, cheese, etc. It seems to me the old timers hardly knew what good living was.

I went upon the ramparts of the castle and had a look around. What a view met my gaze! Far, far down below was the city and plain; around were mountains and in the distance a plain in which the field of Bannockburn is comprised.

At the historic battle of Bannockburn an inferior body of Scots put to route a vast army of English, who had come to capture Scotland. Bruce was in command of the Scots and he ordered that pits be dug in the field so that the English cavalry horses would drop into them and become helpless. This strategy won the day, for the troopers became as powerless as their horses after they had fallen into the pits, and vast confusion resulted, ending in a total defeat and rout of the English.

Everyone, probably, has read Robert Burns' poem, "Bruce at Bannockburn." If not, I will reprint it here:

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor; knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! Coward! Turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freemen stand or freemen fa'
 Caledonian on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurper low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward!—Let us do or die!

Stirling Castle has a history of its own, and a long and a great one at that. The reader will remember that I stated, that Mary, Queen of Scots was delivered of a son in Edinburgh Castle about three months after the assassination of Rizzio in Holyrood Palace. After Mary's son was born, (he afterward became James VI of England and Scotland), she journeyed with her babe to Stirling Castle where the christening took place amid great rejoicing. Stirling Castle saw some stirring events that day.

Many a joust and tournament took place at Stirling Castle, and for centuries it was the stronghold of the Douglas' family, which was one of royal ancestry. There were the Black Douglas, the Red Douglas, and a Douglas of every kind and degree. One of the Black Douglasses was a celebrated warrior who had rather fight than eat. His prowess was so great that he was famed the world over, and many a puissant knight rode up to have a little scrap with him. The Black Douglas, a grim, austere chap, was always willing to oblige and generally laid his adversary low.

James V of Scotland, (Queen Mary of Scots' father), had a mistress who was pretty, and she had by him a son. The king was delighted and intended to marry her, for she was of high birth; but scandalous tales told to him changed his mind.

The king induced the Earl of Douglas to marry the lady and he was nothing loth, nor was the lady; for by this marriage they would both have the king's favor. This same lady, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, became the gaoler of Queen Mary, at Lochleven Castle. Bitterly did these two proud and noble ladies hate each other. Their loves and hates are well described in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Abbott," and in Alexandre Dumas, Sr's., history of Queen Mary of Scots.

I visited Stirling Castle several times and always walked slowly back and forth along the wide and roomy ramparts gazing at the historic scenes and surroundings, and thinking thoughts unutterable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PERTH, DUNDEE, ARBROATH.

After leaving Stirling I went to the city of Perth which lies to the northeast of Stirling, sixty miles or so. It was my intention to remain in Perth about a week, to do the city thoroughly, to become acquainted with the people, and take voluminous notes; but I did not stick to my resolution for "several" reasons, as the fellow says.

Possibly you may have read Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Fair Maid of Perth." The maids in Perth may be fair, but the city is not. It is a fairly large city but ancient, sombre and grimy and it did not impress me much nor did the people.

Perth is a quaint and ancient place full of narrow and dismal streets that appeal to the lover of the antique, but the people in that city are a clannish set and have no use for strangers. They regarded me with lowering brows, and when I called at several houses in quest of a furnished room I got a cold reception. The living apartments in these houses were all reached through a dark and gloomy close and by means of narrow, spiral stairways which got me tired.

The day of my arrival there happened to be a dull grey one, and maybe this fact depressed my spirits; however, I concluded within an hour that I would not remain in Perth any longer than necessary and took the next train out. As I saw little of the place and did not familiarize myself with it I can say little about it. I did notice though that Perth is the headquarters of the Black Watch Regiment, the 42d Highlanders, which is so famous in song and story, and so ancient and valiant. The Black Watch has a history to be proud of and though hundreds of years old its organization is still kept up. There are some well known dyeing establishments

in Perth, which are well known throughout Great Britain, for the good work they do. That is about all I know of Perth. I did not look for Hal o' the Wynd's blacksmith shop, or the saddlery shop of Simon Glover, father of the "Fair Maid of Perth." I don't suppose I would have found them, anyway, had I looked for them.

Dundee was my next stopping place. This is a large seaport town at the north eastern part of Scotland, along the North Sea. It is noted for its jute, hemp, marmalade and fisheries. It is a port of some consequence and is a manufacturing city with no pretensions to beauty. I was told the following facts by several persons about Dundee, which may or may not be true. They said that the manufacturing establishments employ girls and women mostly, and that therefore the female population of Dundee far outnumbers the male. As a consequence several girls club together and employ a man to do the household work at their home, while they are at work in the factories. The male domestic is the Boss of the Harem. Whether this is idle gossip or not I cannot say, but when so many people tell the same story there may be some truth in it. As I found nothing very attractive in Dundee I did not remain there long, yet it is a quaint and interesting city for all that, and if one has business there or becomes acquainted one might as well be found dead there as anywhere else. It is not much of a show place, though, or especially attractive to the stranger.

Arbroath was my next jumping off place. This is a city in Forfarshire containing 25,000 inhabitants, and lying a short distance north of Dundee on the North Sea. It is the prettiest and snuggest little place I had seen since leaving Stirling. Have you ever heard of the Arbroath bloaters? It is here that they come from and as I remained in Arbroath quite a while—several weeks—I saw how the fish are cured. They are hung up and smoked, that is all. If any secret process is used, an outsider is not shown it or told of it. And yet, the Arbroath bloaters have such a distinct and excellent

flavor that they are famous the world over and are shipped everywhere.

The people of Arbroath are as nice as one will find anywhere. They are hospitable, generous and free-hearted and will try to make you feel right at home with them, at least, that was my experience. I believe in stating facts only.

The city lies along the seacoast and is very interesting, I think. Along its waterfront there extends a wide and thick stone seawall which prevents the stormy billows from rolling in and inundating the town. Part of this seawall is left open so that water can run into landlocked basins, in which the fishing boats and all other vessels can ride in safety. At the open part of the seawall there stands a snug lighthouse which I visited many a time, to chat with the lighthouse keeper, who was a bluff, hearty man and had formerly been a sailor.

The streets are the cutest and quaintest I ever saw. There is the inevitable High street, which twists around the town like a corkscrew, rare old public squares, a cosy public library, a multitude of shops and an historic old abbey that the Arbroath folk take a great pride in and swear by.

The abbey covers several acres of ground, is enclosed by an immensely thick wall, and in early days was the residence of royalty as well as of the highest church dignitaries. Within the enclosure, which long was presided over by abbots, there are the ecclesiastical buildings, the residence and dormitories of the numerous churchmen, kitchens, stables, etc.; and in fact, the place was a hamlet in itself. But time has dealt with it hardly. Nearly all the buildings are gone, the walls are rotting away, and there remains only the grounds which are kept in good order. The abbey is so old that its origin is shrouded in mystery. In the public library at Arbroath I took up a thick and heavy volume which contained a detailed history of the abbey, that was voluminous and interesting; but I can not go into it here. I took up my abode with a large and interesting family in Arbroath who made me feel at home. They were charming and hospitable.

Scotland is comparatively a small country, containing many cities, towns and villages, which lie close together. It is a fairly populous country, but not as much so as it was, for many have emigrated, and to show how keen competition in trade and business is, I will give a partial list of the business establishments maintained in Arbroath, a city of somewhat less than 25,000 inhabitants. I copied the list from the Arbroath city directory:

"There are three aerated water manufacturies; eight cycle agents; one emigrant agent; two architects; six photo artists; seven auctioneers and valuers; six baby linen warehouses; nine bakeries; eight bankers; two bill posters; twenty blacksmiths; four bleachers; two bobbin manufacturers; fifteen booksellers and stationers; thirty-six boot and shoe makers; one brewer; eight brokers; six ship brokers; six builders; three cab proprietors; four upholsterers and cabinet makers; four carriers and contractors; six chemists and druggists; six chimney sweepers; ten glassware dealers; forty confectioners; one cooper; two dentists; twenty-five drapers; two dyers; six engineers; seven fancy warehouses; one farina manufacturer; five fish curers; nine fishmongers; twelve flax spinners; seventeen fashers; fourteen fruiterers and green grocers; eight funeral undertakers; 100 grocers; thirteen hairdressers; seven hotels; six ironmongers; twelve joiners; twelve laundries; twelve millinery establishments; one motor garage; three newspapers; nine saddleries; six sail cloth manufacturers; a Singer sewing machine factory; three employment offices; eighteen solicitors; forty-four spirit dealers; twenty tailors and clothiers; six tanners and curriers; thirteen tobacconists; four umbrella makers; four waste dealers, etc."

Quoting the directory, also:

"Arbroath is a Royal and Parliamentary burgh, seat of a small debt court and a thriving seaport. It contains an ancient abbey whose ruins attract many visitors. The harbor has been greatly improved of late; etc."

After leaving Arbroath I went to Montrose, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, lying along the seacoast a few miles

north of Arbroath; and there I received such a frigid reception by people who did not like strangers, that I became disheartened and disgusted, and shook the town just as soon as I possibly could. Some people may think that I am romancing or that I am captious or prejudiced, but the following extracts from a Scottish newspaper may undeceive them:—

“Incomer is the Border term for Outlander or Alien and once an Incomer always an Incomer, is the inflexible rule.

“Come from where you will in all the wide world and settle down anywhere betwixt Peebles and Hawick, and you will soon be made aware of the pitying contempt which is bestowed on anyone who has had the misfortune to be born beyond the boundaries of the hallowed province. ‘Leal to the Borders’ is a phrase which never fails to raise the enthusiasm of any gathering of Borderers, and the loyalty is, or pretends to be, of that blind kind which must add to its fervour by denying all other parts of the world.

“There are many kinds of patriotism and the Borderers’ patriotism may be roughly defined thus: he believes the Empire to be the grandest the world has known; Britain to be the best part of the Empire; Scotland to be the finest part of Britain; the Borders incomparably the most magnificent portion of Scotland; and his own particular town the centre of all the concentrated excellencies of imperial and national life. For him Galashiels or Selkirk, or Hawick—as the case may be—is the very hub of the universe. Throughout his life and even when his looks grow lyart he holds firmly to the belief, sung of by Hogg in his Farewell to Ettrick—

“There first I saw the rising morn;
 “There first my infant mind unfurled,
 “To ween that spot where I was born
 “The very centre of the world.’ ”

But enough of such matters. When I got the frozen stage and the marble heart I began to feel that I had better pull up stakes and go elsewhere. If people don’t like me I can go back into the woods. It had been my intention to go to Inverness,

the capital of the Highlands, and thence down the West coast of Scotland where some of the prettiest and wildest scenery in Scotland may be encountered; but maybe I might have got a worse reception from the Highlanders than I did from the Lowlanders, so I deemed it best to take no chances.

Thereupon I resolved to return by rail at once to Glasgow and to take boat thence to Belfast, in Ireland, which I did.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OFF FOR IRELAND.

Stranger, did you ever hear of the Blarney Stone in Ireland, and did you ever read the poem referring to it, which runs thus:—

The groves of Blarney
 They are so charming
 Down by the purling
 Of sweet, silent streams;
 Being banked by posies
 That spontaneous grow there
 Planted in order
 By the sweet rock close.

And there is a stone there,
 That whoever kisses,
 Oh, he never misses,
 To grow eloquent;
 Sure 'tis he may clamber
 To my lady's chamber
 Or, become a member
 Of Parliament.

A clever spouter
 He'll sure turn out, or
 An Out and Outer,
 To be let alone;
 Don't hope to hinder him
 Or to bewilder him—
 Sure, he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney Stone.

Did you ever see a sweet, silent stream that went on purling? I never did.

If posies were planted in order by the sweet rock close, would they have grown there spontaneously? Only in Ireland.

And if a fellow kisses a certain stone would he never fail to grow eloquent? To be sure he would not fail.

And if he kissed that stone would he be allowed to clamber into my lady's chamber without getting fired out?

And would he be sure to become a member of Parliament? Why, certainly; there can be no doubt about that.

"Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him, for he is a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Do you see the subtle wit, the refined raillery, of this famous poem? Only a clever and witty Irishman could have written it, and it was written by an Irishman, Shenstone, I believe. The educated Irish are naturally witty and clever, and I am now going to Ireland to see them.

Don't you envy me? Wouldn't you like to have gone with me? Poor, dear, old Ireland! thy trials and tribulations have been many, yet almost everyone loves thee, and hopes thou wilt see better days. I love thee and thy warm-hearted people and wish thee good luck.

After leaving the inhospitable town of northern Scotland behind me, I was whisked in a railroad train to Glesgle once more, and that very evening one of the Burns' line of steamers that ply between Glasgow, Scotland, and Belfast, Ireland, bore me to the shores of the Emerald Isle. The Burns' line steamers are named Vampire, Viper, Scorpion, Tarantula, etc.,

and they are pretty and swift black little steamers that can go like a streak when the water of the Irish Sea is not too rough; and they are neat and comfortable with all. I traveled steerage, of course, for my means were limited, but the trip is a short one of a few hours duration only, down the picturesque Clyde, past shipyards on both sides of the river, past the Isle of Bute and then the Isle of Arran, south, toward Belfast. The boat left the Broomielaw in Glasgow at about eight p. m., and before the dawn of the following morning she was anchored safely and securely at her pier in Belfast. I was up and out of my bunk as she was made fast, for I wanted to get a glimpse of Ireland as soon as possible.

The boat had sped through Belfast Lough long before the dawn, but as I did not believe that the shores of Ireland could be seen at that time of day, I did not go on deck.

What were my feelings when I set foot on Irish soil?

Well, I can hardly describe them. I was elated yet calm, for what is the use of getting too much excited over anything? I had heard of Ireland, dreamed of it, seen pictures of it, and had seen Irish people by the million in my own country, but here was the real thing before me. Sister Anne, am I sleeping or waking? Give me a good hard pinch, will you? Wake me up; it is early in the day, anyway, and I need an eye opener.

No one on the boat told me to go ashore, but I did not have to be told, even if it was not yet five o'clock in the morning. The wharf that we were anchored at was a covered one, not very long, it is true, but neat and well paved, and pretty well piled up with merchandise. The wharf lies along the River Lagan which empties into Belfast Lough (or bay).

I walked down the gangplank sedately, thinking I don't know what. No one was at work yet, not even the stevedores, for it was far too early. I stepped out of the shed into the silent and deserted streets and then I saw things, things that reminded me of scenes I had observed painted on curtains and on drop scenes in theatres at home.

Can this be Ireland? Why, surely it is. There can be no mistake about it. Observe those Irish houses there will you,

with their neat stone fronts and their sloping roofs with chimneys topped by numerous tiles.

Why, they exude Hibernianism and they make me feel like sitting down to write some nice poetry, but Tom Moore's would so eclipse mine that I think I had better refrain.

The streets near the water front were wide and well paved, and I wandered along the more prominent ones. I came upon a square, and then upon the Albert Memorial which stands at the foot of High street. So, then, Irish towns have their High street as well as Scottish towns? That is worth remembering. But now the High street was deserted; there was no traffic on it; it was too early. On either side of the street, which was a broad one, were ranged high-class stores and shops, and a double line of car tracks ran through it, for tramcars evidently, and doubledeckers at that.

Further along I came upon Donegall Place and then upon Royal avenue, both of which are wide thoroughfares that are flanked by elegant stores. Why, I had always heard that Ireland was a poor, distressed country; but a fellow can't believe half that he hears. No evidence of poverty or distress was here. On the contrary, everything seemed prosperous. Why should Ireland have been slandered? It is a fine, rich country, as fine as any; and all it needs is liberty, fraternity and equality to make it great.

I took a good, long walk over many parts of Belfast, and found the city in all respects modern, up-to-date, clean, neat and well paved; with districts containing quaint, old-fashioned houses, the like of which I had never seen before. I fell in love with the place and felt that I could be happy there had I had the wherewithal to keep me a-going; but I had not, and in fact I had so little money remaining by this time that my heart sank, for I imagined there would be trouble and disasters for me before long. But what is the use of anticipating trouble? I was not broke just yet. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Belfast is a commercial city, the largest in Ireland. What Glasgow is to Scotland, Belfast is to Ireland, the metropolis.

Dublin is the show place of Ireland, and its capital, as Edinburgh is Scotland's show place and capital. Dublin has about the same number of inhabitants as Edinburgh, but Belfast has only about 350,000 people, whilst Glasgow has nearly a million. A whole lot of shipbuilding is done along the River Lagan at Belfast, but as a port or commercial centre, Belfast at the present time cannot begin to compare with Glasgow. Some day in the future Ireland may have Home Rule and then her population will increase and her industries expand.

Let me give a brief history of Belfast, which I have borrowed for the occasion:—

"Although it is not claimed for Belfast that her rank in historic association equals that of her sister city of Dublin, it is an indisputable fact that as a great commercial city, also as a maritime port and a hive of enterprising industry, Belfast holds the front and the most important place of any town in Ireland. It is the capital of Ulster, the County Town of Antrim and on both sides of the River Lagan, which discharges itself into Belfast Lough (Bay), an extensive inlet from the Irish Channel. Although noticed in the old histories of the country as existing as far back as the middle of the twelfth century, the town is, practically speaking, of comparatively recent date, but it has well earned the reputation of being the commercial capital and most important manufacturing town in Ireland. It is only within recent years (1888) that it has been raised to the dignity of a city, but it is beyond all dispute that Belfast has won for herself by her loyalty, her unflinching industry and the integrity of her citizens, all the honors that have been bestowed upon her.

"The name Belfast is derived from the Celtic word 'Beol fearsad,' signifying the mouth of a ford (or Beol); and fear-sad, pools of water in a sandbank. A very ancient tradition says that this ford (or sandbank) was the scene of a battle in A. D. 660.

"The first castle of Belfast was probably built by Sir John De Courcey, although Belfast was then hardly more than a fishing village. In 1316 the castle was sacked

by Edward Bruce, brother to the great Robert, who destroyed many towns in Ireland during scrimmages between the Scotch and Irish. It is recorded that King John passed through Belfast on his way to Carrickfergus, and that in 1503 an expedition under Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, entered Ulster and destroyed the Castle of Belfast; it was, however, fully restored and re-occupied by the O'Niels; but in 1812 the Earl of Kildare made a second attack and again destroyed the castle, which seems to have been the scene of many a sanguinary fray, it having been taken and retaken frequently during this unsettled period.

"During the civil war in 1641 Belfast was brought prominently into notice; it was taken possession of by General Munro on behalf of the Scottish Government. The Scotch held Belfast until in 1648 when it was taken possession of by the English. The last castle was erected by Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, afterwards Baron Chichester of Belfast, early in the seventeenth century and was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1708, when the three Ladies Chichester, daughters of the third Earl of Donegall, perished in the conflagration.

"Belfast is the nucleus of the staple trade of Ulster, containing about fifty flax spinning mills and forty linen weaving factories, and giving employment to over 50,000 people. The damask manufacturing is pursued with great spirit and success. The sewed muslin trade of Belfast is also of vast importance.

"The magnificent shipbuilding yards of Harland and Wolff, and other shipbuilding firms, have created a friendly rivalry with the Clyde and indeed, in some respects, exceeds in importance the class of vessels turned out from any port of the world. Belfast is essentially a shipbuilding port and possibly, except for the linen manufacturing, no branch of industry has done so much to increase its prosperity. The chief firm engaged in this work, Harland & Wolff of Queens Island in the River Lagan, off Belfast, may be considered one of the first and most extensive in the world. Amongst the

ships turned out by them are the Oceanic, Celtic, Majestic, Teutonic and Baltic, the last in her day, (1904), being the largest vessel afloat. (The Titanic which was lost in the spring of 1912 in collision with an iceberg, also was built by Harland & Wolff.—W. B.). Harland & Wolf commenced business in 1853 and in 1859 the staff was 100 men. There are now engaged from 9000 to 12,000."

CHAPTER XXX.

BELFAST.

I had a good long walk through the city, saw as much of it as I cared to just then, and as my inner man began to remind me that he needed attention, I walked back to High street where I entered a restaurant and had breakfast.

On my way back to High street I noticed that the streets were full of working and business people who were going to their occupations. They were fine, hearty lads and lassies, rosy cheeked, good natured, orderly and well behaved. No rowdyism to be seen here. After breakfast, according to my usual habit when I got into a strange town I hunted up a furnished room.

Down near the waterfront there is a maze of small streets which are inhabited by the poorer class of people and it was there I went to find a furnished room. In a short, narrow street I came upon an unpretentious hotel built of stone and which was three stories in height, narrow and cheap looking; in it I concluded to go to try my luck for lodgings. I went in and found myself in a small anteroom, or office, which was stone flagged and contained a couple of rickety chairs, a cheap old counter and nothing more. At the back of it was a small kitchen which served as dining room as well. The latter apartment opened on a small stone flagged courtyard which was

entirely shut in by the buildings that surrounded it. The kitchen door opening on yard or court, was of wood and in two parts, an upper and a lower; either one of which could be opened or closed independently of the other. The lower half was usually closed and the upper part left open; why, I don't know. Maybe it was to keep out cats; who knows?

After I had stamped around in the office a little while to announce my presence, for there was not a soul in it, a lady came down stairs and greeted me. It was the landlady. I informed her I was an American, that I had just arrived in Ireland and that I was in search of a furnished room. The lady was very gracious and assured me that she could accommodate me. She was under thirty and decidedly handsome. She had a round, full face, a buxom figure and the most delightful accent you ever heard. I fancied her at once. We had a good, long chat and she rented me a small, front room on the top floor at a satisfying price. While we were in the room talking she was so very amiable and agreeable that I could not resist an intent to embrace her but this she resented instantly. We had a struggle, but she fought so strenuously, yet good-naturedly, that I desisted.

"Why can't I have a kiss?" asked I.

"The ladies in Ireland don't do such things," said she.

At this I wondered but maybe it is true, thought I. I afterward learned that the ladies in Ireland are very circumspect. They are mindful of their honor for if they lose it, the finger of scorn and contumely will be pointed at them, and they find it wise to pull up stakes and go elsewhere.

The lady whom I had so irresistibly been drawn to was in partnership with her sister, and both were owners of the hotel which had been left them by their father. The sister was sick in bed and my landlady took me in to see her, first asking permission of the invalid to do so.

I went in and was introduced to as sweet a young woman as ever I set eyes on, who was in bed with some complaint, the nature of which I did not learn. She had fine grey eyes, light hair and features that were comely, but her cheeks were

somewhat sunken. The poor dear, young lady; how I pitied her! I joked with her somewhat, told her that I was a stranger in Ireland and that I was in sore need of a chaperon. I begged her to get well so that she could chaperon me about. At this she laughed and said she would surely try.

I went in to see her several times afterward during my stay, to cheer her up and to chat with her.

After renting the room I went forth on a further sight-seeing tour of the city. I crossed the Lagan on a handsome and substantial stone bridge and came upon an old district that was full of queer streets and houses. Over them hovered an atmosphere that I would designate as being distinctly Irish, for it felt different from a Scottish atmosphere. I cannot properly describe such things; they must be felt to be properly appreciated.

In the River Lagan I noticed quite a number of low, rather flat boats that seemed something like canal boats, yet they were not that, for they differed from canal boats in many respects. The sailing vessels seemed odd to me, too, for I had never seen the like of them before.

Along the wharves on both sides of the river, steamers were moored. On the right bank as you stand on the handsome bridge I have alluded to which is called the Queen's Bridge and was named after Queen Victoria, no doubt, you can see Queens Island, on which is located Harland & Wolff's famous shipyard. It is not far down the river. As I did not visit the yard I cannot say much about it.

I strolled into Ormeau Park which is a pleasant spot owned by the city and can be reached after a pretty long hike through a maze of streets in a residential district. This park, before the city acquired it, was an extensive domain owned by Lord Donegall who made it his country residence. It contains rare old trees, lawns, shady walks and bowers, and I had not been in the park long before I scraped up an acquaintance with a lively young lady, who, as soon as she learned that I was from America, became friendly. She was the daughter of a college professor who had to leave Ireland because of ill

health, and she had a brother in Los Angeles, California. She asked me if I had met him, but I expressed my regret that I had not. Then she wanted to know all about Los Angeles and I gave her all the information that I could which was not much, for I am not well acquainted in that city, having been there less than twenty-four hours.

The young lady was slight in form and below medium height. She had red hair, small, thin features, quick eyes, and was vivacious in manner, but not pretty. She was a deaconess in a church in Belfast, she told me, but what such a position implies I do not know, nor did I like to ask questions regarding it. The young lady was well educated and intellectual, but from further associations with her at subsequent periods I gathered that she was only virtuous from fear of gossip and that she was a little hypocrite. Not a nice thing to say, maybe, but it is true.

After returning to the city from the park, I boarded a tram at Royal avenue and rode out into the suburbs and enjoyed the ride very much. I mounted to the upper deck of the tram, which is reached by means of a spiral stairway at the rear platform, and sat down on a bench, pulled forth my pipe and indulged in a comfortable smoke while viewing the scenes as the car rolled along. I passed the public library on Royal avenue and other fine buildings, and then came to York street, which is not a high toned thoroughfare, but a broad one full of old-fashioned stores and buildings. Some of the suburbs around Belfast are pretty, and wear a country-like and quaint aspect.

Taking everything into consideration, I will candidly say that Belfast does not amount to much as a show town. It is a practical, commercial city and contains few antiquities. It is modern and up-to-date and contains wholesale and retail establishments, many factories, and it is a hive of industry and commercialism. Had I had the means I would not have remained there long, but would have gone to the south of Ireland to visit Dublin and other show places; but I had to remain in Belfast to find something to do. I looked for a

position of some kind. The trials and tribulations I had in finding one were many. Sometimes I despaired, but finally I secured a situation as assistant porter in a large store on Royal avenue, and had it not been for the fact that the head porter had spent some time in America, I would not have secured the position.

I worked conscientiously and steadily and by so doing retained my job for several months; as long, in fact, as I cared to. I saved every penny that I could and had determined that I would take a steamer home again as soon as I could, for I was getting homesick; a longing to go home came over me that I could not resist. It is no joke at all to be in the "old country" without money, for a thousand and one reasons that I need not state here. Even with money, sightseeing palls on one eventually.

I will try to put before the reader graphically as I can how things are done in Ireland so as to enable him to form his own impressions. I clipped some advertisements from the "Northern Whig" newspaper of Belfast which are worthy of perusal. Here is the manner in which a Belfast dentist advertises:

BRADLEY'S TEETH.

Being fitted in one day without the removal of teeth or stumps, it is utterly impossible to go elsewhere and obtain better value than we offer. Sets from 21 shillings; single teeth from 2½ shillings (about 60 cents). Remodeling at very little cost. Part railway fare allowed. Established 1865. Bradley, 3 Donegall Place, Belfast.

SALE THIS DAY.

Short Notice.

Peremptory, and Compulsary Sale of Valuable Motor Car.

To be Sold by Auction, at our Rooms, on Saturday at the hour of 11:30 A. M.

10-12 H. P. 2 Cylinder Coventry-Humber Motor Car; Ignition Accumulator; 3 speeds and reverse; Dunlop tyres; side entrance, to seat 4; upholstered red; dark-red body; in excellent condition and good running order.

Owing to the circumstances the Car must be Sold.

On view Friday, at our Rooms.

Black & Son, Auctioneers and Valuers,
126 Royal Avenue.

BLACKFACED EWE HOGGS.

County Auction Mart, Ayr.

Annual Market Sale for Blackfaced Ewe Hoggs, and Special for Blackfaced Wedder Hoggs; also Sheep Sale for all classes of Grazing Cattle, when these will be exposed—

3,000 Blackfaced Ewe Hoggs, all of which have been wintered in the County, affording Buyers an opportunity of Selecting Stock Hoggs of a good class.

1,000 Cross Hoggs.

200 Blackfaced Wedder Hoggs.

60 Blackfaced Ewes, with Cross Lambs at foot.

150 to 200 Grazing Cattle, including several Lots of Good Eild Queys and Stirks, and a number of Bullocks for Short Keep.

Sale will start with Cattle in Dairy Ring at 10 o'clock; Sheep in Special Ring immediately after, probably about 12, Starting with Ewes.

Important Auction of those Highly Valuable and Old Established Licensed Premises known as Crawfordsburn Inn, Crawfordsburn Co. Down, together with Six Day License, Fixtures and Fittings.

We beg to announce instructions from Mr. J. S. Bede to sell by Auction in The Mart, Rosemary Street, Belfast.

His entire interest in those Well Known and Historical Licensed Premises, held under Leases from the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

This Old Established and Historical Inn is most picturesquely situated in the Village of Crawfordsburn, on the main road from Belfast to Bangor, being about 8 miles from Belfast and 1 mile from Helen's Bay Station. It contains large Tearoom, 30 ft. x 18 ft. Bar, 6 Sitting Rooms, 6 Bedrooms, Lavatory, Bath Room, 2 Kitchens, Pantries, Scullery, Larders, and 2 Commodious Spirit and Beer Cellars. At the rear is a very pretty old Garden, beautifully laid out; within the Gardens is a spacious Ballroom for the use of visitors.

The Crawfordsburn Inn is a most favorite resort for motorists, cyclists, picnic parties, etc., and many thousands find it a delightful spot in which to enjoy the hospitality offered.

The Premises are only being offered for Sale owing to the present representative of the family, which has been in occupation of the Inn for the past 80 years, being desirous of retiring into private life after a most successful business career.

The Auctioneers can with the utmost confidence recommend the above Premises to intending purchasers, it being seldom an opportunity offers of acquiring such a thoroughly sound and remunerative business.

A great many parties have been arranged for the coming season, of which the purchaser will have the benefit.

There is a plentiful supply of water laid on the Premises. Immediate possession can be given. The Purchaser shall take the Stock-in-Trade, Furniture, and Utensils at a valuation. For particulars as to title and conditions of sale apply to Henry Camp, Solicitor, Rosemary Street, Belfast. Belden & Son, Auctioneers and Valuers, Rosemary Street, Belfast.

Here are a few Seaside Resort advertisements which I copied from Belfast newspapers, and which I republish to show how things are done on the other side of the water:—

SEASIDE RESIDENCES.

Princess Gardens, Marino.

Delightfully Situated House, Overlooking Sea, containing two Reception, seven Bed Rooms; Gardens, etc.

Bangor.—Croom Villa, Clifton Road, to let; well furnished; 2 Reception, 5 Bed Rooms, Dressing Rooms, Bathroom; overlooking lough; magnificent view, five minutes from boat.

Bangor.—Sea Front.—Sunnybank, Seacliff Road, to let, furnished or unfurnished; 3 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms (9 beds); bath, (h. & c.) cycle shed; front and side gardens.

Bangor.—Lorelei; Private Boardinghouse, overlooking Bay and Marine Gardens; convenient to bathing and train.

Castlerock.—To let, Villa, furnished; fronting sea; convenient to station; 8 apartments; bath.

Furnished Rooms to Let, Ballycarry Village, one mile from Whitehead; cooking and attendance if required.

Helen's Bay.—"Seahaven" to let, furnished; 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc., main water supply.

Helen's Bay.—To Let, furnished, Skelly Hill Cottage; 6 bedrooms and 2 sitting-rooms; five minutes walk from station and shore.

Portrush.—Alston Boarding House, Landsdowne Crescent; uninterrupted sea; private rooms, with board (optional).

Portrush.—Dunard, Landsdowne Crescent; high-class Boarding Residence, facing sea and Giant's Causeway. Reduced terms now.

Whitehead.—To Let, Furnished House.

A loyal Irishman wrote the following article which I clipped from a newspaper. It gives a general resume of Ireland and contains information that is worth knowing:

"Some people believe that the only thing in which Ireland excels is in bogs and the number of its emigrants, and even among Irishmen themselves the belief prevails that in industry and commerce they take a back seat.

"As a matter of fact considering the dearth of capital and political unrest under which the Emerald Isle labors she has good reason to be proud of herself. Handicapped as Ireland is, she can boast of the largest shipbuilding and the largest brewery concerns in the world, of supplying half the people of these islands with their linen collars, tablecloths, handkerchiefs and shirts, of placing on their breakfast table the choicest of bacon and butter—although these generally masquerade as products of Wiltshire and Dorset—and of beating the Scotch hollow with their famous John Jamieson.

"There is nothing of which England and Scotland are more proud than their skill in building ships. But neither the Tyne, the Clyde nor the Mersey can show anything equal to the shipbuilding yards of Harland & Wolff of Belfast. For four successive years this firm held the highest place in the world as regards the amount of tonnage launched. Only forty years ago the factory was so small that its total of employees amounted to less than 100 men. At present it employs 9000, which probably means that it is the life and support of some 20,000 men, women and children—the population of a good-sized town.

"The works cover 80 acres and include carpenter and joiner's shops, painter's shops, cabinetmaker's shops, uphol-

sterer's shops, boat-building sheds, drying kilns, engine works, etc. All the ships of the White Star Line were built here, including the famous Teutonic and Majestic. The largest vessel ever designed for commercial purposes was built and launched here. Several gunboats and torpedo boats also have been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff for the navy; and cruisers and battle-ships have been engined by them.

"Nothing in the nature of shoddy ever comes from Ireland. That is why the Canadian in his Irish frieze coat and Donegal stockings, defies the winter; why Balbriggan hose—a dozen pair of which would wear as long as the late Queen's reign—are imitated by not only English but German manufacturers, why Irish tweeds find their way all over the Continent and why Irish stout has a foreign export greater than the total export from England, Scotland and Wales.

"Guinness' brewery hardly needs description. It is probably the best existing proof that all Ireland needs to make her a great industrial nation is a few dozen men of capital and energy. No commercial company in the world can show such a record as that of Guinness' during the past ten years. The enormous trade of this firm may be understood from the fact that their products pay half a million pounds excise every year. Although only one of the 13,000 British breweries, they produce one barrel in twenty of the total British brew. They have nine miles of water mains and 150 horses; employ 40 hands to make barrels, alone; 2500 hands altogether and have a printing press that turns out one hundred million labels annually. And they lick creation in making stout.

"Another industry in which Ireland excels is linen making. A London outfitter told the writer that every high-class linen shirt, collar and handkerchief in the London shops comes from the North of Ireland. France has a reputation for turning out a finer quality than Belfast but the best French goods are really Irish and that amusing story is true of the Belfast manufacturer's wife who brought home some beautiful handkerchiefs from Paris, and asked her husband why he could not make goods like them. On examination he found they

were part of a lot he had recently exported. The annual produce of linen must be worth little short of 75,000,000 of dollars, and the size of the factories may be known from the fact that two of the chief Belfast concerns employ 9000 hands between them.

"We may truly say that whatever is Irish is good. Its Limerick and Waterford bacon has one rival—Wiltshire; and the quantities of the Irish article consumed in England is the best proof of how it is appreciated. Unfortunately some Irish provision merchants are, intentionally or otherwise, leagued together to defame Irish produce; and they sell the best Irish bacon under the name of Wiltshire, just as they sell thousands of tons of the choicest Irish butter as Dorset and Danish, while to the inferior grades and no doubt to American products, they give the name Irish. Why do not the Irish dairies combine with the bacon factories and establish shops all over London? If the movement were universal we should soon have half of England breakfasting on Waterford bacon and Tipperary butter, lunching off Matterson's sausages—of which 2 ounces are equal to a pound of London bread and fat—and dining off Limerick hams.

"There is one Irish product which Englishmen certainly appreciate. England drinks three millions of gallons of Irish whiskey annually. Even Scotland takes half a million gallons from Ireland.

"Probably Jamieson's whiskey is the best distilled on the whole globe. It is the highest priced on the market, anyhow, and commands as much as \$2.50 a gallon in bond. The produce of this article in Ireland, however, does not quite equal that of Scotland, chiefly because the Irishman drinks only about two-thirds as much whiskey as the Scotchman. There are 27 distilleries in Ireland which manufacture nearly eight million gallons annually. Four millions they drink at home; three millions they send to England; over half a million to Scotland and about a quarter of a million direct to the colonies and foreign countries. In eight years Ireland has contributed over \$150,000,000 to the excise.

"One last product let me mention. You may go to Carrara for marble, but if you want the most beautiful green serpentine in the world you will find it in Galway. If you want black marble that cannot be equalled you can get it from the shores of Lough Corrib. Nowhere will you find anything to beat the beautiful red marble of Donegal, the blue and yellow marble or Armagh, the purple and white of Cork, and the variegated marble found in Kerry, near Tralee. It is admitted that the most beautiful stones in the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park (London), are the four specimens of Irish granite, while the Thames embankment is a perpetual illustration of Dalkey granite."

CHAPTER XXXI.

PORTRUSH.

In the good old summer time when business began to slacken up somewhat in Belfast and when not a few of its residents had fittet to the Continent, to England, to seaside resorts and to other places, I pulled up stakes and fittet too. Portrush, the Queen of Irish watering places was my objective point. I took a tram and rode out a long distance to York street where I entered a railroad station and bought a ticket for Portrush.

The distance between the two towns is not great nor the fare high so I considered it cheaper to ride than to walk, for, in such a case, a saving of time means a saving of money. On my way up north I passed some likely towns such as Ballymena and Coleraine and a host of smaller towns and villages; by noon I found myself in Portrush.

As I stated, Portrush is called the Queen of Irish watering places and I think by drawing a comparison between it and the Queen of American watering places the reader may obtain a better impression of it.

According to my prejudiced notion Coney Island, New York, is the Queen of American watering places. Coney Island is less than twenty miles from New York City, it can be reached in a street car from New York City on payment of a ten cent fare—it used to be five cents only—and beyond all comparison, it is the liveliest and dizziest place on the American continent.

Being so near to New York and the fare being so low, Coney Island is the playground and recreation ground of not only the masses of New York, but of Brooklyn and other suburban towns and cities as well, and on a hot summer's day the throngs are so great that locomotion on Surf avenue, the main thoroughfare, is difficult.

And what sights there are to be seen along Coney Island's main avenue! Enough to bewilder one. There are huge hotels and restaurants, clam chowder places where you can get the real Coney Island clam chowder if you know where to go for it—there are huge dancing and bathing pavilions, moving picture shows by the dozen where you may spend hours by merely buying a five-cent drink; and a host of variety theatres with a free admission. Then there are Luna Park and other amusement parks, shoot-the-chutes, merry-go-rounds by the score, Ferris wheel, observatory, drinking places by the hundred, candy-pull booths, "hot dog" emporiums, hot sandwich kiosks, hot clam chowder places in open boats with seats and tables in them, a "Rocky road to Dublin" show, wild animal shows, popcorn, ice cream and candy booths, stores, railroad and street car stations, country villas and hotels, and a thousand and one other attractions and distractions. On a real hot day more than half a million people visit Coney Island and there is such a jam and din that you cannot hear yourself think.

Portrush is totally different. It lies on the Bay of Foyle (Lough Foyle) in the extreme northern part of Ireland, and it is a quiet, staid and orderly place that is visited by the more well-to-do people of England, Ireland and Scotland, but by the Irish mostly. It is a neat and clean little city of

about 10,000 people, I should judge, contains the usual High street, and side streets, and quite a number of stores and hotels, rooming and boarding houses of all grades.

There are one or two theatres in the place, a bathing beach, fine walks along the cliffs overlooking the ocean, and just a few amusements of a minor character. And yet the place is very pretty and alluring. There are scenes around and about that are wild and picturesque and that charm one with their beauty. Not more than a mile or two distant is an old castle, Dunluce Castle, which is now in ruins and a little further on along the coast stands the famous Giant's Causeway which is renowned in legend and story. Along the beach leading toward the Causeway stand tall cliffs that are honeycombed with caves, in which, at one time, smugglers had their lairs. I was in one or two of these caves and it seemed to me that they were naturally made for smuggling purposes, for they are deep, dark and intricate, and afford splendid hiding places. It is possible that they are used today for such purposes. Who knows? There are plenty of these caves all along the coast. The beaches are fine, hard and sandy.

Dunluce Castle stands on a promontory that juts far out into the sea and was a feudal stronghold of considerable dimensions at one time, as the ruins show. It had the usual lower and upper defensive walls, a citadel or fort, flanking towers, a moat, drawbridge and portcullis; the castle proper and outbuildings, the usual chapel, ramparts and battlements and all the other adjuncts of a stronghold of an early period. But little now remains, except a few of the circular turrets and the stone outbuildings and walls.

Ireland is as old a country as any, and has had its ups and downs. Not so many years ago it had more than 25,000,000 of people but today it has less than 5,000,000, the majority having emigrated, many of them to the United States. There is a vast difference between the Irish in Ireland and the Irish in the United States.

The Irishman at home in the old country, is civil, decent, respectful and mannerly, and pleasant to come in contact with but after he has been in the United States a while he becomes Yankeeized and a change comes over his disposition. Being naturally assimmilative he acquires the Yankee ways and is as keen after the dollar as anyone. And he gets them, too, in one way or another. He is into all kinds of enterprises, and in all of them he makes good. You will have to get up pretty early in the morning to coon him. He is all right and gets along fine, thank you.

The Giant's Causeway is a show place that people travel a long ways to see, but a syndicate of grafters have fenced it in and charge an admission fee to see it. As I do not believe in encouraging grafting—not even a penny's worth—I did not go to see the Causeway, but I will give a short description of it which I borrowed from an Irish source:

"The Giant's Causeway is a remarkable basaltic formation situated about midway between the towns of Coleraine and Ballycastle, near Portrush. Its close proximity to the interesting and now celebrated watering-place, Portrush has contributed to the latter very excellent service, if only by reason of the number of visitors who throng in the thousands every year, not only to acquaint themselves with the charm and interest attaching to this district but also to enjoy the invigorating breezes and the almost unnumbered pleasures of Portrush itself. To a great degree, the interest attached to the Antrim Coast is due to the evidence of the past, which beyond doubt indicates volcanic emotion on a vast scale, so vast, indeed, that the dark basaltic rocks cover an area of many miles extending even far beyond the country itself. Throughout this area the basalt is found capping all the eminences and constituting the general superstratum in beds of an average thickness of 500 feet. During the series of volcanic eruptions the dark basalt has broken through the sedimentary chalk rocks and at frequent intervals there is evidence of the latter being topped by the dark basalt, thus giving a fine and picturesque effect by the con-

trast in colour. Distinct beds occur of these singular columnar formations. The Giant's Causeway is formed of about 40,000 of these columns. They extend over a large area and form separate groups of various shapes, which have been named Lord Antrim's Parlor, The Stoocans, The Little Causeway, The Middle or Honeycomb, The Giant's Loom, The Giant's Well, The Giant's Head, The Wishing Chair, The Grand Causeway, (which is about 700 feet long with pillars 40 feet high). Pleaskin Head is an important feature on the east, 400 feet high, with pillars 40 feet high."

I remained in Portrush a week and during that period got to know the place well. The early morning was the finest part of the day, for then the sun was bright and clear, but soon afterward, clouds came up and it was showery more or less all day. A little rain water did not hurt me, however. I strolled through High street gazing into the shop windows with a never failing interest; I observed the queer restaurants and the little stores in the other streets; then I would go down to the cute little harbor, or ship basin, with its odd lighthouse, or walk along the beach toward Dunluce Castle to hear what the wild waves were saying and to explore again the smugglers' caves. Roads led out from Portrush into the farming country beyond but there was not much to see out that way.

The bathing beach at Portrush is a small one with hard sand and is not much utilized by bathers except on very warm days, which are not many along that rockbound, rugged sea-coast which lies far up in the north. Along the promontory, which is a flat piece of table land about half a mile long and about as wide, there are good pathways extending over the sea where one may catch invigorating breezes and obtain fine views of the wide expanse of waters, and there too, one may encounter the visitors. July and August are about the liveliest months at Portrush.

But a fellow without money can't do much in Portrush or anywhere else for that matter, for he cannot mix in society, go in for amusements, take his best girl out or have much fun of any kind, for he is handicapped. Had I been

able to dress swell and to cut a dash I believe I could have made things a little more interesting for some people in Portrush, but the heart was kind of taken out of me and I wanted to go home to my mammy. If ever I go to Ireland again—and I hope I will—it will be with plenty of money in my purse and I will go to Dublin and the south of Ireland which, I am told, is the finest part of the country.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LONDONDERRY.

Londonderry, or Derry as it is usually called, lies along Lough Foyle (or the River Foyle, which is an integral part of it) about twenty-five miles southwest of Portrush. It is a fine old city, and one of the most wide-awake and progressive in the northern part of Ireland. The progressive people in that burg and the Chamber of Commerce have gotten out a boosting publication from which I take the following extracts that afford useful information:

LONDONDERRY AS AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

Published by

The Industrial Development Committee of the Londonderry Chamber of Commerce. With the Approval of the Corporation of the City of Londonderry and Londonderry Port and Harbour Board.

"When selecting a site for a factory or workshop, select one in the Northeast of Ireland, in or near the city of Londonderry, and thereby confer a benefit on Ireland and yourself. The statements herein have been verified by the American Consul, East Wall, Londonderry; The French Consul, Foyle Street, Londonderry; the German Consul, Baltic Buildings, Londonderry.

"We cordially invite and will heartily welcome, any British or Foreign manufacturers who may be prepared to establish industries in our district, and assure them that they will be accorded all necessary facilities and encouragement.

"The object of this publication is to state facts relating to Londonderry and district from an industrial standpoint, in the hope of attracting manufacturers to the city and district by the superior advantages offered.

"Londonderry, the capital of the northwest of Ireland is situated in the populous and prosperous province of Ulster, and is the fourth largest city in Ireland. It is the only port of any importance on the North West coast, and is within easy distance by sea of the chief centres of population and industry in the North West of England and the South West of Scotland, with which it is in daily communication by regular steamship services. By rail it is in communication with the main system in Ireland.

"An intelligent and steady working population is trained in habits of industry; for Londonderry for half a century has been one of the principal seats of the Shirt and Collar business of the United Kingdom.

"Capitalists will find Londonderry one of the most advanced and modern cities in the country, with excellent Elementary, Secondary and Technical Schools and Colleges; up-to-date Municipal services; a quick and progressive population, accustomed to organized industrial effort, the result of long years of application; spacious recreation grounds and parks; close proximity to seaside resorts and a low death rate.

"In the surrounding district of the Counties Derry, Donegal and Tyrone, there is an area largely undeveloped, containing an abundance of cheap labour and considerable water power—an area in touch with Londonderry by railway and canal, and in which such industries as have been organized within recent years have taken firm root and flourished amazingly.

"Londonderry-made shirts and collars are exported to all parts of the civilized world; so famous is the manufacture, that in the enormous factories in the city, and in the cottages of the surrounding districts, employment is given to over 60 thousand people. Individual factories employ more than 4,000 workers, and in connection with the business and kindred trades, there exists an extensive laundry industry.

"The other industries of the City comprise whiskey distilleries (both pot and patent still), yeast, soap, mineral water, artificial manures, biscuit, fancy box and woolen and hosiery manufactures, grain and saw milling, brick, agricultural implements, cabinet and furniture making, coopering, coach building, engineering and foundry work, printing and lithography, book-binding, bacon-curing, railway repairs, etc. The industries of the surrounding district includes woolen hosiery and carpet manufactures, flax spinning, granite, quarrying, herring and mackerel-curing, etc., in addition to shirt and collar manufacture.

"From the port a large export trade is done in cattle and farm produce, pigs, butter, eggs, poultry, etc. For over half a century shipbuilding has been carried on in Londonderry. Lough Foyle is immediately on the line of the sea traffic passing the North of Ireland, and is the most convenient harbour for repairing injuries to vessels on or about the North or North West Coast.

"The best classes of building stones are known to occur in many districts in the Counties of Donegal, Derry, and Tyrone, in almost inexhaustible quantities. Donegal possesses large deposits of granites of a variegated nature; the Burtonport District being especially rich in granite, and it would appear that this district is worthy of further development. Sandstone suitable for all kinds of architectural work occurs, and is being quarried at Mountcharles, Co. Donegal. Limestone, Sandstone and Whinstone, are also being quarried in various parts of these counties. Brickmaking materials exist and are being worked in different places in these counties. The principal localities are Burnfoot, near Derry and

Dungannon and Coalisland, Co. Tyrone. Fireclay goods and pottery are manufactured in the Coalisland District, and at Beleek, Co. Fermanagh.

"The mineral resources of these counties are almost undeveloped, and it is, of course, difficult to say in the absence of proper and systematic prospecting, whether many of the deposits which show signs of being metaliferous are of a payable nature or not. The deposits to which the prospector might pay attention are the coal deposits in the neighborhood of Coalisland, Co. Tyrone; the lead deposits in the neighborhood of Carndonagh, Co. Donegal; the hematite deposits in the Slieve Gullion District, near Draperstown; the steatite deposits at Crohy Head and the Barytes deposits near Draperstown. White sand of good quality and suitable for the manufacture of white flint glass occurs on Muckish Mountain near Falcarragh, Co. Donegal. Bog iron ore occurs chiefly in the Rathmullan and Bunrana district, Co. Donegal and is exported in large quantities for use in the purification of gas. Extensive salt deposits are worked at Carrickfergus and brine is found at Larne, Co. Antrim.

"Cheap and good water has done much to put the Londonderry shirt, collar and laundry industries in the prominent position they now occupy. The Londonderry water rates are amongst the lowest in the British Isles.

"The peculiar circumstances of the Londonderry labour market give it many advantages over other places in the matter of labour. Its situation on the River Foyle, in close proximity to all the great coal fields of Western Britain gives Londonderry a plentiful supply of cheap sea-borne coal. The situation of Londonderry in the midst of a rich agricultural district makes supplies of all kinds procurable at a remarkably low rate.

"As surely as the Clyde made Glasgow and Glasgow made the Clyde, the Foyle has made and is making Londonderry. There is daily steamship communication between it and the great ports of West England and Scotland and regular sailings to American ports.

"In the matter of railway communication the City of Londonderry is peculiarly well situated. It is served directly or indirectly by the following railways: The Great Northern Railway of Ireland; The Midland Railway of England; The Donegal Railway; Londonderry & Lough Swilly Railway; Letterkenny Railway; Strabane & Letterkenny Railway; Glenties Railway; Donegal & Balbyshannon Railway; Londonderry & Letterkenny Railway; Burtonport Railway, Cardonagh Railway; Limavaddy & Dungiven Railway; Derry Central Railway; Sligo, Leitrim & Northern Counties Railway. Low rates for traffic are secured by the existence of keen competition. Belfast is less than three hours and Dublin just under four hours by rail from Londonderry. The city possesses both rail and waterway communication to all the large sea-port towns of Ireland.

"The weekly wages for unskilled labouring men range from \$3.00 per week upwards. For unskilled boys, from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per week. Female labour is at present altogether restricted to the shirt factories, the hosiery factories, box-making factories, laundries and the City Offices, in all of which the girls are trained from between the ages of 14 to 18, starting with a wage of \$1.00 to \$1.25 per week.

"According to the last census the population of Londonderry was 39,992. Of these 18,265 were males and 21,627 females. Since then the population has substantially increased.

"Not only does Londonderry enjoy the advantage of cheap produce and low rates, but the rents of workmen's houses are very reasonable, as the following table will show: 1 room house, 35 to 50 cents per week; 2 room house, 35 to 50 cents per week; 3 room house, 65 to 85 cents per week; 4 room house, 75 cents to \$1.25 per week; 5 to 8 room houses, \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week."

Gentle reader, if you want further or more detailed information concerning Londonderry, write to the Board of Trade of that city and ask them for literature. They will be glad

to send it to you, I am sure. As I believe in boosting rather than in knocking, I have tried to help the Londonderryites out with the few hints I have re-published from their free handbook, and hope it will result in some good. If not, it has done no harm, at any rate.

I liked Derry at first sight. It is a pretty, wide-awake little burg, full of business and go, and lies along both banks of the River Foyle, which empties into the Bay of Foyle, a few miles below the city. It is built on hills and in valleys amid well-timbered, picturesque surroundings, and it is an old and historic spot with a history that is lost in tradition. Notwithstanding its age and venerableness, it is not sitting down contentedly and saying, "just look at my past, will you!" but it is forging ahead and building up and "boosting" in the American style.

In the preceding pages I have given an example of its methods of boosting. A town that will help itself ought to be helped by others, and as a fact that it has been so helped, its population in the last twenty years has more than doubled. A number of manufacturing plants have been established there, which received special inducements to do so.

In the good old fighting days of yore, when people used to cook their meat by riding it to death, Derry was surrounded by a high, thick, stone wall to keep out the invader. Part of this wall still stands, as I can testify to by "ocular demonstration," for I have seen it and walked on it. So thick is the wall that the ramparts have been converted into a promenade, which is wide enough to permit two carriages to pass each other along it. It is more than twenty feet wide, I should judge, and about as high. It stands right in the streets of the town, but people, as a rule, do not use it as a promenade, the sidewalks below being good enough for walking purposes. As the majority of the Derryites have business on the brain and have little inclination for sentiment, they use the street. They have not the time to ascend and descend walls when they can reach a point quicker by walking along the sidewalk.

At Derry the River Foyle is about half a mile wide, and as the city lies on both banks of the stream, a handsome and substantial bridge has been built across it, over which a great many people and vehicles cross every day, for on one side of the stream is the business quarter and on the other side is the residence.

Over on the residence side are many streets that are built on hillsides, and that are full of dwellings, shops, soldiers' barracks, and other rare and quaint structures; whilst further out into the country some extensive and handsome estates will be found, which are owned by noblemen, wealthy manufacturers and business men. The hills almost everywhere on this side of the river (as well as on the other side), are lofty, and afford charming views.

The business section along the water front, on the left hand side of the stream as you go down the river, is like a study in the antique, for its streets are old and quaint and the buildings so ancient and odd, that a stranger is apt to feel—well, I don't know how he would feel, but I felt funny.

Alongside the river runs a street or lane that contains old-fashioned hotels, lodging houses and business establishments of various kinds, including the ticket offices of the Anchor Line and Allan Line of steamships that ply between New York, Londonderry and Glasgow. This street had an especial attraction for me because of these steamship offices. In fact, it was only because the American liners touched at Londonderry that I went to that city to take ship from there.

But I got fooled. The steamers don't come up to Derry, but anchor off Moville, some miles below. When I learned this I became frantic with disappointment, for it was my intention to work my passage home; but how was I to do it if the steamers did not land at Derry, nor the companies hire help at Derry? I was in a quandary and wished I'd never been born. I remained in Derry a few days cogitating what I had best do. They were not happy days.

Stranger, did you ever have a feeling of homesickness? Did you ever want to go somewhere, but know of no way to get there?

That was my fix. I was frantic! frantic! frantic! I had only a few shillings in my pocket, I was a stranger in a strange land, knowing not which way to turn or whom to see. I was like a cockroach in distress when it accidentally falls on a hot stove and does not know in which direction to run.

After due and careful deliberation I concluded that my best plan would be to return to Glasgow and bum around there until I could find a way to work my passage home. Had I had the gumption, I would have gone to the American Consul at Derry and asked him to send me home, but maybe he would not have done so, after all.

I secured passage to Glasgow for a small sum of money on a little steamer that plies between Londonderry and Glasgow, and when I reached Glasgow I remained there until I finally secured, after many trials and miseries, a job as steward on one of the liners.

Instead of waiting on others on the ship, some one ought to have waited on me, for I was seasick nearly all the time, but I am over my troubles now. I am at home again and I don't want any more of the sea in mine; not in the steerage, anyway, or as an employe on board a boat. If ever I cross the duck pond again, it will be as a second class passenger on a big liner that don't roll or heave, and if anyone thinks he can get me on any other kind of a craft, he will have to be a faster runner than I am.

My little tale is unfolded. Had I seen more in "Yerrup," maybe I could have said more, but maybe I have said too much as it is.

Gentle reader, I doff my hat to you and bid you au revoir.

THE END.

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